WEEK ENDING NOV. 19, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue **OUR WORST CRIMINALS** *by* **RALPH H. OYLER**

also **FREDERICK PALMER, STEPHEN McKENNA, THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW**

3 *Sizes* 6 *Graduated Points* 5 *Jewel-like Colors*

Parker's new Duofold with Pressureless touch

And Non-Breakable Permanite Barrel 28% Lighter than Rubber

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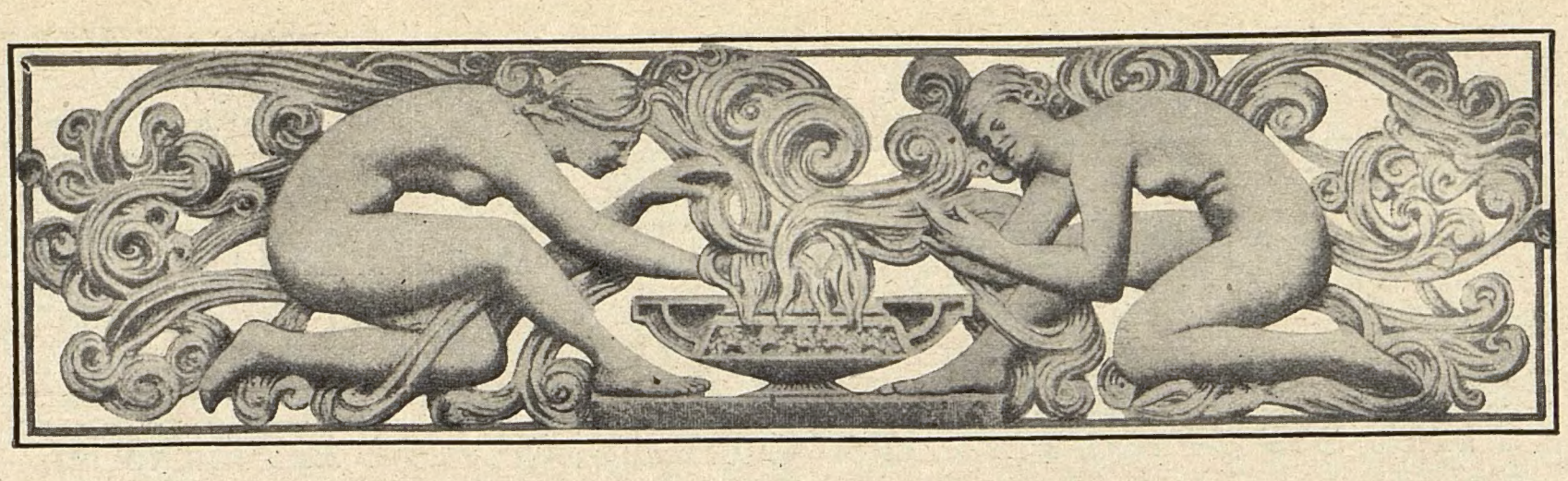

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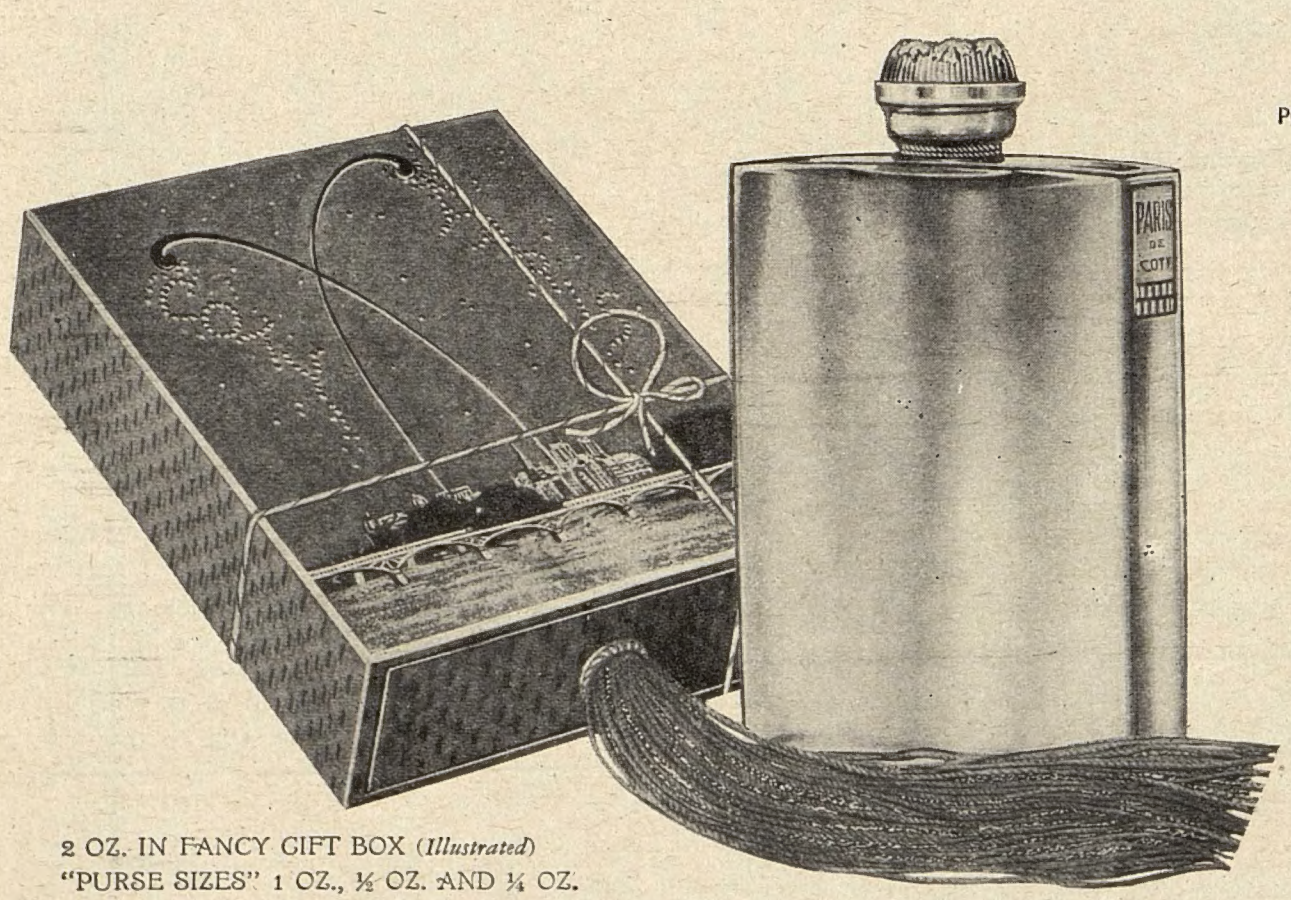

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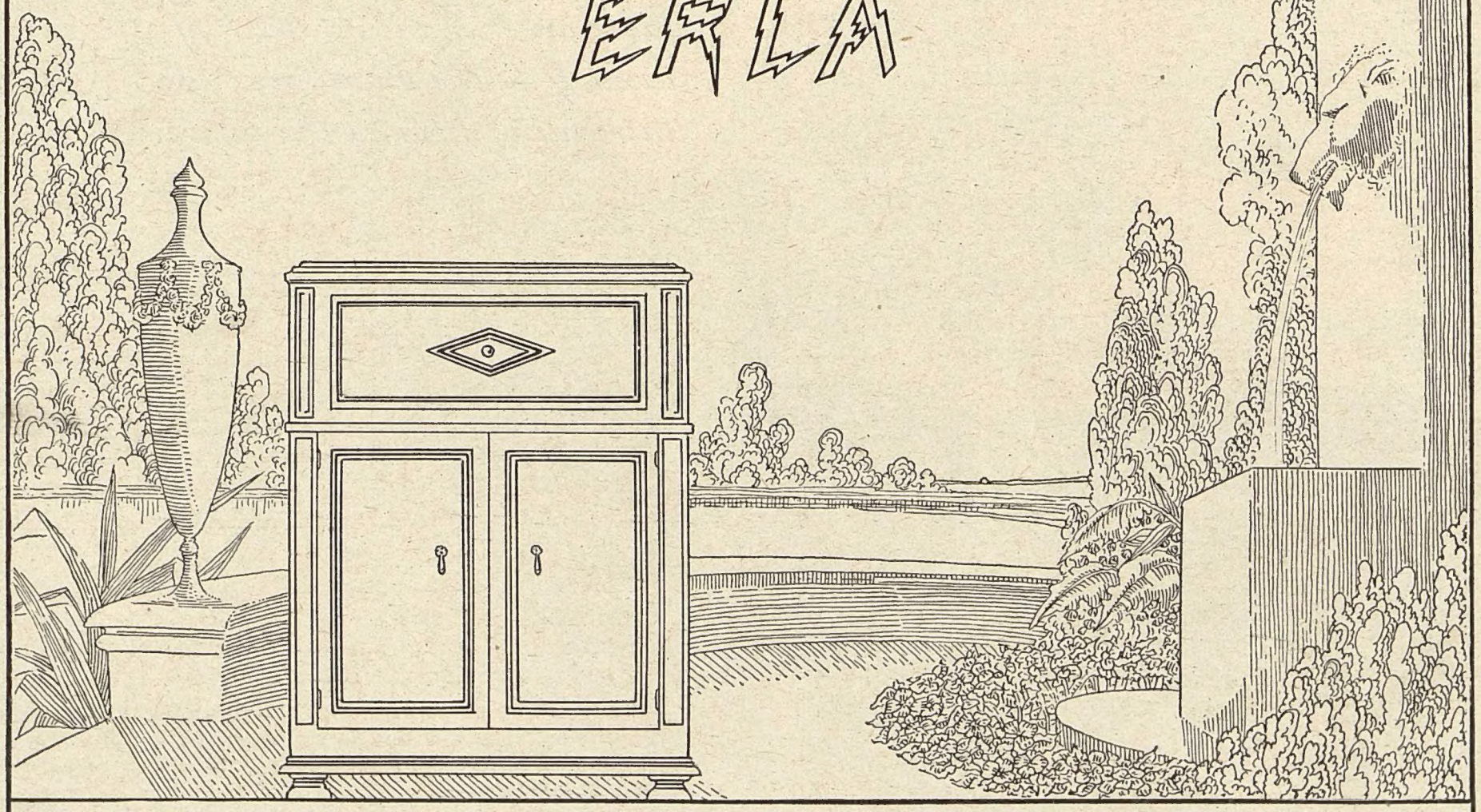

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Nov. 19, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A RESERVOIR OF LABOR

There are signs in the United States that business is somewhat slowing up. Trade generally is on a smaller scale.

There is not as much building as there was. Post-war construction needs seem now to have been fully met.

This means that there is less demand for all the materials that go into building—sand, gravel, cement, stone, bricks, lumber, and steel.

Goods are being moved in diminishing rather than increasing quantities. Railroad loadings, always a reliable barometer of business, are "off."

When trade is off, employment is off. Wages are lower, and wage-earners haven't so much money to spend. When less money is spent, trade declines.

It is a kind of circle. The situation turns in upon itself and makes itself worse. If this went on to a logical conclusion all human activity would cease.

Such an idea, of course, is absurd. Things don't go on in the same way indefinitely. But the thought emphasizes what everybody knows—that the hand of destiny sometimes needs a bit of guiding.

There is one way in which the various governments—Federal, State, county, municipal, etc.—can exercise a helpful influence. They can go in for big public works of a kind which, when finished, will add to the welfare of the nation, and which, while they are under way, will give employment to thousands who might otherwise be idle.

Most important of these, probably, are good roads. We have built many, but we ought to build more.

In the cities, with the rapid increase in the number of automobiles, congestion is becoming intolerable. Through streets are tangles of traffic, and the business of providing new arteries and outlets has lagged far behind.

The same is true of many country roads. Get into the Sunday afternoon line on any main highway, if you don't believe it.

There ought to be more roads and wider roads, and they can be built only by the various governments. If the governments will, they can not only meet an acute need, but they can do a lot to check what looks like a recession of good times.

Another aspect of the same thing is water transport. We have not been doing much about that. The governments could confer a vast benefit on the country by increasing the usefulness of our navigable rivers.

President Coolidge has promised to see that the flood waters of the Central States are conveyed to the Gulf without overflowing the Mississippi. Here is an enterprise that will make the valley people safe and at the same time put many of them to work.

Muscle Shoals, where millions have been spent, has yet to be harnessed and developed to real efficiency. The great Boulder Dam project for the Colorado River should be settled and work begun.

People who cry, "Cut taxes, whatever you do," don't find an echo in this editorial mind. If cutting taxes keeps people out of work, it is the same old circle again.

When private work slacks up, public labor should increase. Then, when employment picks up and private industry is calling, public works should be slowed down.

Intelligent and progressive governments could thus put into effect a kind of reservoir of labor.

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN, by A. Roy Brown, is the story of Richthofen's conqueror, told by himself. The Canadian ace graphically depicts the atmosphere and events of those days before and after Richthofen's end in the eventful spring of 1918.

Ghostly screams and the will of a blind old man; a mysterious plot and lovers united in a righteous fight—these are the elements which are skilfully mingled in Henry Kitchell Webster's new serial, The Clock Strikes Two. It will give you the thrill of your life.

Why Marry for Love? by Rheta Childe Dorr, is an intelligent survey of the matrimony business as practised here and in Europe.

Frederick Tisdale, in a short story, This Hero Stuff, laughs off the old pictures of manly Romeos by showing how an ounce of brains may outweigh a bull-like physique when love tips the balance.

Leopold, Loeb, and Lucre, by Edward Doherty, recounts some strange and interesting marginal notes on the prison records of two young heirs to millions who murdered for a thrill.

You may think it is a long call from Shakespeare to the movies, but you'll see they are not so far apart after all when you have read Benjamin B. Hampton's article, Stories versus Stars.

November 19, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 29

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E. Haldeman-Julius,
Editor of the Little Blue Books,
at work in his study

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE Little Blue Books are disappearing rapidly—although there are about 2,000,000 left to be disposed of at 5c per book prepaid, still it seems to me not too early to announce the new cultural series that I am editing for the American reading public. This new series, as now planned, will give in a continuous narrative all the knowledge that is essential to a genuine modern culture. Each volume will contain approximately 30,000 words. Already 1,200,000 words of manuscript for this series have been planned and contracted for—indeed, the new enterprise, I am glad to say, is well on the road to complete realization. It will be widely advertised under the name of "The Key to Culture."

It is still necessaay to sell out the remaining stock of something like 2,000,000 Little Blue Books. These are being offered at the extraordinary bargain price of 5c per book, which includes all packing and carriage charges. All you pay is 5c each—minimum order $1. Look over the books listed herewith now—or once again, if you have already ordered—and make sure that you place an order for the books you want IMMEDIATELY. There is no time to lose. These famous books will soon be gone, and they won't be reprinted.

To everyone answering this advertisement I shall send the important announcement and full particulars of the new "Key to Culture" series that is to supersede the Little Blue Books in the task of enlightening the American reading public. I feel confident that this new undertaking will be my greatest publishing achievement. Do not miss this chance to find out exactly what the new series will be like—and at the same time place your final order for Little Blue Books.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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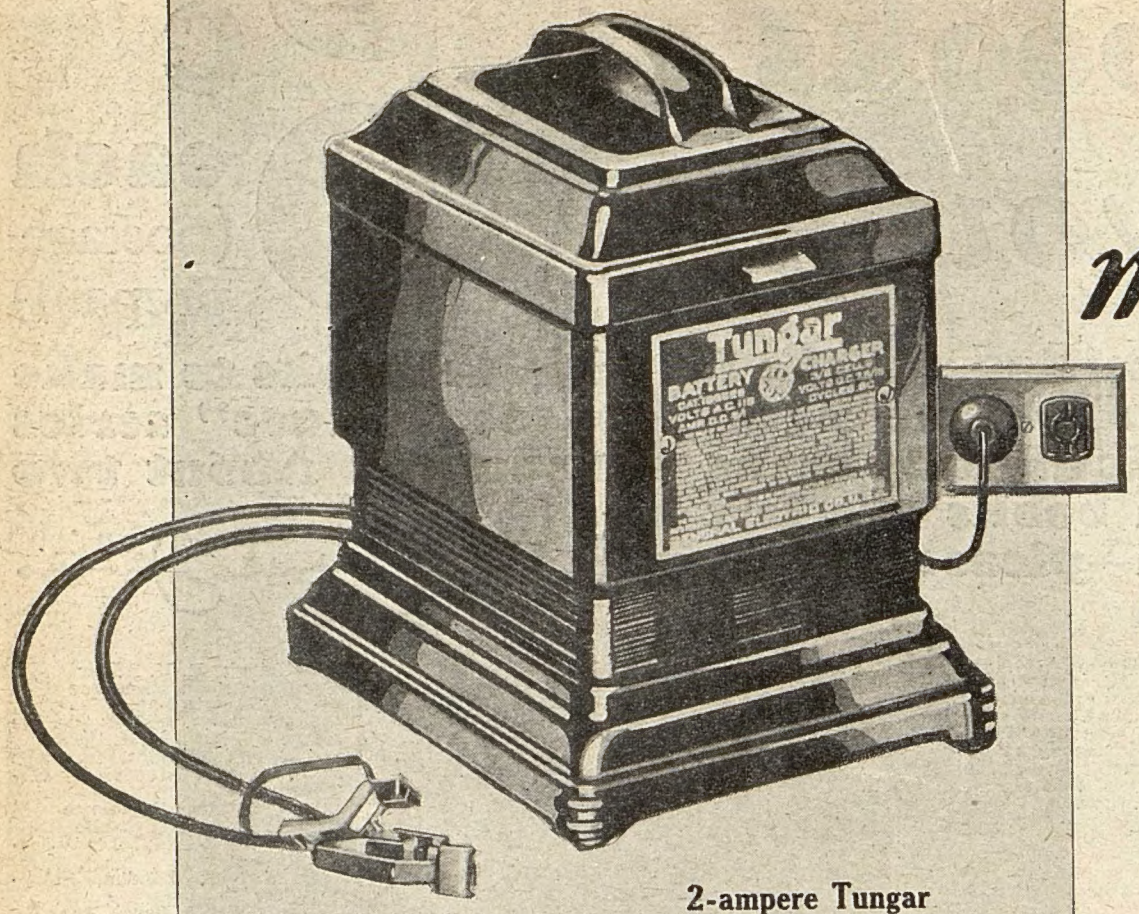

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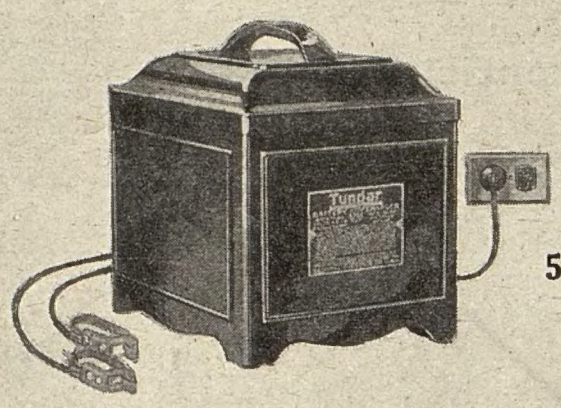

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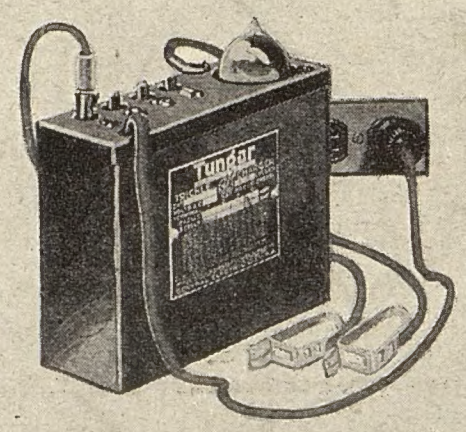

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Our Worst Criminals

"Toledo Johnny" Tells His Story

An Article by

RALPH H. OYLER

(Reading time: 21 minutes.)

OF all the elements that menace society, the breed supplying drugs to the slaves of the habit is the most vicious and dangerous, and the most difficult to catch. The law has no mercy for that type of dope-merchant. Conviction assures him a term in prison ranging from one to twelve years, so he fights like a rat when cornered, and shoots to kill.

He is so bad, his trade so despicable, that he is a pariah even among the social outcasts in the underworld. No self-respecting burglar will have anything to do with a doper if he knows it. The drug slave will cheat and steal and murder without provocation.

He is a squealer, the kind that betrays his pals, and the jackals who sell the stuff rank lower in crook society than the meanest thief who robs the poor-box in a church.

But the latter's activities are not confined to the underworld. We find their slimy trail running through every class of society—though in polite circles people rarely talk about narcotics. The drug-user is too pathetic for gossip. You may brag about your bootlegger, discuss liquor, wayward youth, or the morals of the neighbors; but dope, as if by common assent, is generally tabu.

Yet the habit prevails in every community. Your closest friend might be a "fiend" without you knowing it. We know there must be an army of addicts to make the traffic worth while, because some 5,000 dope-smugglers and -pedlers are convicted in the United States every year.

You would not recognize some of them as crook types. Your average criminal is not very respectable in appearance, nor is he clever. But many dopers could lounge about the most exclusive club without attracting attention. We had such a gang on trial in the New York Federal Court not long ago.

Fashionably clothed, sleek and suave, as they sat with their high-priced lawyers about the defense table, they might have been corporation directors ready to declare a dividend. Yet some of them were old-time crooks who had followed the dope game for years, as it developed while I was on the stand testifying. One of their attorneys asked me:

"Have you ever been known as Toledo Johnny?"

"Yes," I replied.

"In a jail?"

"Yes."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE illegitimate dope-merchant is the most vicious menace to society. Here are shown the four drugs prepared for medical use which he diverts from regular channels to supply slaves of the habit.

[OUR WORST CRIMINALS Continued from Page Nine]

The word passed round the court-room:

"This man Oyler is old Toledo Johnny. He's been in jail himself!"

One of the gang had recognized me, though years had passed since I last used the nickname. They sneered at me delightedly. This was their trump-card, played to discredit the government's principal witness. But it proved a boomerang.

As the jury sat up and took notice, the district attorney asked for the details. The grins faded as I explained. Of course I had been in jail. As a federal agent during the thirteen years since the Harrison Narcotic Law was passed by Congress, I have often sent myself to jail with a prisoner who might know enough about the dope traffic to warrant my becoming his confidant.

The fact that the defendants knew of Toledo Johnny no doubt contributed to the verdict which sent them to Atlanta Penitentiary.

I TOOK the name from its original owner, an agent who left the service in 1915 while we were trying to block the stream of narcotics coming into the United States by way of the Great Lakes. Toledo, Ohio, was then the rendezvous for the big smugglers and pedlers who understood that Johnny was a member of their fraternity. As this reputation was too good to lose, I salvaged it.

As Toledo Johnny, I was shoved into a double cell in the city jail at San Diego, California, in January, 1917. My cell-mate was already there by my connivance—Scarface Tony, long, lanky, brutal, and known from coast to coast as a petty dope-runner.

His cheeks had been slashed in a gang fight and I recognized his evil features as we passed each other on the street shortly after my arrival in the city.

Drugs were coming in from Mexico and I had been sent out to investigate.

For two days and a night Tony and I remained strangers. We ate our food and exercised in silence. For hours at a time we lay on our bunks, without more than a word or two passing between us—just two crooks, uninterested in each other. This so impressed Tony that he finally opened up. Finding that I was Toledo Johnny, he fairly beamed, for he had heard of me.

"This turn in stir has spoilt me plans," said Tony. "Easy money. Easiest money in the world. Want to come in with me when we get out?"

He had been working for smugglers between San Diego and Tia Juana, fifteen miles distant and across the border. A Chinese, Sam Sing, ran a dope clearing-house in the Mexican town, and the scheme was for us to go down and rob him—murder him if necessary. We could get away with it, Tony was sure, for Sing paid no protection money to the Tia Juana officials and could not expect help from them.

P. & A. photo

Ralph H. Oyler, Federal narcotic agent, who wrote this article.

Next morning I told Tony that I was leaving on bail. He gave me a note of introduction to Sam Sing, that I might learn the ropes and be prepared when he should join me. Making sure that he would remain behind bars until my return, I went to Tia Juana. His letter served the purpose.

Sam Sing was glad to see a friend of Tony's. He took me through his shack, sold me a can of opium as a sample, and let me examine two rooms nearly full of drugs. He also had several coolies loafing about, waiting to be smuggled over the border, two at a time, in chicken-coops hidden under a truckload of vegetables.

Leaving Sing's place, I went to the Chief of Police. He was furious that a Chinese should dare operate a dope business without a "license." That night he led a small army against Sam Sing.

I saw them march up to the front door, fully exposed in the clear rays of the moon. As an observer on foreign soil, I could only stand by and watch—which was just as well, perhaps.

In response to the chief's demand to open, the Chinese fired through the doors and windows, and some of them sent 30-30 bullets crashing through the clapboard side of the house. Three policemen were carried off to the undertaker's shop down the street, and eight or ten others had crawled away wounded before the guns ceased barking.

When the Mexicans kicked down the door and entered, Sam Sing and all his Oriental crew had been shot to death.

Back in San Diego, I arranged for Scarface Tony's release, and then met him as if by accident.

"Ain't it hell, Johnny?" he whined. "What? You didn't hear? They knocked Sam Sing off before we could get to him. But now I gotta nuther scheme. Let's hold up Bucktooth Charlie when he comes through with his junk."

Bucktooth, I learned, ran a motor-stage between Tia Juana and San Diego. Like the rat he was, Tony had gained his confidence and knew how he got large consignments of drugs past the customs, though they searched his car on every nightly trip.

He had a big tray fitted to the bottom of the gasoline-tank in the rear. This held several pounds of dope and could not be detected unless one crawled under the car. Similar trays underneath the running-boards held more contraband.

Before reaching San Diego, Charlie would meet a Chinese astride a mule. He would stop the car, get out and put all the drugs in a sack, then toss it to the Chinese, who rode off into the brush.

I agreed to help rob Charlie, and the date was set for two nights later. But six hours after leaving Tony a number of us, agents and customs officers, met Charlie before he reached his Chinese. We put him out of business for several years.

His load of drugs had been manufactured in the United States on the Atlantic seaboard, shipped to the west coast of Mexico by way of the Panama Canal, and landed at Ensenada, the seaport for Tia Juana.

THE Harrison Law prohibited the retail sale of narcotics except on orders from a doctor; but wholesalers could buy them and divert whole shipments from legitimate channels. With all trace lost, the pedlers stood a chance to avoid detection.

Shortly after the Tia Juana episode we found American drugs that had been brought back East from Mexico.

I was standing on a corner in Toledo one dismal stormy evening, waiting for a break in the street traffic, when I saw a familiar face in a passing taxicab. Jumping into another cab, I trailed the man, meanwhile trying to recall where we had met.

As we were moving through Goodale Avenue, in one of the fine residential sections, his cab stopped before a mansion, dropped its fare, and rolled on.

Then I recognized the man by his unusual height and the studious droop of his shoulders. He looked like a schoolteacher, but I had seen him in a gambling-house in Tia Juana, accompanied by a notorious smuggler.

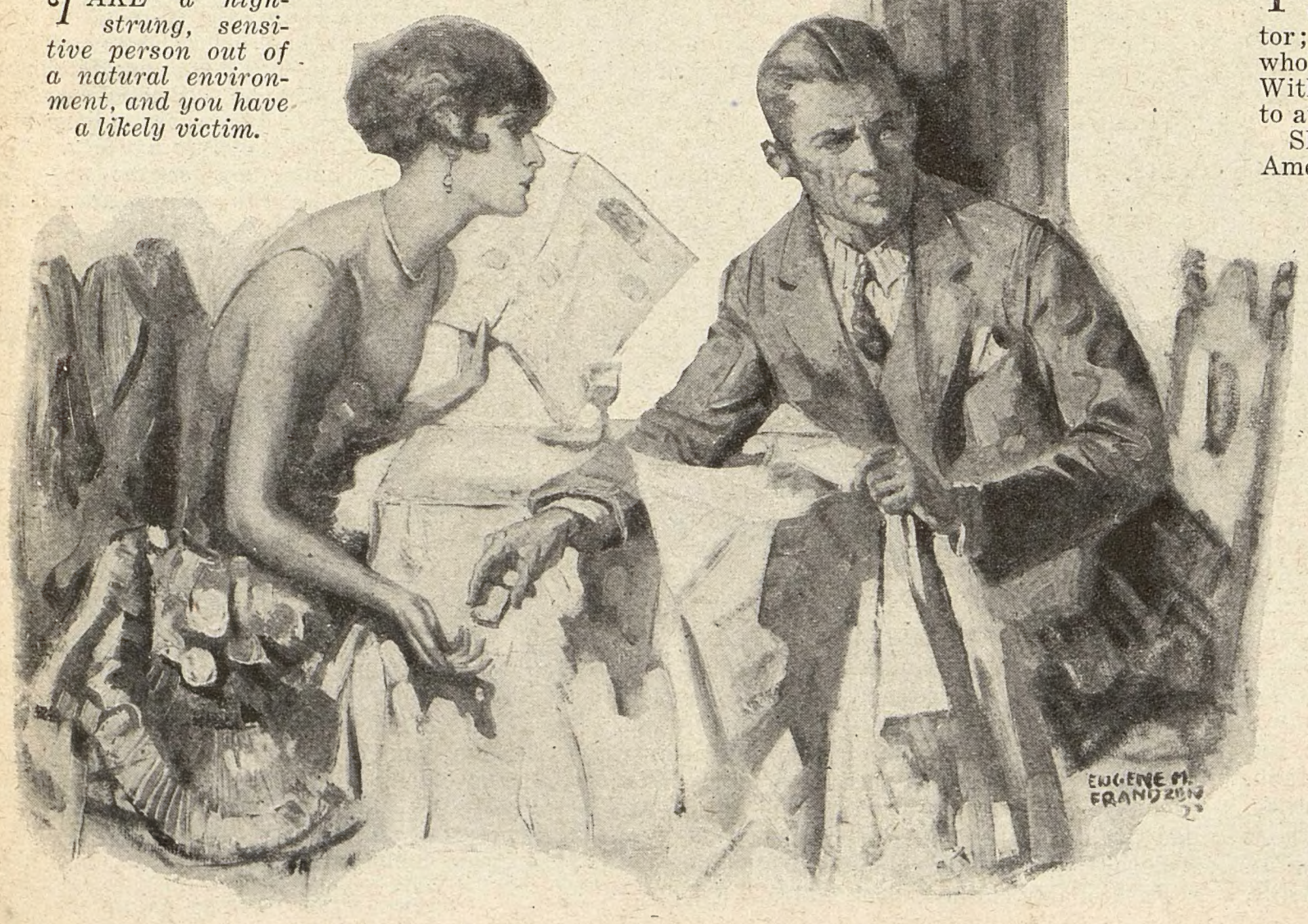
Taking the number of the house, I went back to town for a search-warrant and help. We soon had the place surrounded. Two of us crept up on the front porch and crouched behind a storm-door. An hour or so later a visitor walked up the steps and rang the door-bell in a series of signals.

"Hands up! We're officers. Go on in!"

Our guns were against his ribs as the

TAKE a high-strung, sensitive person out of a natural environment, and you have a likely victim.

Picture by Eugene M. Frandzen



Picture by
A. N. Simpkin

I REACHED under the mantelpiece and dragged forth a stunted creature. His gun had missed fire.

door swung open to admit him—and us. While my companion covered him and the man who had opened the door, I swung my pistol to meet another coming downstairs. It was the man I had seen in the taxicab and he was shooting wildly.

I DID not bother to return the compliment, but met him as he took the remaining steps three at a time. We collided at the bottom of the stairs as his foot caught a grandfather's clock and sent it crashing. That and a breath-taking tussle put him under. We soon had handcuffs on all occupants of the house. Evidence was another matter.

On my way upstairs after a fruitless search below, I bent over to set the old clock upright and get it out of the way. The entire back fell off in my arms, revealing a false back which had concealed a closet the whole length. From this, hundreds of small packages tumbled about the stairs—nearly $20,000 worth of morphine and cocaine!

The man in the cab was Bob Marsh, an old crook. He had been on a shopping tour when I saw him in Tia Juana.

The pedler and the addict can no longer procure direct supplies made in America. The strictest laws that can be devised control the distribution of all narcotics manufactured in the United States. Occasionally a small quantity is stolen, but it amounts to very little.

The dope traffic must depend upon outside sources. Unlike liquor, the drugs can not be faked, as the processes of making cocaine, morphine, and heroin are very involved and require extensive laboratory facilities. Gum opium, of course, must also come in from abroad.

The other nations have equally strict laws to prevent illegal export. There is much red tape —permits, formal notices, and the like—designed to keep this government informed of all legitimate shipments. One would believe that the traffic could not survive under such handicaps, especially when most persons look upon it with horror and are ready to help us stop it.

Rum-runners and other smugglers do not hesitate to tip us off to a dope-smuggling scheme if they learn of it in time. The average bootlegger would not soil his hands with the stuff at any price.

But the dope crowd were veterans at smuggling and selling contraband before the bootlegger appeared on the scene. They make him look like a novice with his tricks. One of my assistants, posing as a pedler, won the confidence of a gang, and reported that we could find what we wanted in the possession of an Italian cheese-merchant on the lower East Side in New York.

He had a wholesale business and a big store, lived in style, and was well known and respected. A liveried chauffeur sat at the wheel of his imported car in front of the place as we entered with a search-warrant.

The Italian laughed when we told him what we were seeking.

"Why, gentlemen, it is preposterous. A little wine, perhaps: as you know, we Italians like wine with our meals. In my office, now, I have some of the finest. Come and join me."

That was old stuff to us. If he had anything to make evidence for us, his confederates might get it out of the place while we were drinking with him. No; we commenced searching. We opened his safe, pried off the covers of cases that held goods from abroad.

"You see, there is nothing; no, nothing at all but cheeses."

AT that instant an agent who had been holding a big cheese in his hands dropped it, deliberately. It broke into pieces—and what pieces! That cheese had weighed forty pounds. It contained four hermetically sealed tins so designed that they conformed to the curve of the outside.

The customs inspectors always poke a knife or borer straight through the center of a cheese; so the genius who had built the tins into it while it was being made in a European factory had left the center free and innocent.

Each tin was like a piece of pie in shape, about eight inches deep, and full of drugs. We found about $50,000 worth in the cheese in that one store.

During the last four or five years practically all illicit drugs have been brought here from Europe. Huge syndicates operate in several countries, with the utmost secrecy.

They assemble quantities through legal purchases, and transfer shipments from place to place on the Continent until they have passed through so many hands that they can not be traced, but are always under the control of the syndicate, which eventually ships to this side. They have innumerable methods of getting the contraband ashore.

"OH, see the poor bear!"

We were examining a cargo of toys that had just arrived from a European port. One of the cases had split open as it was being lowered to the dock. The Federal agent who had picked up a Teddy-bear with its head torn off was surprised, for the body of the toy was full of heroin in one-ounce packages.

We tore the whole lot apart—and found more than $100,000 worth of dope!

All shipments arriving in American ports are now searched with extraordinary care, but we can not stop smuggling; and there is no saying how much of the stuff eludes us, though we are finding it constantly.

Lemons packed full of cocaine, oranges full of heroin, kegs of olives with several pounds of morphine to a keg—anything from Europe may conceal narcotics.

Obviously, the persons who handle dope on this side must possess ample means to finance large shipments, for the foreigners will not take chances with small amounts. So today we find nearly all the dope traffic conducted by syndicates here in the United States. They form the so-called dope rings.

In a sense, it is a big business; for they must finance a secret trade which sometimes runs into millions of dollars a year, and they must have an outlet. They must be able to distribute drugs throughout the country, down through the middlemen to the ultimate consumer—the addict.

In each community the syndicate must have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUR WORST CRIMINALS
Continued from Page Eleven]

a group selling to pedlers; and the pedlers must have their regular customers. A novice would be unable to sell a quantity of drugs to a pedler. He would be suspected immediately.

If you tried to change a $1,000 bill on a street corner, if you tried to give it away, the chances are that you would not succeed; and that is the way it is with drug-pedling. The doper must trust his sources of supply. So we now have the great co-operative systems.

The leader of the organization is usually in New York, where he maintains headquarters, because about 95 per cent of the contraband, as near as we can judge, enters the country through that port, direct or by way of Canada.

This leader is the only person known to his lieutenants, who are stationed in all the large cities; but invariably he simply represents a clique which finances the smuggling of narcotics. Members of the clique put up the money and draw down the profits. Some of them do not know how their money is being used, but most of them are aware of it.

ONE of this tribe may be your next-door neighbor and a member of your club, using a legitimate business or a respectable profession as a blind. Or he may be a man about town, a spender and a good fellow, living on his "income." He remains above suspicion when we break into his gang and send a score or more to prison.

The gang does not know him. He is the "master mind" of fiction, and I do not believe he actually exists anywhere else outside of the dope traffic.

Though we are making arrests and securing convictions constantly, though we mingle with the pedlers and gain their confidence until we are sure of reaching some of the top-notchers in their syndicate, the addicts continue to get their medicine long after their favorite pedlers have been put away.

That is proof that the ring has been reformed in other haunts and with a new batch of recruits in the ranks, but with the same man at the head. He has the same list of customers and his own individual system of distribution.

We have every reason to believe that there are at least twenty-five big dope syndicates in New York today, most of them headed by men of some position, or at least with wealth and executive ability.

The profits must warrant the risks. Morphine, cocaine, or heroin can be bought in Europe for three or four dollars an ounce. It passes through the various groups connected with a syndicate at prices that shame the bootleg industry. The smuggler receives from nine to eleven dollars an ounce.

The wholesaling crowd get from seventeen to twenty-five for it, and the group that takes it out for distribution among the pedlers receives from thirty to thirty-five. Those are New York prices. They advance as one goes West or South, sometimes to $100 an ounce.

The pedler makes the biggest profit of all, selling to addicts at a dollar a grain, on the average, or more than $400 an ounce. But the extortion does not end there.

The bootlegger was not original in cutting contraband. The doper has done it for years. Heroin can be cut with sugar of milk, so that one ounce makes five. Cocaine is cut the same way with acetanilid.

The only thing that can not be adulterated is morphine in cubes; but if he wants to be a piker, the pedler shaves down each cube ever so slightly with a safety-razor blade, and then makes the shavings into powders for the trade. We have found them using magnesia cubes in morphine bottles. Magnesia looks like morphine and weighs the same, and it is inexpensive. We once seized a supposed batch of morphine, to find that it was only cubical pieces of cork sprinkled with magnesia.

But the average addict has his own pedler, and knows him as well as he knows his druggist; and he can tell immediately when his dope is cut. The vast majority of addicts have had the habit so many years that they know just where to go and whom to trust for supplies, unless they must look up new sources in a strange locality.

© Brown Brothers

A hair-brush that was used to smuggle drugs.

© Brown Brothers

How drugs were smuggled in a shaving-brush.

THE diagram shows how some of the drugs found by Oyler were concealed. The dotted lines in the cheese reveal where tins of drugs were hidden in it. The Teddy-bear's body was another valuable cache, while the orange and lemon each had been hollowed out and refilled with drugs.

We do not believe that the habit is gaining ground. It may be holding its own with the elder generation—old addicts created through carelessness and ignorance. But people seldom become addicts after the age of thirty.

I have talked with thousands of users, and practically all who became addicted after thirty did so as a result of legitimately using narcotics during a serious illness.

The young addict usually acquires the habit through bad company. Take a high-strung, sensitive person out of a natural, healthy environment, and you have a likely victim.

Bad company, plenty of dissipation, accepting a "sure cure" for a headache after too much bootleg liquor, a powder to jazz up flagging nerves after a protracted spree, or just one "shot" to see what it is like and get a kick out of life—those are some of the ways by which young men and women are now acquiring the habit. But if they exist in any large number, we do not know it, for we seldom find them.

Among the thousands of drug-users who are picked up every year we count hundreds of old "patients" for each one that has become addicted in recent years.

Nor is the habit confined to any one section, class, or profession. It never has been. We find as many dope-fiends among truck-drivers and street-car conductors as in the much-maligned theatrical world. One addict from the stage or smart society receives so much publicity that the readers are led to believe they have a patent on the use of drugs.

But they haven't; and that is why we can not take a census of the addicts.

Very few addicts have been found among school-children since the Harrison Law put a stop to promiscuous sales. The pedler dares not take a chance. He is crazy when he sells to people who can be led to identify him; and only the drug-using pedler is crazy.

Many of the sellers have never taken the stuff in their lives. As a class, however, they are the most dangerous of all the persons in the dreadful trade.

They vary their methods for each occasion, and we must employ new ruses for each new device of theirs. No two cases are alike. Even the chances of meeting sudden death are seldom the same.

WE once trailed a suspect to an old house on the edge of the Back Bay district in Boston. After watching the house several days we concluded that it was headquarters for a group of pedlers, and made a raid.

Sending an agent to the rear of the house, the rest of us went to the front door and rang the bell. There was quite a commotion inside and after several moments somebody yelled out, wanting to know who was there. Then we kicked the door off its hinges and entered. In the front room was a woman swearing. A white streak on the floor looked like dope, and it formed a trail leading through to the kitchen.

The others followed it while I edged about the room, eying the woman. I had not noticed anything in an open fireplace; but as my back was turned to it, I felt something like an icicle pressing against my neck just above my collar, and a trigger snapped.

It snapped again and again while I was turning round. A fourth time I heard it click, and then brought the butt of my pistol down on the wrist that held the other weapon. It clattered to the floor as I reached under the mantelpiece and dragged forth a stunted creature, now hissing with fury and pain:

"—— —— that gun! —— —— that gun!"

"That's a fine tool for a murderer," I panted. "Why did you try to kill me?"

"It hasn't been shot since I bought it," the runt replied sweetly and in perfect accents. Then I recognized him. He was known as Dago Frank, a little weasel-faced addict. His kind always shoot.

Curious as to a revolver that wouldn't work, I picked it up and carelessly snapped the trigger. It spat a .38-caliber bullet into the fireplace. The only reason why the other shells had not exploded was a slight defect in the hammer, which had not tapped them hard enough.

The others came back, attracted by the shot.

Among them was the agent who had stood guard at the rear under the kitchen window, and he was a picture. We had four men and the woman as prisoners.

They had been interrupted in a dope-cutting bee; and at the first alarm they dumped the lot into a box, took it to the kitchen, and threw it out of the window—on the agent.

We would put the pedlers out of business if we could prevent smuggling. Some of the foreign syndicates have men working on liners and freighters, and they bring the stuff into port. It can be easily concealed aboard ship and is delivered only to persons who call with credentials and plenty of cash.

A certain name or a prearranged password serves as sufficient introduction. We procure the password in various ways—by posing as members of a gang, sometimes working with it, and often by finding the information on prisoners. Informers, while not always trustworthy, sometimes tip us off to a ship or a member of the crew.

ACTING on a sure tip one cold winter night in February, 1923, I took an assistant on an adventure which nearly cost us our lives. A freighter lay tied up at a pier on the Hudson River water-front in New York. We knew that one of the crew was selling drugs in wholesale lots, because an agent had heard a gang in conference as to the best means of raising money for a big supply. But we had to have the actual evidence to make a case.

To walk aboard from the pier would create suspicion, because we would have to show credentials to pass the customs guards, and that alone would give us away. No; we must get aboard without being seen, as if we were anxious to avoid all officers.

We hired a small launch, and shortly after midnight set out from shore about a quarter of a mile above the freighter. The river was full of ice and the launch proved old and leaky. The ice, crunching against the sides, soon had it near collapse. We had started back toward shore, when the wash of a tugboat towing a scow swamped our boat. As she sank we jumped.

Half in, half out of the freezing water, we lay across an ice-cake until we could recover the breath which had been shocked out of our bodies by the plunge.

Then we gingerly made for shore two or three hundred yards away, first on one slippery piece of ice, then another, now and again slipping off into the water. But we made it.

We should have gone home then; but we had come out on the dock adjoining that to which our freighter was moored. Beside the pier was a barge. We pushed it out toward the vessel as far as it would go.

Then we found the ladder usually carried aboard such barges. This was laid across to the deck of the freighter, and we crawled out forty feet above the water, while the gentle swell of the river threatened to dislodge the ladder and send us down. But we made it.

A sailor met us on deck. He did not seem surprised when I asked for "Harry" and said that we had come from "Harry's aunt."

"Harry's aunt is sick," said the sailor.

"Yes; and she needs more medicine," I replied.

He took us below. We talked for a while about c, m, and h; and then dickered about the price of opium. He said his was the very best. I wasn't so sure.

He finally agreed to sell us a can of it as a sample, protesting meanwhile that his goods had never been questioned before. He thought we should buy all he had, which would have cost us thousands of dollars.

He kept the opium in waterproof sacks lowered into the steamer's tanks. Who would think of searching water-tanks?

Taking our can of dope, we left the ship just as we had boarded her, back across the ladder to the barge, and thence to the pier, which was deserted. Next day the agents of the shipowners were trying to recruit new hands. Several of the crew were in jail.

We aren't always so lucky.

The average lot of smuggled drugs is worth so much money that it is impossible for us to buy all of it. But we must have the evidence; so invariably we purchase samples when we can.

Your big smuggler, however, has no desire to sell samples. If you are doing business with him the first time, he assumes that his reputation among the people who referred you to him is sufficient. One of our biggest hauls was nearly ruined because of that.

In several small caches among the pedlers, we had taken many parcels of drugs which were traced to the Greek steamer Alexander. Agents reported that the First Officer was doing a handsome smuggling business.

I took a room in a fashionable hotel, and let the word trickle through to the First Officer that I could be seen at almost any time, night or day. He fell for it and called.

I put on my evening clothes and took him out to the night clubs. He had accepted me for what I pretended to be, a rich importer, though we had not discussed the kind of importing.

One night, while sitting in a club in the West Fifties, I expressed a desire to bring in narcotics without going through the regular channels.

"I can do that for you," said the First Officer. "We usually carry several thousand dollars' worth of drugs. We are our own syndicate. The whole crew is in on it."

After considerable parley he agreed to let me have his next lot; but I must pay for it in cash. The Alexander returned to New York from Constantinople in September, 1921, and docked at Pier 22 in Brooklyn. I was in my old room at the hotel when the First Officer called.

He said that he had $65,000 worth of morphine, heroin, and cocaine, and nine cases of whisky. I would have to take all of it for cash and get it off the boat late at night.

On the night scheduled I took twelve agents and a young Greek interpreter aboard a launch far up the East River.

The night was raw and we were drenched, so it was a miserable bunch of agents that finally nosed their small craft against the side of the Alexander after 3 o'clock in the morning.

Tapping her steel plates as a signal, we saw a Jacob's-ladder lowered over the side. To avert suspicion, I went aboard alone with my interpreter. The First Officer greeted me, surrounded by about thirty of the most villainous-appearing pirates I ever saw.

Though the officer and I conversed in English, the interpreter was there to hear what the others had to say.

"The money?" This was the officer's greeting.

"It's here; where's the goods?"

They fell to jabbering among themselves. My Greek whispered that they were getting ready to take the money from me by force.

I insisted that the stuff be brought up on deck at once. A case or two came up. Then they again asked for money. I showed them a roll of bills.

I THOUGHT I had prepared a clever trick. Unable to raise $65,000 of the government's money for one case, I had faked the roll. It contained one $1,000 and twenty ten-dollar bills. The tens were pasted together in threes, making good $1,000 notes if they were not examined carefully.

My roll looked like big money. Now I held it in my hands, fingering it idly, while in the dull light of the ship's lantern the crew, including a young giant with a face like that of a gorilla, pressed forward to see for themselves. I wanted a part of the evidence safe in the launch before springing the trap.

Pretty keen work, I thought. And then—

The gorilla grunted and pointed at my hands and the money. It was uncanny, the way those $1,000 bills were shrinking in value. The heat of my palms had softened the paste and the tens were unfolding like the petals of a rose.

Somebody snarled.

I jumped back and threw myself flat as a pistol cracked. My two guns commenced working. The interpreter climbed over the rail, and I heard him splash in the water. The mob charged with revolvers and knives as my men came over the side. We were having a merry time when we heard the rattle of a machine gun.

A police boat had been standing by in the darkness, trying to make out our game. At the first shot her crew thought we were hijackers, and they sent a fusillade at the launch; but nobody was hurt.

It was a different scene on deck, however. Two of the Greeks went over the side and remained there. Eight or ten of them went to the hospital. All of the survivors ultimately went to prison.

We found the drugs throughout the ship; but the entire lot had been hidden in the coal-bunkers when the vessel passed the customs.

In one way or another, the smugglers manage to keep the American trade amply supplied; and today that is the only reason why we still have the addicts with us.

THE END

Beginning Next Week:

The Clock Strikes Two

A New Serial by Henry Kitchell Webster

A sinister mansion, full of ghostly surprises. Two young sweethearts gaily solving mysteries amid shadowy terrors. The strange dominance of a sightless man in his nineties. Love, laughter, adventure, breathless suspense—

Here's a serial that has *everything!*

START IT IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Pandora

The Story of What Came Out of a Hat-Box

By

STEPHEN McKENNA

Pictures by EDWARD CUCUEL

(Reading time: 19 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN the news came to Antibes that Henry Morgan, the Paris manager of Scrope's, had been found dead in his bed, Paula Daventry hid the Continental *Daily Mail*, for fear of exciting her husband with hopes which would almost certainly be disappointed. The Paris office, even without the contrast of Leeds, where he had served his apprenticeship, and Manchester, which he now ruled, was Arthur's dream; and the dream might reasonably have been expected to come true in another five years' time. At present, however, old Mr. Scrope would say that he was too young.

Perhaps, too, he would ordain that Arthur must not be given harder work and greater responsibility until his health was more dependable. When the directors came to review Morgan's possible successors, the general manager would inevitably repeat the warning which he had issued when the Berlin branch became vacant:

"Daventry? The ideal man, if we could trust him not to break down; but he has to go south every winter . . ."

And then Arthur, who could not resign himself to being even intermittently an invalid, would fume and fret till his temperature raced up and the doctor from Cannes grumbled that their weeks at the Villa Montcalm had done him less than no good.

Paula thrust the *Daily Mail* from sight, hoping vaguely that the death of Henry Morgan and the promotion of his successor would be ancient and inoffensive history by the time Arthur's benevolent uncle came back to the villa which he had lent them, and they, in turn, went sadly north to the lingering remains of the English winter.

It would be foolish, Paula reflected, to ruin their last ten days in this paradise of sunshine and spring flowers by repeating dismally how much they both hated the black industrial north and how cheerfully they would sell their souls for a transfer to Paris or even Milan.

If they were too young for promotion, they were at least young enough to enjoy themselves; and, if Arthur had to be packed abroad every winter, they were blessed in having kindly relations to provide them with house, garden, servants, food, and wine.

For a fortnight they had been enjoying a second honeymoon. After a late breakfast they would drift into Cannes to spend happy hours sunning themselves on the Croisette or staring at the shops in the Rue d'Antibes.

At noon they repaired to the Galéries Fleuries and sat, sipping their cocktails, at a little table between the bands until it was time to return home for luncheon. In the afternoon they played lawn-tennis. In the evening they danced or gambled mildly at the Casino.

Already the shadow of coming departure was falling on them as they reckoned wistfully that they had been away for so many days and that only so many days more remained. One did not want to deepen the shadow by reiterating that if only they could succeed the Morgans, they would be exchanging the spring of the Riviera for the spring of Paris.

"Let's be thankful for what we have," Paula counseled herself. "Of course, if by some miracle . . ."

She interrupted her musing at a cry from Arthur, whom she had left breakfasting on his veranda, in sunshine that was hot at 9 o'clock in the morning and scented with a creamy blend of pine-trees and mimosa.

"Read that," he called out indignantly, fluttering a letter before her. "Old Scrope, of all people, wants to come *here!* He's had to give up his room at Cannes and he can't get another one. Will we put him up for a week? He's booked his place on the Blue for Saturday . . ."

PAULA felt her heart thumping. As a friend of the Peter Daventrys, old Mr. Scrope had stayed at the Villa Montcalm in the past. It was natural enough that he should propose himself again; natural that he should billet himself on one of his managers; and natural that his request—with the reason which he gave for it—should mean precisely what he said, no less and no more. At the same time, it was impossible to dissociate it from the news in that morning's *Daily Mail*.

A man like Mr. Scrope was not usually hunted out of one hotel or refused accommodation at another. Far more likely it seemed that he was coming on business: not, of course, to *offer* them anything (Paula felt that, if only they kept their heads, they would have no reason to be disappointed afterward), but to remind himself what sort of man Arthur was, to see what sort of health he was in.

Paula read with pursed lips and narrowed eyes. The old gentleman wrote with an engaging mixture of courtesy and firmness: Though he understood that they were themselves the guests of his old friends Peter and Margaret Daventry, he must not impose on their good nature and he would therefore be obliged if he might contribute to the expenses of the villa. He was more than anxious to meet Mrs. Arthur Daventry ("It *doesn't* mean anything!" Paula whispered, "but the Paris manager has to entertain tremendously and they must be sure that I don't squint or eat peas with a knife . . ."), but he could promise them that he would not be a nuisance. Indeed, if they could supply him with bed, breakfast, and

THEY were smoking in her bedroom and desperately and avengingly sharing a bottle of champagne.

dinner, he would leave them in peace all day.

"Of course we must say we shall be delighted," Paula answered.

He was proposing himself, she observed, for a date when they had been asked to dine at the Ambassadeurs; and she had to make Arthur see that the engagement must be canceled, without leading him to build extravagant hopes on Mr. Scrope's visit.

"It's a bit cool," her easily ruffled husband was still grumbling. "We don't want him. If I didn't happen to be a subordinate in his precious business, he wouldn't dare to ask himself like this. I propose to say that we're very sorry, but the villa's full . . ."

Paula shook her head with a determination that left no room for argument.

"You can't do that! He may want to talk business; and it would be a black mark against you if you wouldn't take the trouble to meet him."

"There can't be any business to discuss when we've both been away from our offices for several weeks."

"One never knows." Paula decided that her husband must be discreetly forearmed. "I don't suggest that there's anything in it, but he might conceivably want to sound you about a transfer. I don't suppose you've seen that Mr. Morgan died two days ago . . ."

Arthur Daventry sprang to his feet and looked about him for a newspaper.

"Henry Morgan?" he asked.

"Yes. Of course we sha'n't be offered Paris; but, if there's general post, we might get Vienna. We must impress Mr. Scrope favorably."

Arthur looked with shining eyes at his flushed and pretty young wife. Then he smiled and caught her to him.

"YOU'LL have to vamp our worthy chairman," he informed her. "Your smartest clothes and your most school-girlish complexion! We must do him well, too. Tell Jeanne that fortunes hang on her every omelet. I must talk to Wilson about the cellar. I hope to goodness Uncle Peter left some decent champagne. Wilson!" he shouted in the direction of the pantry. "We shall want some cigars, too," he continued, in rising excitement. "D'you think he'll bring his own car, or shall I try to hire one? We must keep him amused. . . ."

Paula shook her head, and conducted her husband back to the table on which his neglected coffee was cooling.

"My dear, that's absolutely the wrong line," she told him. "We aren't millionaires, so we mustn't try to live as such. If you gave him champagne more than once, he'd say we were letting ourselves go, in Uncle Peter's absence. He'd think we were extravagant, greedy—not to be trusted with the firm's money for entertaining. I'll look my best, because I must do credit to you and the business; but we must be a steady, quiet young couple with simple tastes and no vices."

Her eyes clouded for a moment at the vision of the delights which she was forswearing: there would, for a week, be no parties at the Arménonville, no meeting by the bands in the Galéries gardens, no flutters at the Casino. For a week this second honeymoon would be suspended. The sacrifice, however, was worth while if the Paris office were the prize.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PANDORA
Continued from Page Fifteen]

"I'm not sure I oughtn't to give up cigarets while he's here. . . ."

"I'm quite sure you ought to give up cocktails," Arthur put in. "That's just the sort of thing that would shock old Scrope. He's pre-Victorian, and in his dotage, I believe, into the bargain."

Paula's jaw fell.

"Arthur, my dear, there are limits to my devotion! If I don't have just one cocktail before dinner . . ."

"Well, you must tell Wilson to bring it you in your room.

"Oh, good morning, Wilson. I wanted to discuss the state of the cellar. Mr. Scrope, the chairman of my company, will be staying here for a week . . ."

THE unknown guest, like every stranger, commonly proves to be simultaneously better and worse than he is expected; and old Mr. Scrope, like other guests, gave no kind of trouble where it had been anticipated and, in compensation, threatened every kind of trouble where it had not.

Arriving in his own car, which was garaged in Cannes, with a chauffeur who valeted him, he brought only reasonable luggage and carried a pile of books—chosen by himself—under one arm and a wallet of cigars under the other.

His first words, spoken to Wilson, were concerned with questions about the hours of meals; and the butler's deferentially repeated, "If that will suit you, sir?" was cut short when the old man announced briefly that he ate and drank and went to bed and got up again like other people, and that he would fall in with the rules and times of the house.

"So far, so good," Paula whispered to her reflection, as she surveyed the effect of what Arthur called her smartest clothes and most schoolgirlish complexion.

The old man's next words, when Arthur and she hurried forward to welcome their guest, were less reassuring.

"Mrs. Daventry?" grunted Mr. Scrope. "And Daventry? First time we've met, I think, Daventry, though your Uncle Peter's an old friend. Come to think of it, I found you a place in the business to oblige him."

Until this moment Arthur had hugged the belief that he owed his position more to an unusually brilliant career at school and college than to nepotism at one remove. The news deflated his confidence in himself; and he was conscious of looking sheepish as Mr. Scrope fumbled for his spectacles and glared up as if to see what sort of bad bargain he had made.

"Bless my soul, what a pair of children you are!" the old man grumbled. "I pictured you a round dozen years older."

"Too young at thirty!" Paula told herself. Aloud she said: "Your letter was a delightful surprise, Mr. Scrope. Now, luncheon will be ready in ten minutes. Would you like something first? Vermuth or a cocktail?"

Shaggy, shabby, and red-faced, the old man held his steel spectacles in place with a tobacco-stained thumb and forefinger while he regarded her shrewdly from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Having one yourself?" he asked, as though the answer would "place" her once and for all.

"Not if you won't think us unsociable," answered Paula, in a formula that seemed neatly to combine native asceticism with diplomatic toleration.

Mr. Scrope seemed faintly disappointed.

"Well, perhaps you're better without it, at your age," he mumbled; and Paula felt that she had earned one good mark from the pre-Victorian. "For once, in a way, I don't mind drinking alone. If you haven't killed yourself by the time you're eighty," he explained, with a dissolute chuckle, "you'll find it doesn't much matter what you eat and drink.

"Are we going to be indoors or outside? If it's indoors, may I finish my cigar? I usually forget to ask, now that women smoke all the time and everywhere. You don't smoke, either? I think you're wise. Smoking is perhaps not the easiest of vices to acquire, but I believe it's the most difficult of all to shake off."

Looking critically round the drawing-room, he sat down in one of the only two comfortable chairs, and tossed his hat, books, and cigars into the other.

"Well, I'm not going to talk shop after today, but I want you to tell me a little bit about yourself, Daventry. This my cocktail?"

Thereafter, though for a moment she became suddenly tense, Paula felt that she was being relegated, with her new hat and dress, to the background. Before luncheon, during luncheon, and after luncheon, Mr. Scrope talked of the history, the politics, and the ethics of his business. By tea-time, however, his questions had revealed or exposed the range of Arthur's knowledge; and he turned upon her without pity.

At 7 o'clock, as Paula bit down her craving for a cigaret and sat nonchalantly (but domestically) knitting, while Mr. Scrope swallowed a couple of cocktails and lighted yet one more of his cigars, she felt that she had been subjected to as merciless an inquisition as her husband.

Mr. Scrope was waiting in the hall to say good-by.

THE house and garden (a Paris manager must have a sense of style), literature and music (his wife must pull her weight at a party), the valorization of the franc, and the Combières inquiry (they must both of them be well informed and at the same time discreet)—every avenue of conversation seemed to have been explored by the time that the exhausted host and hostess went up to dress.

"But what he thinks of us," she sighed, "I haven't the least idea. He just watches and puts his questions and smiles to himself. . . . Arthur, I don't know that I can stand a week of this!"

"Then the sooner you begin vamping him the better. I've put up the best show I can. . . . Come in!"

The door was opened cautiously; and Wilson entered, bearing in his arms a bandbox with a flourish of black lettering: *Estelle, Galéries Fleuries, Cannes.*

"Mr. Scrope was sitting in the hall, ma'am," he explained; "and as Mr. Daventry said this had to be done on the q. t., in a manner of speaking, I took the liberty . . ."

Carefully removing the lid of the bandbox, he extracted two glasses, a tray, and a cocktail-shaker.

"Wilson, you're a genius!" exclaimed Paula.

"I try to give satisfaction," answered Wilson with dignity. Then, turning to Arthur, he asked: "What wine will you be drinking for dinner, sir?"

It was on the tip of Arthur's tongue to say: "If ever two human beings deserved a little champagne . . ." Then he remembered the empty Paris office.

"I think," he answered, "I shall drink Vitel water."

"So shall I," Paula added loyally.

"And you'd better ask Mr. Scrope what he'd like. White wine, whiskey-and-soda, champagne . . ."

When the question was repeated an hour later, Mr. Scrope looked first to see what his host and hostess were drinking. He then inquired, with his surface manner of consideration, whether anything was open; and, when Arthur assured him that his uncle's cellar was (he understood) well assorted and that anything within reason could be produced at a moment's notice, he elected for champagne. As there were no pints, he drank a bottle by himself, and murmured at short intervals that his young friends really did not know what they were missing.

"Perhaps you're wise, though," he did not fail to add. "If you don't care for wine, it's a pity to cultivate a taste which is undeniably expensive. . . . Now, tell me: what do you do with yourselves in the evenings?"

The question was addressed to Paula; and she immediately suspected a trap. If they pretended that they remained at home, reading or doing cross-word puzzles, Mr. Scrope would label them as socially inadequate; if they admitted to looking in occasionally at the Casino, he might think: "Frivolous. Pleasure-loving. This gambling . . . One knows how that sort of thing ends."

"Here, do you mean?" she asked. "Well, we're taking things very quietly at the moment. Arthur was so much overworked before the doctor sent him away . . ."

"Then you won't mind if I slip in to Cannes for an hour or two?" interrupted Mr. Scrope. "I'm too old for dancing, of course, but I like to look on. A lot of uncommon pretty young women in Cannes this year. I'd have proposed a little spree, if I'd thought it would amuse you, but I don't want your husband's doctor on my back. I shall just try my luck in the Casino. Do you know, I've been coming to the Riviera for the last forty years, not stinting myself, either, and I've never yet failed to pay my expenses? . . . You won't wait up for me, will you?"

"The one thing now wanting," said Paula at midnight, "is that we should discover he isn't Mr. Scrope at all, but an adventurer masquerading in his name."

They were smoking in her bedroom and desperately and avengingly sharing a bottle of champagne. The wine, however, when drunk out of tooth-glasses, somehow tasted warm and flat.

"*I* feel," said Arthur bitterly, "that the one thing wanting is a confidential report from old Scrope to the board that, while we're a most *worthy* young couple, we're altogether too prim and provincial for the Paris branch."

"I suppose he knows there *is* a branch in Paris," sighed Paula, "and that it's vacant at this moment. From his conversation . . ."

ARTHUR felt that it would be not only polite but politic to sit up for his guest; and he was still practising policy and politeness when the old man returned at 2 o'clock, jubilant with a run of luck that had already paid for half his winter holiday.

"Though I wouldn't invite my worst enemy to gamble," he added, "unless it amuses him. If you don't want to make money and don't like losing it, the whole business must be a purgatory of boredom."

The second day of Mr. Scrope's visit was very similar to the first; the third to the second. In common justice, it had to be admitted that their visitor made few demands on his entertainers; but neither Paula nor Arthur could escape the feeling that they were being

watched and appraised. And neither had realized the lure of an innocent, conventional pleasure until it was withheld from them.

At intervals they stole away, in turn, to the pine-trees on the Cap and smoked surreptitious cigarets. Their single moment of abandon came each evening when they retired to Paula's bedroom and Wilson entered unsmilingly with a bandbox lettered *Estelle, Galéries Fleuries, Cannes.*

Before Mr. Scrope's advent, they had, from time to time, criticized the butler's cocktails adversely; but ditch-water would have been sweet if they had felt that they were not supposed to drink it, and that they were in some way cheating Mr. Scrope by drinking it without his knowledge.

Not until the fourth night, when their guest had made enough money to cover all possible expenses, did he refer again to the business of his company.

"Did you see about poor Morgan's death?" he inquired, at the beginning of dinner. "Eh? What's that? What will I drink? I'll take whatever anybody else . . . But I was forgetting you two never touch wine! Well, Daventry, if you have any half-bottles of your uncle's most excellent champagne . . . You haven't? I'm not at all sure I ought to drink a bottle by myself *every* night. However . . . What was I saying? Oh, about Morgan. Now, what did the papers say about that?"

AS Paula had destroyed the *Daily Mail* before her husband could read it, she took it upon herself to answer from memory.

"He died in his sleep, I think they said," she recalled. "And it came out that he'd had a bad heart for years."

Mr. Scrope wrinkled his nose and grunted:

"H'm. That's what I *told* 'em to say, of course; but I wanted to know if there'd been any rumors. This is between ourselves—a business confidence," he added for Paula's benefit. "Morgan died of an overdose of some sleeping-stuff; and as he'd got it on a prescription from his doctor . . ."

The sentence ended in a shrug.

"But d'you mean he . . .?" Arthur began.

"Not a shadow of doubt," said Mr. Scrope. "Outrunning the constable. 'Borrowing' our money and not able to pay it back. I'd had my suspicions for some years, but I had nothing to go on. They lived very simply. So far as I know, he wasn't speculating. We paid him a good salary and a liberal entertaining allowance . . ."

"Then what was the reason?" asked Paula.

Mr. Scrope smiled sourly before answering:

"I'm afraid your sex, madam, was once again to blame. An extravagant wife. I stayed a week with them on my way south; and, though one doesn't like to spy on one's hostess, I had to remember that Morgan was an officer of the company which I have the honor to control, and that, in stopping with him, it was my duty to see how he represented the company's interests.

"Well, I had no fault to find with his office work. And the entertaining was admirably carried out. What made me uncomfortable was the money that little Mrs. Morgan seemed to be spending. I had reason to know that she had no private means, but she was pouring out a fortune on dresses and hats. Out of five times that the front door-bell rang, four times it was a messenger from one of the most fashionable shops. I saw these dress-boxes and bandboxes being carried in; I saw the names on them. And I knew that a crash was impending. . . .

"Curiously enough, I'd written to our general manager the day before the tragedy. I'd said Morgan must go. If a woman buys her frocks from Céline and her hats from Estelle, either she's so well off that her husband has no need to toil away as our Paris manager, or else he's putting his hand in the till.

"And that's what Morgan was doing . . . *had* been doing for months. He'd be alive now—we should never have caught him—if I hadn't gone to stay there. But it's an old maxim of mine that, when you employ married men, you must keep as close a watch on their wives as on them . . . You're missing a very wonderful champagne, Mrs. Daventry . . ."

"And if he hadn't come to stay here," said Paula, on the last day of Mr. Scrope's visit, "you might have been given Paris by now. '*If a woman buys her frocks from Céline . . .*'" she quoted hysterically, "'*and her hats from Estelle . . .*' It was only one, Arthur, and Aunt Margaret paid for it!"

"Hardly worth explaining that to Scrope," Arthur sighed.

The nerves of both were gone, and their tempers were going.

"And we couldn't be in much deeper if you'd got half a dozen. He's seen that miserable box coming up here every night, and he's formed his own conclusions. There's no fault to find

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"READ that," he called out indignantly, fluttering a letter before her.

[PANDORA
Continued from Page Seventeen]

with my office work. We live simply; and, so far as he knows, I don't speculate. Our weak place, though, is that we can't be trusted not to outrun the constable. . . .

"It's bad luck. I don't mean that I'm blaming you," he ended in a tone which conveyed, as Paula realized glumly, that he meant nothing else.

"If I felt more sure of him I'd make a clean breast of the whole business," Paula ventured desperately.

"And get us labeled as secret drinkers, hypocrites, liars . . .? My dear, it's enough that we've lost Paris; we don't want to have Scrope writing a confidential report to the general manager that I'm to be fired. . . ."

He broke off as a knock fell on the door and Wilson came in to announce that Mr. Scrope's luggage had been put on his car and that he was waiting in the hall to say good-by.

GRIMLY determined to hide their disappointment under a smile, Arthur and Paula hurried downstairs and plunged into a fusillade of valedictory compliments: "I can't say how much I've enjoyed myself . . ." "It's been delightful to have you here . . ." "Now, you're not coming to see me off, unless you *want* to go into Cannes . . ." "There's plenty of time, you know, sir . . ."

Mr. Scrope looked at his watch and made a hurried movement toward the door.

"Plenty of time for the Calais Blue," he replied, "but I'm going to Paris. The Paris Blue starts half an hour earlier. Are you *really* coming?

"It's this wretched Morgan business," he explained, as Arthur and Paula got into the car. "We haven't appointed his successor yet; and, though you'd think we had a dozen men for the job, it's far from easy to find all the necessary qualities in one and the same candidate.

"To begin with, our Paris representative must be a man of good breeding, good education, good manners. He must be a good man of business, and a man of the world. Morgan would have been ideal if he hadn't been ruined by an extravagant wife . . .

"However, I've managed to keep off shop for the last week, and I'm not going to break down now," he informed them, with tantalizing finality.

"We're in good time, I think. When the car has dropped me, it must take you back. And if you want to go anywhere first . . . The Galéries Fleuries are always worth a visit. I leave you to make your own arrangements."

An hour later, the Daventrys were back at Antibes. Though the sun was hot on the Croisette and the blue sky was reflected in an unruffled mirror of blue sea, Cannes—for this afternoon at least—had lost its charm; and, though they had seen the Paris Blue steaming out of Cannes with Mr. Scrope waving a hairy paw from his window, both Paula and Arthur felt that, in some disturbing way, they were not finished with him yet.

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised," said Arthur, seeking relief in defamation, "if he'd got Wilson to cash him a check on a bank where he had no account . . . What did I tell you?"

They were hardly inside the Villa Montcalm before their uncle's butler appeared with an air of unwonted embarrassment.

"I have the wine-book here, sir," he whispered to Arthur. "If you could spare time to run through it . . ."

His tone prompted Paula to ask if anything was amiss.

"We've been a little heavy on the gin this week, ma'am," Wilson explained. "Mr. Scrope . . ."

"HE looked at the name on the box and asked permission to see what he called your hat, ma'am."

"Did he take a bottle to bed with him?" Arthur inquired.

"*No*, sir! It was just the cocktails before luncheon and dinner. And what I brought up to your room, sir. And what Mr. Scrope had when he was dressing. . . ."

"You mean he had a second go?" asked Paula indignantly.

Wilson sighed apologetically.

"I feel I am to blame, ma'am," he replied. "It was an accident, as you may say, on the first night. When I come to carry the box down from your room, I missed my footing, ma'am, and broke a glass. Mr. Scrope was very humorous, ma'am, oh, very humorous indeed. He looked at the name of the box, and asked permission to see what he called your hat, ma'am. When he'd raised the lid, he sort of smiled, ma'am, and told me to bring the box along to his room if you'd finished trying on your hat. That was how he *put* it, ma'am."

"And this happened on . . . the *first* night?" Paula inquired faintly.

"The night he arrived, ma'am."

"That," said Arthur, "finishes it. My job's gone. In one, two days' time I'll probably get a letter . . ."

In two days' time a letter, addressed from Paris, arrived to inform his late host and hostess that Mr. Scrope had reached his destination in safety and comfort.

> And now [he added] I am in the thick of this tragic Morgan business. Before I left I wanted to offer a piece of advice.
>
> Mrs. Daventry will at once think that I am going to recommend her not to buy a hat a day at Estelle's. But she will be wrong. I should not dream of showing myself so impertinent and unappreciative. My recommendation, for what it may be worth, is that she should go on as she has begun: the woman who controls the small situations can control the big. I make her my compliments.
>
> For a moment, when I forgot that you were holiday-making, I lapsed into business and began to enumerate the qualities expected of a successful manager in an important branch. He must be, I said, a man of affairs and a man of the world; but, first and foremost, I should have added, he must be a man of resource, a man of reserve, a man who runs his own show in his own way, and a man who can conceal his feelings. A diplomatist, in short. It is surprising how few people can keep their own counsel or bridle their own emotions; and yet, we are all of us liable to disappointments, annoyances, suspense, uncertainty . . .
>
> When you both come back to England, I want you to dine with me and to discuss the question of Paris. If you would care to apply for the position . . .

"If . . . you . . . would . . . *care* . . ." said Paula slowly. "And you called him pre-Victorian!"

"Of all the infernal old scoundrels! . . ." cried Arthur. "He's been making fools of us for a solid week—torturing us to see how much we could stand without squealing . . ."

A moment of silence followed, to be broken by the ringing of a bell. Wilson went to the front door, and came back with a glisteningly white oval box. On the side and top, in dashing black, ran the words: *Estelle. Galéries Fleuries. Cannes.* On a card attached to the encircling ribbon were the words: "*With Mr. T. A. Scrope's compliments and best thanks.*"

"I don't quite know who wins over this," Paula murmured, as she began to unpack her new hat.

THE END

If every woman realized how much her husband likes soup ~

she would serve it every day

Where'er I go, I always know
There is no brighter pleasure,
No thrill so rare that can compare
With Campbell's daily treasure.

THE MAN in the middle of his day's work, or when he comes home tired at the end of it, needs the wholesome tonic of this hot, liquid food.

Soup gives him a warm glow that revives and cheers him. His appetite is at once stimulated; the digestive juices flow more freely; he is in a happy mood to enjoy his food—*and he does enjoy it!*

The truth about soup is recognized. Its regular, daily use has grown to such an extent that fifty thousand acres of land each season are required to produce the tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. And this is only one of the twenty-one Campbell's kinds! Read the complete list on the label.

Everybody likes Tomato Soup—it has such an appealing, distinctive flavor. And Campbell's comes right from the heart of the finest, full-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened on the vines.

You will enjoy it, too, as a Cream of Tomato Soup, prepared according to the simple directions printed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon

"First in the land"

Distinguished for Finer Flavor

For your Thanksgiving breakfast there is nothing so appropriate and delicious as Cudahy's Puritan Bacon—nothing which adds so much to the flavor of other dishes.

The finer flavor for which Puritan Bacon is so distinguished is due to the Special Cudahy Method of preparing selected young meats.

This method diffuses the meats' rich juices in a natural way, without forcing or hurrying. Puritan is therefore superbly mild, sweet, tender and appetizing in any serving.

Puritan Bacon—sliced—is packed in modern, sanitary, transparent, protecting wrappers in 1-lb. and ½-lb. parcels and put up in special dealer display cartons. Puritan is also sold sliced in individual cartons or by the piece. At your dealer's. *"The Taste Tells."*

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

Home WRECKERS

Pictures by REA IRVIN

The Round-by-Round Story of Marriage

An Article by

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

THERE are two and a half million wrecked homes in these United States. There are 4,775,102 men and women whose status in an increasingly tolerant society is expressed by the letter X, conferred upon them by more or less learned judges and more or less intelligent juries as a reward for baring in crowded court-rooms the most sacred and intimate details of their married lives. They are ex-husbands and ex-wives.

The wrecks increase. They have been doing so steadily since 1870, when the first divorce figures were compiled by the United States Census Bureau. In that year there were 11,207 divorces in a population of 39,818,449. In 1924, fifty-four years later, there were 170,952 in a population of 112,269,440. In 1925 there were 211,712 divorces; and, though the figures for 1926 have not yet been published, bigger and better scores are promised.

Nothing, it seems, can be done about it. In the last few years 6,952,811½ remedies have been proposed by people from every walk of life. These have ranged from proposed legislation making marriage between persons under ninety a capital crime to suggested trial marriages to last two years.

This latter suggestion, made by an austere and earnest man of God at a convention of his sect, and seconded by other bishops equally as godly, brought loud and raucous cheers from the males and females of the present generation, who, having had no experience in matrimony, do not realize its deadliness. It also brought a parochial letter of censure from Bishop Manning of New York.

Wrecked homes go down among us in constantly increasing numbers. Marital derelicts strew the seas of society and threaten the safety of the stanch barks which have weathered the storms of domestic strife. Divorce has grown in fifty years from a luxury of doubtful merit to a seeming sociological necessity.

One out of every ten people you meet in a city, and one out of twenty-five in the country, is an ex-husband, an ex-wife, a corespondent, or the good friend who brought the first news to the wronged spouse. Nowadays, the bane of the tactful hostess is the fear that she may place an ex-husband beside an ex-wife at dinner. Divorced mates on the same house-party are watched carefully and hopefully for possible gossip, oftentimes with satisfying and scandalous results. Habit is often a tough thing to break.

THERE was a time when divorced people were regarded as worthless or "gay," according to their sex.

Divorce is one of the most baffling of our modern problems, and no one realizes this as keenly as a man who is paying alimony. Human nature is like that.

My interest in it is tremendous. A certain trend of events made me curious to know how many others have suddenly found themselves bachelors and spinsters again, with no one to fight with or lie to but comparative strangers —and why? The curiosity, at first, was mild, until I'd studied the matter and seen a few figures. Then it became scientific and intense.

For instance, a table appearing on page 214 of the 1927 edition of the *World Almanac* and entitled Divorces in the United States in 1924 By Duration of Marriage destroyed several illusions which, I am sure, were shared by millions of my countrymen and -women.

The theory generally held is that the first year is the hardest, and if a bride and groom weather it with only three or four trips "back to mother," their chances for celebrating their golden wedding together are governed only by their chances of living that long.

Well, you can throw that theory overboard. Married life, the statistics prove, is exactly like a prize-fight. The first year corresponds to the first round and is utilized for the same purpose. The principals use it up in clinching and sparring for openings while they study each other's style.

THE year that brings the highest number of marital knock-outs is the same as Dempsey's old favorite round for putting 'em away—the fourth. The third comes next, with the twenty-first and upward crowding right up behind it.

In 1924 the petitioners for divorce who gave the number of years they were married aggregated 160,671. Of these, 7,439 were divorced

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Mr. Charles Le Maire, *New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous.*

"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"

ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it.

"I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman.

"I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was nervous, irritable, always constipated, his skin full of blemishes. I gave him Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake in the morning and one at night. Today he is sturdy and well, with a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast,"

Mrs. Marion Declercq, *Detroit, Mich.*

RIGHT

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a great lover of the outdoors, but my digestion got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. I now eat any kind of food and am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I wish to recommend Fleischmann's Yeast without qualification to any one with indigestion."

A. J. Johnson, *Dallas, Texas*

New York City

"OF ALL THE FORMS of theatrical work that of the costume designer is one of the most strenuous. He is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals lasting perhaps all night.

"I continued in this routine for a number of years. As the strain became greater I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"I followed a friend's suggestion, eating Fleischmann's Yeast before meals and often while I worked at my sketches. In a short time I found myself again willing to attack difficult scenes. After three or four months, I was quite my normal self again. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. My enthusiasm for work and for play was renewed. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

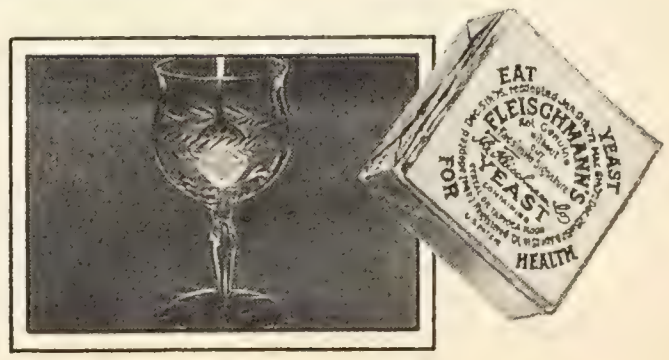
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine. It is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden.

Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, rouses sluggish muscles to do their proper work, brings about a healthful regularity and *completeness* in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. G-49, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. As your system is strengthened you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.



[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

before their first year was over, quick knock-outs, hit-and-run marriages. By the end of the first year, 12,407, groggy with smashed illusions, threw up the sponge and parted. The second year found 13,075 looking for other sparring partners. The third year found 14,805 admitting they couldn't "take it." But the fourth year brought 14,953 appealing to the referee and claiming fouls.

From four years on, the battlers left in the nation's domestic rings calmed down and divorces fell rapidly. There were only 6,006 divorces petitioned for and granted in the tenth, another bugaboo year, according to tradition, and they dropped down to 2,115 in the twentieth.

But in the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth years—or rounds, if you like—there was renewed action and 14,221 divorces gave 28,442 men and women their freedom.

Why is this? I asked myself. Tossing out the hit-and-run divorces of those too proud to fight even through the first-year period, why is it that more people get divorces in the third, fourth, and twenty-first years of their lives together?

As a matter of fact, why divorces at all? There was a time when society got along so well without them that divorced people were regarded as worthless or "gay," according to their sex. Why are the proportions of divorces growing more rapidly than those of population? Why are an increasing number of homes wrecked? Who and what are the home wreckers?

Turning for help to the statistics again, I found that of the 170,952 divorces granted in 1924, 68.5 per cent were granted to the wife. This ratio varies but slightly from year to year.

The principal causes of divorces specifically alleged and their percentage of the whole in 1924 were: Cruelty, 37.2; desertion, 32.9; unfaithfulness, 10.1; neglect to provide, 3.7; drunkenness, 1.3.

This looked and sounded conclusive until the "specific allegations" were analyzed. What constitutes cruelty? From the answers of eminent and notorious barristers, attorneys, and shysters, and of both learned and simply political judges, I gathered that the term was most elastic and ranged from back-seat driving, a husband's complaint, naturally, through failing to buy a wife the "cute" little $65,000 pearl necklace she craved, to hanging a "mouse" on her eye.

It is just as cruel, as far as the law is concerned, to criticize your wife as it is to inflict bodily injury upon her. You get the same legal effect by informing her that her soprano rendition of Would I Were a Bird sounds like a wind-sucking calliope as you do by crowning her with a coal-scuttle.

DESERTION, I learned, is practised by both sexes, some of the time for good human—but not legal—reasons. The other three causes, or allegations, and their real importance just about floored me.

Take unfaithfulness: It assayed only 10.1 per cent, and right up to two years ago I was convinced that at least 70 per cent of the divorces were caused either by gold-diggers or gigolos. Maybe it was because I had spent twelve years as a newspaper man interviewing sedate "sugar daddies" who had been found by their loud-suffering wives present but not presentable in the apartment of their cutie of the moment; or listening to the ladylike alibis of dangerous-aged "mamas" pointing out that the mere fact they kept some struggling young lounge lizard in cigaret money did not necessarily mean anything more than a maternal affection. And even after accepting these figures, I still couldn't swallow them.

Neglect to provide, 3.7. Life has taught me that 3.7 per cent is away below the minimum representation of husbands who fail to provide their wives with a mere living, and of wives who fail to provide their husbands with good meals and a well conducted home.

And drunkenness only 1.3!

That figure, on its face, made one of two conclusions inevitable. Either prohibition had passed from mere rumor into a victorious fact, or the complainants in divorce cases are equally guilty of drunkenness with their erring mates and so dare not bring that charge against them.

The first conclusion can be thrown out. The only places in which prohibition is successful are the movies and the reports of the Anti-Saloon League.

There may be something in the second. But I have noticed that drinkers and non-drinkers of opposite sexes gravitate toward each other as do iron filings to magnets. I don't know what causes it—whether it is the law of the attraction of opposites or the fact that non-drinkers may like their liquor second-hand. It is rare to find a drunken husband married to a drunken wife. When you do, you find a couple either too happy or too thirsty to separate. But a non-drinking mate will not stand for a drinker; and who can blame either when he or she seeks relief in the courts?

The statistics were unsatisfactory. The figures did not lie, but the petitioners very obviously did. Their reasons did not square with life. I went to a lawyer.

He is more than a lawyer: he is a legal light. Judges are afraid of him and juries eat out of his hand. He knows divorce and he knows divorcées—in a professional way. And he knows life.

"Of course the percentages yielded by the court records are undependable and untrue," he said. "About the only thing you can really rely upon are the figures which prove that 68.5 per cent of the complainants in divorce cases are wives. That is a fact. It is also a fact that 90 per cent of the cases are undefended by the husbands and the decrees are granted by default.

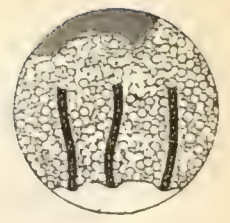
"Men are averse to suing their wives for divorce because of chivalry or fear of other men's opinions. A man has to be driven pretty hard before he will take court action.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Married life, the statistics prove, is exactly like a prize-fight.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather

softens beards better

BECAUSE water is what really softens beards—because midget bubbles hold more water than giant ones—take the water directly to the bottom of each whisker, right where the razor does its work (see lather pictures above), that is why Colgate's "small-bubble" lather gives better shaves.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

FREE—A Week's Better Shaves

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-K, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

A Magic Touch Of Oriental Beauty

Irresistibly fascinating. The alluring seductive mystic appeal it brings to your skin and complexion far surpasses Face Powder appearances. Thousands call it their "24 hour complexion" as it retains its original attractiveness thru-out the day without rubbing off, streaking, spotting or showing signs of perspiration. You can command this bewitching touch of oriental beauty instantly thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

No "Messy rubbing in" or long drawn out treatments necessary. Blemishes and irregularities of a permanent nature are effectively concealed. Its highly antiseptic and astringent action helps eliminate flabbiness, wrinkles, tan freckles, redness, muddy skins and oiliness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
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Send 10c for Trial Size L. 4.

I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me white ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check shade desired).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

[HOME WRECKERS Continued from Page Twenty-three]

"Divorces are really decided, in most cases, long before the complaint is filed. The husband and wife agree upon a charge, a legal cause for the action, and the husband accepts the onus.

"The reasons given by complainants in court for seeking a divorce are as far from the real reasons as are a drunkard's real reasons for getting drunk from the excuses he gives for his actions. Both are 'after the fact.' Lawyers do not look beyond the charges. Legally, it is none of their business.

"THE real reasons for wrecked homes?" He scratched his nose thoughtfully and smiled. "Well, don't use my name, but I would say: husbands and wives—with wives the wreckers in the majority of cases. To use a phrase of my brethren of the criminal courts, most home wreckings are 'inside jobs.'

"Study any of the so-called 'love triangles' carefully, and you will find that the 'other man' or the 'other woman' does not appear until the husband or wife, or both, have become thoroughly bored with each other.

"Generally, it is the husband who gets bored first. This is neither his fault nor the fault of his wife. It is the fault of the fundamental difference in the two sexes. Man is a reasoning, woman an emotional, creature. Man, by constant association in a world of teeming and divergent interests, is prone to give love a certain amount of time and energy and thought. Woman has been trained through the ages to give it all her time, all her energy, and all her thought. That's her main business in life. It's her trade, she thinks, be she mistress or wife. Hence Byron's mawkish but true—

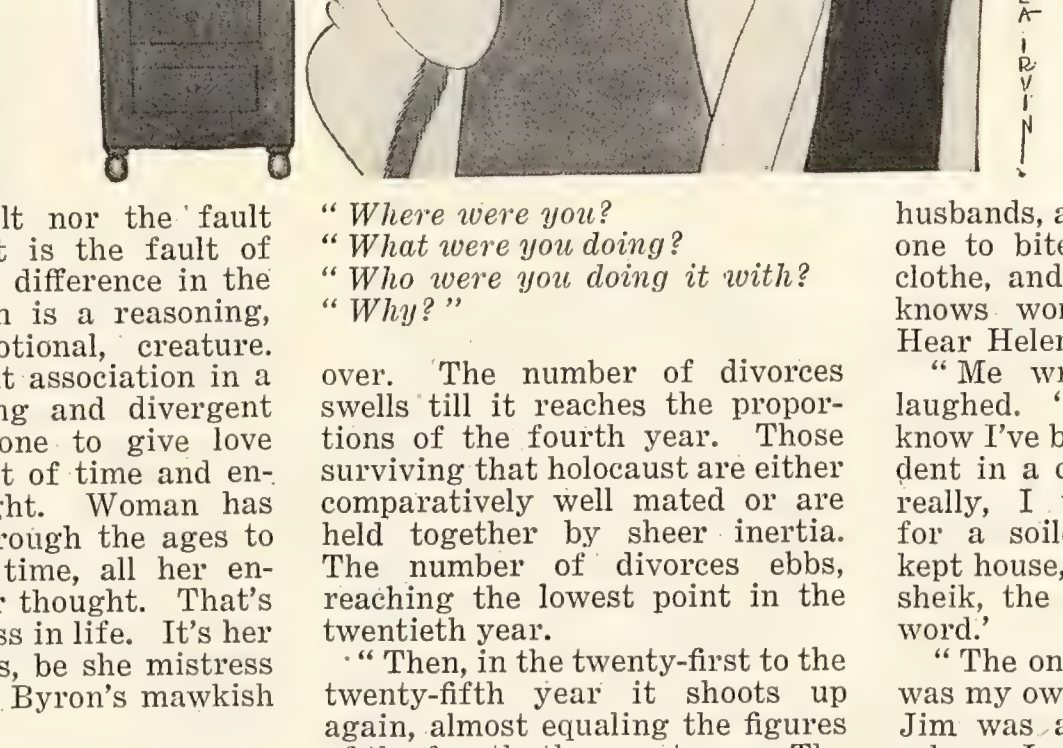
> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

"The most potential period in married life is really the first year. It is then that the doldrums of satiation follow the ecstasies of the honeymoon. It is the period of disillusion. In this span the real duel, husband *versus* wife, is fought.

"Man, satisfied, wishes to look after other things which he thinks he has neglected overlong. Woman objects. Her husband is the most important thing in the world to her. If he really loved her, he would not be able to think of anything else. He wants other things. *Ergo*, he does not love her.

"Follows disillusion. The superman who wooed her with honeyed words, hot lips, and crushing arms disappears, and there emerges the slightly bewildered ordinary citizen with the unshaven chin and the absent stare. He develops a worry over things at the office or on the job, and he either eyes keenly the budget or, tactless, sighs aloud for the wider sphere of his bachelor days.

"Many brides can't stand it. They flee. Which accounts for what you call the 'hit-and-run marriages' before the first year is



"Where were you?
"What were you doing?
"Who were you doing it with?
"Why?"

over. The number of divorces swells till it reaches the proportions of the fourth year. Those surviving that holocaust are either comparatively well mated or are held together by sheer inertia. The number of divorces ebbs, reaching the lowest point in the twentieth year.

"Then, in the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth year it shoots up again, almost equaling the figures of the fourth, the worst year. The explanation for this is that husbands and wives have reached that period of their individual lives when the flame of youth flares up once more before it gutters and dies out. Men and women in this period are often silly, but never accountable.

"The trouble with marriage is that at best it is only society's effort to condone an imperative demand of nature that the earth be populated, that the next generation be started. The basis of all love is desire. It has been put there to further nature's purposes; and nature is a most unmoral and unethical old lady.

"Marriage always had a hard row to hoe, even when the church had full supremacy and the state and society frowned on dissolved unions. Men and women, after the first gusts of passion have blown over them, often find themselves unsuitably mated. In the old days they remedied that condition by clandestine love-affairs. Today they get divorced.

"Why do I blame wives in the majority of cases? Well, I don't want to prejudice you. Why don't you interview a few husbands, a few wives, and perhaps a few of the 'other women'? Yes, I think you should start with the 'other women.' Do you know any ladies whom that picturesque term *gold-digger* might embrace?"

Did I know any gold-diggers? Ha!

I knew a hundred, not as a contributor, for I am still under fifty, but as a seeker after information. I looked up Helen, a business genius with a baby stare.

No one with any fear whatsoever of understatement would ever think of calling Helen a mere gold-digger. The woman's a mining engineer. Without the aid of pick, shovel, or pan she has successfully dug for gold, platinum, silver, steel, iron, and tin (in stocks and bonds, motorcars, kitchenware, and coin of the realm), unearthing quite a collection of diamonds, rubies, pearls, opals, and garnets on the side.

HELEN knows men, especially husbands, and likes them, not being one to bite the hands that feed, clothe, and bedeck her. She also knows women, especially wives. Hear Helen:

"Me wreck a home?" She laughed. "Don't be silly. Yes, I know I've been named as corespondent in a couple of divorces, but, really, I was only substituting for a soiled kimono, a sloppily kept house, a woman's club, wifie's sheik, the four W's, or the 'last word.'

"The only home I ever wrecked was my own, and I often regret it. Jim was a good husband—when sober. I ought to have made allowances. But since then I just have happened to be around when the old ship of marriage sprang its first leak. A little conversation with the husband tipped me off that wife had been busy with the saw and wasn't going to waste any time at the pumps. When the ship sank I merely gathered up the salvage.

"What are the four W's?

"They're the four questions that, asked persistently by wives, have driven more husbands out of married life than all the Cleopatras, Thaïses, Phrynes, Aspasias, or Nell Gwyns that ever lived. They run like this:

"'Where were you?'

"'What were you doing?'

"'Who were you doing it with?'

"'Why?'

"They go over big during the honeymoon. The newly hooked husband thinks that they prove a bridal jealousy that's real cute.

[CONCL'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Thanks to WOMEN

—another great improvement in motoring . . .

TO the American woman must go much of the credit for the perfection of her car.

She didn't like the old style cars with their fat and clumsy bath-tub bodies. Today's cars are lithe and graceful as greyhounds.

She didn't like the way those cars were painted—drab browns, mouse greys, funereal blacks. Today they are glamorous in color.

She didn't like those leaden-footed cars —so hard to drive, and harder still to park. Today's cars are small, light, quick, nimble.

But most of all she dreaded and avoided the messy, bothersome, time-wasting job of having her car lubricated. And so, we have developed a lubrication service, which should meet with her approval.

A new service for the woman motorist

YOU will welcome this new service, Veedol Complete Lubrication. It is as simple as this!
Drive your car in
where you see the orange and black Veedol sign shown on this page. Tell the dealer these three words,"Veedol Complete Lubrication". Then these things happen:

A lubrication expert inspects your entire car and lubricates each vital friction spot as required. He is thorough and careful, missing nothing, slighting nothing. But most important he will use only Veedol lubricants *of the highest quality.*

And those Veedol lubricants all give the "film of protection" which masters deadly heat and friction. They are the best guardians your car can have against wear and repairs.

Thousands of women now do this

MANY women now make this a habit. Regularly on a certain day each month they take their cars to the Veedol dealer for this lubrication service. He inspects the entire car and freshly lubricates each place that needs it. Month by month he takes complete charge of the correct lubrication of the car. And always the result is a smoother-running, more economical car.

Veedol Complete Lubrication takes only "30 minutes every 30 days". Why not make it a habit? It is so simple, so safe, so sure. Remember to look for the orange and black Veedol sign. And remember those three words "Veedol Complete Lubrication".

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THE BRUNSWICK Panatrope

Marvelous in its Music —so easy to own!

This Model
(*Exponential Type*)
$90
Convenient Terms

The Brunswick Panatrope illustrated is Model 8-7 of the exponential type. Price $90. Other models up to $1275.

FULLY 50% of musical tones are not heard at all on old-style reproducing instruments. Now in the Brunswick Panatrope you obtain the deep bass notes, the beautiful high tones . . . music that will fascinate you by its beauty.

This instrument is so immeasurably beyond your old-type phonograph that to hear the two side by side will amaze you.

Stop in today at a Brunswick dealer's. He will gladly play records of your own choosing. In a few minutes you can learn all about this new musical marvel.

The Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type) may be obtained combined in one cabinet with the famous 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne. Thus the musical beauties of the air are given the same exquisite tone quality as this instrument gives to records. Other models of the Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type) may be used as loud speaker for your present set with results equally phenomenal.

Learn how easily you may have a Brunswick Panatrope in your home this Christmas to enjoy daily throughout the years. Great artists, the popular singers and dance orchestras are heard to perfection on this new musical instrument. Hear the Brunswick Panatrope today at your Brunswick dealer's!

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Many Brunswick dealers have now in their windows a special display of the Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola 148-C, showing the interior mechanism of this remarkable instrument. See this display and hear the Panatrope play records and radio. Whether the dealer has this display or not, he will gladly give you an interesting booklet describing all Brunswick Panatrope models.

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Brunswick

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

But the wife gets the habit of asking them and keeps it up.

"Now, don't get the idea that I lump all married women in one class. There are wives and wives. Divorce isn't really so prevalent. It adds up in the neighborhood of two or three per cent, doesn't it? Of a population of approximately 120,000,000? That isn't bad.

"STILL, each divorce represents a wrecked home, and divorces are increasing. Now, remembering that I have little or no contact with successful and contented wives, that numerically large and socially beneficent class of women who do their jobs, keep their homes and husbands intact, and never get into the newspapers or the divorce courts, I will give you an idea of the wives I *have* known, through their husbands.

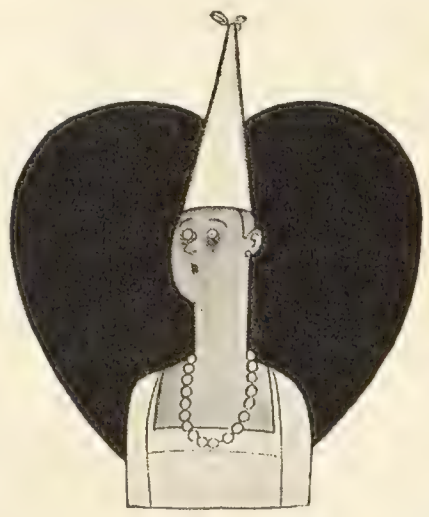
"These are divided into three classes: the unfortunate, the stupid, and the out-and-out bad.

"The unfortunate are those who have married worthless men, no good as providers, lovers, or companions: drunkards, loafers, and Don Juans. I seldom meet this type. I'm too expensive.

"The stupid class is large. It is made up of wives who really love their husbands, but who drive them away by jealousy, intolerance, selfishness, and vanity. They refuse to see their husbands' viewpoint on anything. They demand an accounting of their mates' every movement. They see a potential rival in every other woman. They nag, if they dare. Even if they don't dare, they try it frequently. Every woman is a bully at heart. Ask any one who works for one.

"Or they develop 'outside interests'—women's clubs, bridge, politics, or literature. Their husbands come home hungry and are fed a badly cooked, badly served meal and the latest dirt on their next-door neighbors. Sooner or later the husbands bolt and 'the other woman' takes the blame.

"In this class are the 'liberals' (as though woman could ever be liberal on anything involving her man!). These hold that marriage is a civil contract pledging woman to man in a material co-operation which in no way curtails her right to choose her own 'friends.' By 'friends,' of course, is meant other men.



"A woman of this type describes herself as an intellectual. She really is a polyandrist. Her conscious or subconscious dream is of a world of many men, with a 'favorite,' who is her husband. But does she give her husband the same right? Wait—I'll give you an example:

"A friend of mine—that is, she is as much of a friend as one woman can be to another—recently was granted a divorce from her husband. They had been married ten years. His salary was nothing to write home about, but it kept them as comfortable and contented as two people can ever be who see each other day after day, unshaven, ungroomed, and in dishabille.

"There were no children, and two years ago, to relieve the monotony, she went to work for a large bond house. She developed into a high-pressure saleswoman and her circle widened. She moved into an intellectual set made up of writers, artists, poets, and the dilettantes and hangers-on you find in such a group.

"Soon she developed the contempt for her partner that every woman feels who makes more money than her husband. She began to build a train of admirers out of that queer type of male who accepts woman as an economic equal so whole-heartedly that he allows her to pay the checks.

"When her husband mildly protested, she devastated him with her new theories. The old-fashioned idea of marriage as a unit of two people, 'for better for worse,' was, she informed him, not only *passé* but *outré*. While he was looking up these two imported thousand-franc words in a French dictionary, she singled out a *Man Friday*, a soft-bodied escort who took her everywhere—at her expense.

"Her husband sat around bewildered for a little while, and then went out in search of sympathy. His interest settled on a young and comely woman who 'understood' him—or pretended she did, which amounts to the same thing—and in a remarkably short time friends brought the warnings of 'the other woman' to the liberal.

"Did she congratulate him and laugh it off, as became her intellectual caliber? She did not! She reverted to the cave woman and shrilly confronted him with evidence, which he calmly acknowledged.

"'YOU have other men friends besides me,' he pointed out. 'Why can't I have women friends?'

"'You have a sweetheart,' she stormed. 'And she is nothing but a common (supply the missing word yourself), going around stealing other women's husbands. I've looked her up. She hasn't the brains of a flea and her personality is dishwater, net.'

"'Well, you have that moron Pinckney. He must cost you plenty. But you're right on Elsie's last two qualities. She's no intellectual giantess and she can pass through a crowd without blocking traffic. But she gives me credit for common sense and she concentrates on me. Besides, she is easier to look at than you are. Younger. No dewlap under her chin. You're getting on, Ethel. It won't be long now.'

"Three days later the intellectual started a vulgar brawl with 'the other woman' in the latter's apartment; and when new skin had grown over the scratches on her face, she filed suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, unfaithfulness, failure to provide, neglect, and abandonment.

"The suit was uncontested, and when she got her decree, she gave Pinckney, her romantic companion, the air. Now she spends her spare time denouncing the inconstancy and downright worthlessness of all men. She even refuses to have her face lifted.

"The other woman never starts as the rival of the wife. I doubt if a discontented husband thinks of her as a woman at first. She is a mirror in which he finds a perfect image of himself as he wants to be. The one in which he gazes at home distorts him by magnifying his faults and minimizing his virtues. Being human, he seeks a better view. Sympathy is salve, and tact consists in agreeing with a man when he admits he is a world-beater. Add these two to efficiency and common sense, and you get a pretty good line on the millions of wives who live content from marriage to death without even thinking of the divorce court. Beauty of face and form is not necessary to hold a man."

LEAVING Helen, I pondered. A man, I decided, was a fool ever to marry. He was a fit subject for any asylum if he married again after being divorced.

I met Herb Randall. Herb, too, was disillusioned about women in general and wives in particular. His wife had filed suit for divorce when she met her death. She fell twelve stories from her apartment window when she leaned out to get the last word in an argument they were having on alimony.

"Well, Old-timer," I greeted, slapping him heartily on the back, "it's great to be free, isn't it? I'm doing an article on divorce; and what I've picked up, added to my own experience, has certainly made me appreciate the bachelor state. No more marriage for us, hey, Herb?"

But Herb registered doubt.

"I don't know," he muttered. "It ain't so good, living alone. Why, sometimes I even miss my first wife. You ever meet Theresa Golden?"

"No," I admitted. "But that last name sounds promising."

"None of your wise cracks, now. She ain't that kind of a lady. Theresa and I are engaged. Listen, Mac, she's the sweetest little girl in the world. She understands me!"

"Oh, no, now, Herb. If she does, why would she marry you?"

But Herb ignored me.

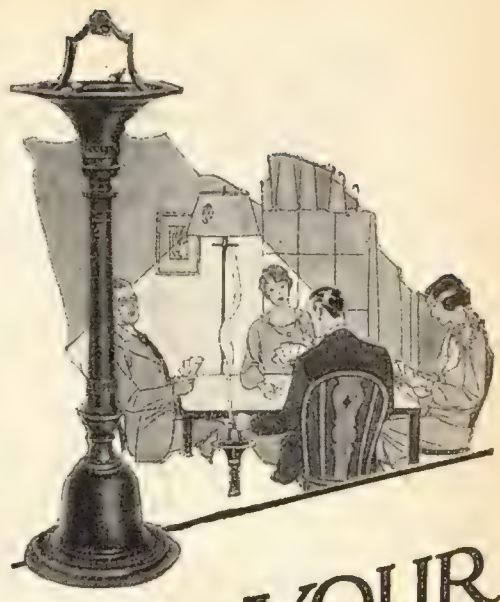
"Say, why don't you get married again, Mac?" he said. "You know this lone-hand stuff is all right in books, but it's hell on a man who has the habit of having a wife around."

"Not me!" I said, backing away. "Never again for me, bozo. Once is enough."

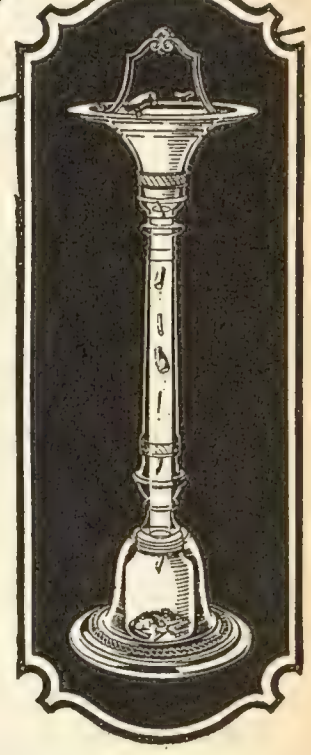
But I don't know. There's a girl. She understands me. She thinks that I control the tides. Every time I get low, I go to her for sympathy. She—

Women! Wives!! Home wreckers!!!

THE END



Make YOUR Home Ashless!



With a Beautiful ASHAGON ashes are gone!

JUST drop your ashes, stubs and matches into the tray of this beautiful Ashagon De Luxe. Down the hollow tube they go—to the air-tight, easy-to-empty, sanitary glass jar concealed in the base. There they are imprisoned—out of *sight*, out of *smell*, out of *danger*. And all this wonderful service from a positively *beautiful* ashstand—designed after an old Grecian vase.

A beautiful piece of furniture

Such a beautiful piece of furniture that is also such a servant of cleanliness! You have hated the old *messy* ashtrays, and refused to have *ugly* ashstands. Now you can have an *exquisitely beautiful* ashstand that is *ashless, sanitary* and *so easy to empty*.

Ashagons solve gift problem

For birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas—whenever a gift is in order—send an Ashagon. Give yourself one!

Besides the Ashagon De Luxe shown above, there are also the Ashagon Corona (which won't tip over) and Ashagon Master, and five beautiful colors from which to choose: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. De Luxe $15.00; Corona, $10.50; Master, $8.50—west of Mississippi, 50c more. Write us today for free pamphlet illustrating these Ashagon *artistic ashless ashstands*. Do it now!

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TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

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the PROFILE

The refined PROFILE has a captivating daintiness all its own. Just a subtle tone of shadow-like weaving that rises gracefully above the reinforced heel. And it brings to the ankle a slenderizing touch found only in this fine full-fashioned, all-silk hosiery. At the new low price, $1.75.

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German Films, *Hollywood Style,* NOT *So* GOOD

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE hand of the German invader is apparent everywhere in Hollywood. The William Fox special, Sunrise, is the work of the Westphalian, Frederick Wilhelm Murnau. Marion Davies' latest effort, Quality Street, is adapted from Sir James M. Barrie's whimsical drama into cinamese by the shrewd and intelligent Berlin scenarist, Hans Kraly.

A great deal was expected of Sunrise. It was described as based upon an original story by Hermann Sudermann. Murnau was brought to Hollywood and allowed to work out the tale in leisurely Teutonic fashion. True, there was some tampering with the picture after Murnau went back to Berlin, but, even so, Sunrise remains a highly promising film.

This is a story of a country clod who falls before the wiles of a city siren and attempts to get rid of his little wife via the drowning route. The husband realizes the evil of his ways, but the tragedy is narrowly averted when a storm upsets the little craft in which the two are returning home, happy in a new understanding.

The Sudermann story is suggestive of An American Tragedy. Still, the German novelist-dramatist may have chanced upon the Chester Gillette case just as Theodore Dreiser fell upon it.

The film is told in typical German slow tempo, with endless scenes intended to be psychological. This is usually called projecting thought.

George O'Brien is not a good actor, even in Murnau's hands. Janet Gaynor, handicapped by a terrible wig, is better as the wife, but nowhere does she equal her work in Seventh Heaven.

The real acting of Sunrise is done by the camera, superbly handled with both beauty and imagination. The camera work is the only absorbing interest of Sunrise, otherwise turgid, drab, and dull.

Murnau, who also made The Last Laugh and Faust, was born in Bielefeld, Westphalia, Germany. He was educated at Heidelberg and the University of Berlin, and at twenty-one was acting with Max Reinhardt. He is said to have played the *Knight* in the first production of The Miracle.

During the war Murnau served in the German Flying Corps. After the Armistice he engaged in acting and stage production in Zurich and Bern. In 1921 he began directing.

Murnau is six feet tall and red-headed. He once edited a magazine of poetry, and is one of the slowest directors in the world. He shot one of the scenes of Sunrise fifty times. This particular scene isn't even in the film now. In fact, there is a strong suspicion that considerable footage was inserted after Murnau had departed from Hollywood.

The Teutonic idea of love-making, as enacted by George O'Brien and Margaret Livingston in Sunrise.

Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel interpreting Sir James Barrie's comedy, Quality Street, in the films.

Turning to Barrie's Quality Street: the whimsy emerges in far better shape than did Sir James' Admirable Crichton, battered by Cecil De Mille into Male and Female. But it is not as good as John Robertson's tender and poetic filming of Sentimental Tommy.

However, Quality Street is good entertainment, and its star, Marion Davies, more adroitly humorous and less restrained than she has been since Little Old New York.

Quality Street is a frail little comedy of Napoleonic days—of *Phoebe Throssel* and her efforts to get *Doctor Valentine Brown* to declare his affections—or, as they used to put it, solicit her hand. The flowery backgrounds are artificial and reek of the studio, but the film version moves smoothly and with considerable comic charm. Then there is Miss Davies' neat performance and Conrad Nagel's satisfying *Doctor Brown.*

CONRAD NAGEL is the upright young man of Hollywood. He is an ardent religious worker and a family man. Nagel has been married but once and his wife still shares his bungalow. Then, too, there is a little daughter.

Nagel has courted the managerial frowns only once—and that was recently when he tried to organize the film players under the Equity banner to fight attempts at salary-cutting.

Born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1897, he attended Highland Park College in Des Moines and starred as a reader with the school glee-club. Then he became a reader on the Redpath Lyceum Circuit. After that he tried a Des Moines stock company and worked his way to Broadway productions.

There was time out while Nagel did his bit as a seaman during the war, and then he returned to Broadway. In 1918 he made his film début in a screen version of Little Women. Nagel has played in films ever since. On the whole his work has been steady and satisfactory—as well as a real joy to Will Hays.

Do you know that—

Pola Negri is just about to start Rachel, based on the famous actress' life, while Greta Garbo is already at work on her version of Sarah Bernhardt's career, The Divine Woman, with Lars Hanson and Lowell Sherman in prominent rôles? . . . There is to be a civilian sequel to What Price Glory? . . . It is to be called The Cock-Eyed World and will have the same cast, including Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Dolores Del Rio?

FRANKLIN

Airman Series

Introducing

New, light weight 7-passenger models —the up-to-date family cars

Today, in the midst of the increasing public demand for less weight in large cars—for less bulk and unwieldiness—for greater responsiveness and ability—Franklin announces the new Airman 7-passenger models.

Here—in a Sedan, a Touring Car or a Limousine—you are offered a car you can use without restriction. Franklin led this tendency when it pioneered the Sedan body, and now it is the first to offer a truly spacious family car, having the exhilarating performance and easy manipulation of the runabout. In these new Franklins you can now enjoy modern 7-passenger roominess, with immeasurably greater riding comfort and yet have 25% less car weight to move about.

The new Airman Series is the latest triumph of Franklin's scientific light weight construction. Powered by a 24% larger motor—air-cooled, on the principle so dramatically proven by Aviation in record distance flights—the Airman stands out as the leader in a new era of fast travel coupled with greater safety and comfort.

With instant acceleration and positively synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—with abundant hill-climbing power and the ability to operate at a higher average speed *all day*—the Airman represents a wholly new motoring experience in store for you. Why not have your first ride today in the most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built?

AIRMAN FEATURES

Air-cooling—the advanced scientific principle now so widely endorsed by Airmen

Acceleration—the swift-darting, quick maneuvering of the pursuit plane

Synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—just a touch and you get action

Speed of a new kind—distance speed—all-day-speed—speed you use

Riding comfort—the swift, easy glide of the airplane

Larger motor—for any temperature, altitude or road condition, a wealth of power always available

Engine smoothness—the balanced purr of the turbine

7-passenger models—(128 inch wheelbase)—the up-to-date family cars—commodious and light weight

Advanced designs—having their counterpart in aeronautical engineering

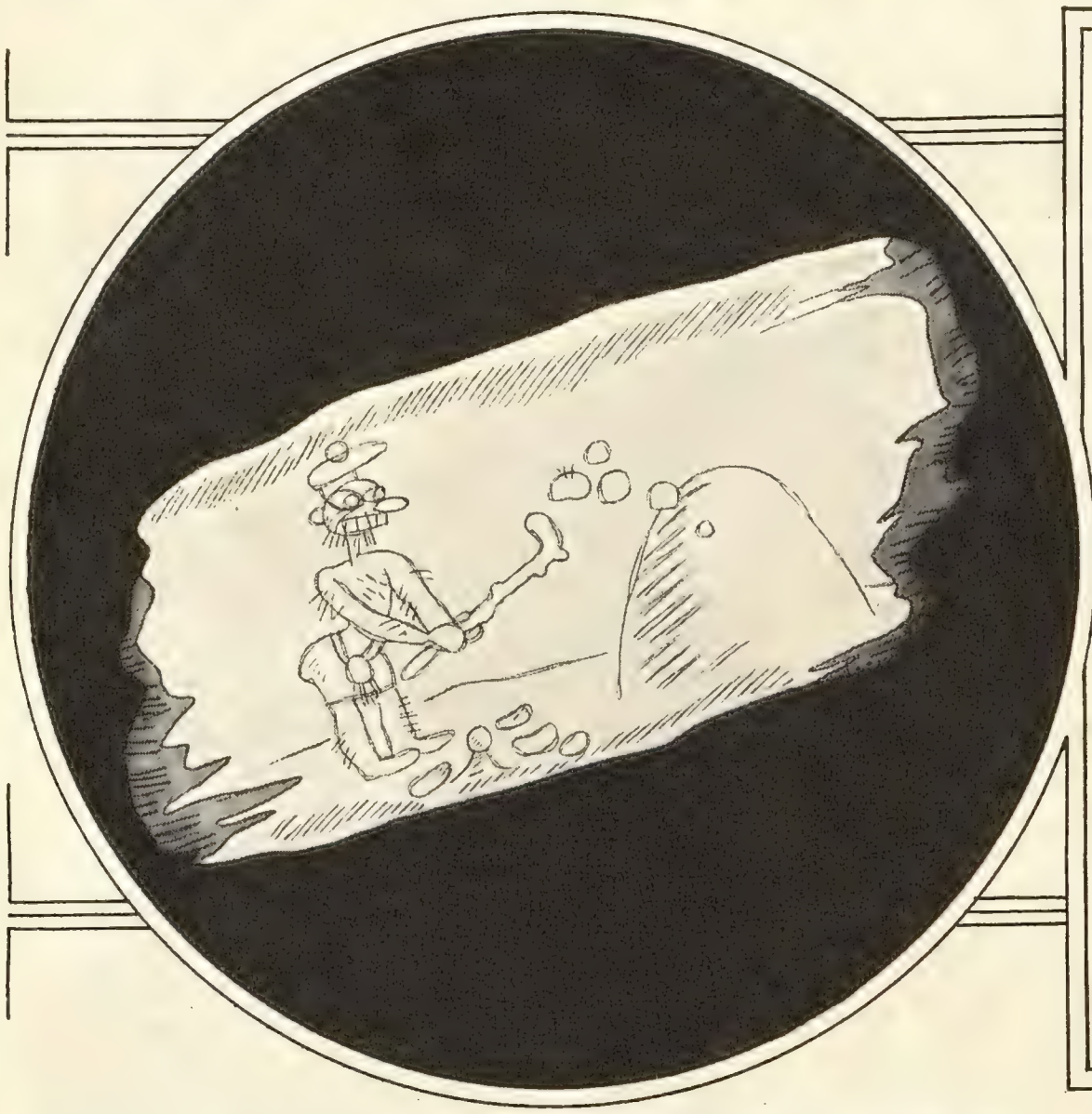
The most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



HIGHLY INTERESTING PREHISTORIC ENGRAVING on reindeer horn; recently found in Scotland, which throws a new light on the origin of Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain.

THE LATEST HEROINE OF NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGES: Miss Phyllis Kronenstumph, the first woman real-estate agent west of the Mississippi to predict the end of the world while eating the last doughnut served by the Salvation Army at the American Legion Convention and swimming the Channel upside down.

MRS. ALTRINGER APPLETON GRANGOMERY, prominent in Eastern politics, who feels that this country needs a handsomer, more polished, and more romantic President in 1928—Mrs. Grangomery not having filed separate income-tax returns in 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927.

EVER ATTENTIVE TO THE COMFORT of 250,000 annual tourists, officials of the Louvre Museum in Paris try out skooters for the use of visitors next season. The entire picture gallery, it is estimated, may be visited on a skooter in from seven to eight minutes.

RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken

Thanksgiving ought to mean to all of us something more than an overstuffed stomach. The Nation's health has improved and business in general is above the average, in spite of the "croakers".

Join in a real Thanksgiving with the craftsmen of Lee of Conshohocken. We here who believe in hard work plus a conscientious effort to make the best possible tires and tubes, have just cause to be thankful.

Over half of our people have been building tires the Lee way for over fifteen years, while the average is twelve years of service.

We feel continually thankful that regular and profitable employment is offered to so many Conshohocken families. Our loyalty is proof that you who use Tires by Lee of Conshohocken will receive a full measure of honest effort.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.

LEE *Shoulderbilt*
"Heavy Duty" Balloon tire of unquestioned merit, to fit any rim and any car. The Lee dealer will show it to you.

COST NO MORE TO BUY – MUCH LESS TO RUN

The Byrds of Virginia

How Two Centuries Prepared for Two Historic Flights

An Article by
EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 13 minutes.)

IT was 1690 on the James River.

The crowd of idlers stood quietly—or sat wherever they might—watching, gossiping: macaronis, belles, a few Indian braves and a few squaws with papooses, sailors from other ships who gave sound advice and profane example to all around.

Trappers and hunters in buckskin lounged about, knives and axes in their belts, and in their hands the long rifles that must be fed from horns of powder; and over there a man carried a whip and frequently spat tobacco juice into the James.

The darkies were rolling the last hogsheads of tobacco into the hold of the toy ship, and the bright sun gleamed on wet bronze arms and backs and wide ivory teeth.

The pier was loaded with hogsheads of tobacco and rum and sugar and molasses, with bales of cotton, with boxes of goods arrived from the Old World on the latest vessel—calico and percale and silk and linen and household things for the ladies; hardware, soaps, shoes, embroideries, laces, snuff, powders, perfumes, and wigs for the gentlemen; print-cloth and Bibles, and beads for the Indians.

There were the mingled odors of spices and tar and hemp, the smell of the wind off the sea, the smell of the wind from the forest, the foul scent of a slaver coming up the stream.

The boy who stood by the rail of the vessel, listening to the last words of his father, eyed the scene eagerly—as though he had never looked upon it before, as though he might never see it again.

A little distance beyond the pier he could see the market-place, the public square, the church, the warehouses, the auction block where slaves were sold and bonded servants sent from the English jails were hired out to the highest bidders, the stocks, and the whipping-post.

The boy's father fumbled with the silver hilt of his sword as he said good-by, or ran his fingers over the soft curls of his long black wig, or caressed the ripples of his lacy stock.

Back of the boy strutted a young darky, looking with a great deal of hauteur on his fellow slaves below. Every now and then his impudent face threatened to break into a smile.

At last the final hogshead has been stowed away, and now the captain approaches the two at the railing, touches his cap, and subscribes himself "your most obedient humble servant, suh."

And presently the roofs and the spires of Jamestown fade and vanish. The voyage that is to take three months or more has begun.

The first of the Virginia Byrds is on the wing!

What a sense of adventure he must have known! He was actually on his way across the sea. He had on a fine suit of clothes. He had a bag of gold coins with him, and a servant that he owned, and a sword.

He was a gentleman, the first Byrd born in the New World, going to London to be educated, to live in the center of fashion and excitement. Perhaps he might even win a commission in the army and fight against the French. King William and Queen Mary might decorate him for some gallant deed.

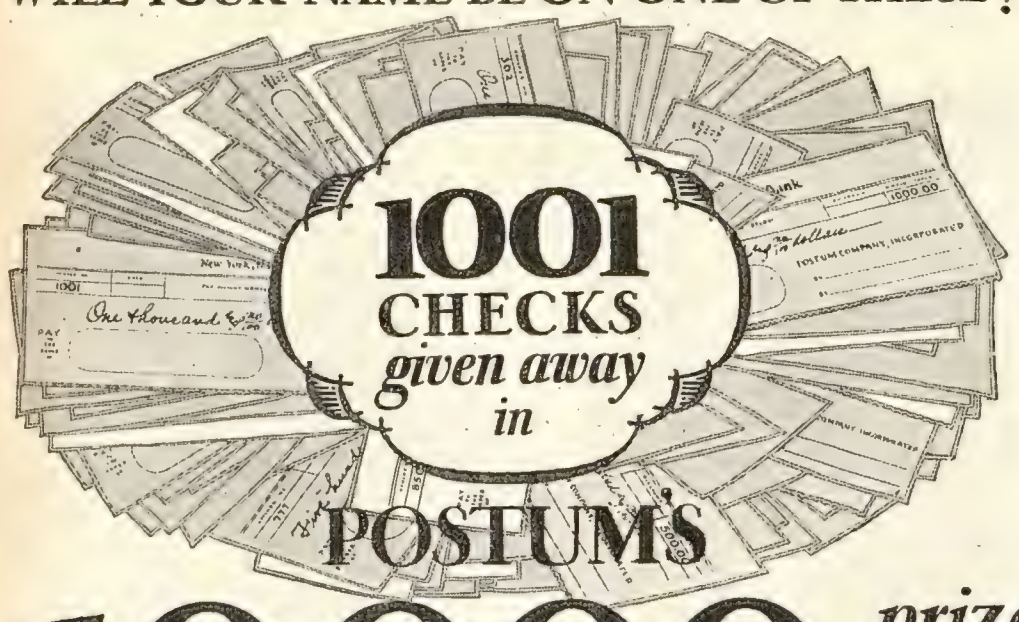
A voyage across the Atlantic was a stupendous adventure—one that called for worry on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lieutenant-Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, U. S. N., explorer and trans-Atlantic flier. His line, since Colonel William Byrd I came to Virginia in 1671, has included great landowners, brave soldiers, and statesmen.

P. & A. photo

WILL YOUR NAME BE ON ONE OF THESE?



$10,000 prize contest

ONLY a few weeks more and Postum's $10,000 prize contest comes to a close. One thousand and one money prizes will be given away—prizes simply for writing letters! These prizes will be won by persons like yourself. Some will win $1000 each—others $500! Why not be one of them?

All that is wanted is a letter on any one of the three Postum subjects given below.

Others have told us, before this contest started, how they used Postum in place of caffein beverages for thirty days—and became regular Postum users forever after! "I sleep better"—"No more indigestion." Typical comments. Give us the results in *your* case—whether you are an old-time Postum user, or only a beginner. Hundreds of prizes for the best letters!

Or write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk for children. Mothers have written: "My little girl has gained weight wonderfully"—"My children couldn't drink milk until I discovered Instant Postum made with milk"—"No more worries about coffee for the children in *this* family!" Win a prize by writing a good letter!

In addition, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some Postum enthusiasts won't have anything but Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some people like Postum strong, others weak, others "in between." Just as with other hot drinks, individual tastes must be suited in preparing Postum. How do *you* prepare it? A thousand dollars for the best letter!

The prize money is waiting to be won! Don't let another day go by! Read the rules on this page, and enter the contest!

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to P. O. Box 594—G, Battle Creek, Michigan.
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES — U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

[THE BYRDS OF VIRGINIA Continued from Page Thirty-three]

the part of the adventurer's parents and demanded the prayers of his friends.

Quite different from the present day, when a great-great-great-great-grandson of the Byrd of 1690 can climb into the cockpit of a plane and fly to France in less than two days.

We imagine that Lieutenant-Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd felt the supreme thrill when the America took off for the flight across the mighty waters. We imagine that he felt another thrill when he looked down, saw nothing but fog, and knew only that the gas and the oil were almost gone and that he must descend somewhere quickly or die with his three friends.

Yet, was it a greater thrill than his ancestor knew when the little ship went out with the tide toward London or when it met its first storm at sea? Who knows?

William Byrd II, born in 1674, was a handsome dandy—slight, slender, graceful, aristocratic. And, if you could take the coveralls and goggles and helmet away from Richard Evelyn Byrd, and with them cover the wig and the frills and feathers of William, and if you could replace that nasty-looking sword with a monkey-wrench—you might easily mistake William for Richard.

The only differences you would find would be in the eyebrows and the mouth. William's eyebrows were pronounced arches, almost feminine in their beauty. And his little mouth might be almost exactly described as "sweet."

He was a polished, scholarly, humorous old codger, this William, in his later years, and no finer gentleman or braver soldier lived in the colonies in his time.

He was the son of Colonel William Byrd I, and the grandson of a London goldsmith.

COLONEL WILLIAM I came to Virginia in 1671, as the heir of his uncle, Colonel Thomas Stegg, and for over a hundred years he and his family were mighty in the land.

Their home at Westover was the Mecca of the great and the distinguished. Their table was always the trysting-place of those who loved their groceries. And under the light of a hundred candles you might find dozens of them there any night: British generals, a few assorted nobles, *grandes dames* with grand appetites, the governor of the colony, the neighboring gentry.

Indented servants toiled constantly in the kitchen. Slaves in livery carried in the food—food prepared with care and with the genius of the Byrds to guide it.

In the fly-leaf of the family Bible you will find this recipe for the first Virginia ham, evidence that dining in those days was a serious and important matter:

> To eat ye Ham in Perfection
> Steep it in Half Milk and half Water for thirty-Six Hours, and then, having brought the water to a Boil, put ye Ham therein and let it simmer, not boil, for four to five Hours, according to size of ye Ham—for simmering

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Drawn by Ernest Clegg

THIS map of Virginia shows the James River site of Westover, the Byrds' ancestral home, begun by Colonel William Byrd I in 1690 and completed in 1735; Richmond, founded by his son, William II; and Winchester, where William IV rebuilt the shattered family fortunes after the Civil War. (Insert) Westover, no longer owned by the Byrds, as it is today.

Former Cow-Puncher

$525 a Week

"Before enrolling with N.S.T.A., I was a cowpuncher. When I completed the Course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than $3,000 in the next five months which is proof enough that N.S.T.A helped me. Since then I have made as high as $525 a week!" WM. SHORE, Neenach, Calif.

Former Clerk

$22,500 Last Year

"At the time of enrollment, I was working as a grocery clerk for $30 a week. My first year as a salesman paid me better than $5,000, my second was better than $7,500 and the third paid me $22,500! I know that without N.S.T.A. training, I would still be working as a clerk and receiving only $30 a week!" V. H. HARELSON, Miami, Fla.

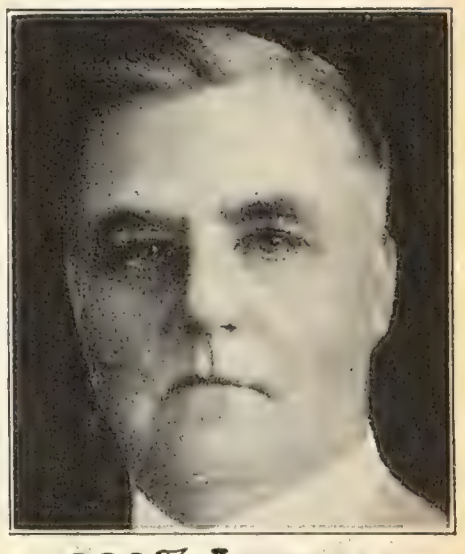
Former Factory Man

Over $10,000 a Year

"Your splendid course is worth thousands of dollars to any man. When I started the N.S.T.A. course, I was a foreman in a rubber curing room at $160 a month. I started selling after nine weeks and today my salary runs into 5 figures. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for N.S.T.A."

R. B. HANSEN, Akron, Ohio.

Former Decorator



300% Increase

"I was formerly a decorator but since taking your course, have held a position as a specialty salesman which brings me from $5,000 to $7,000 a year—300% increase. I can state that it has all come through N.S.T.A." B. F. BOILON, Columbus, Ohio.

Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

Here Are Four Men Who Were Formerly Caught in the Hopeless Treadmill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One of Them Reports Earning From $5,000 Up to $22,500 a Year. Right Now—The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives So Completely Is Open To YOU! Don't Fail To Read Every Word of This Vital Message!

$700 a Month

"I was dragging along as a farmer—barely existing. I decided to train with N.S.T.A. After finishing, I received a list of firms wanting salesmen from you. I applied to three firms and took the best one. Led my sales force and earned close to $700 last month."

L. O. HALLOMAN, Slaton, Tex.

$1000 a Week

"Before taking the N.S.T.A. course I was making $200 a month, but could see no future. Since taking your course I have advanced steadily and am now District Manager for a big concern. Last week my earnings amounted to over $1,000. Any N.S.T.A. graduates in Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Texas or Oklahoma wanting work, write me. I want N.S.T.A. salesmen, for I know they bring home the bacon."

O. D. OLIVER, Norman, Okla.

$4800 Increase

"It is a privilege to tell of the many good things I have received from studying the N.S.T.A. course. After graduation your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms. Some service! I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N.S.T.A.

"Last year I made over $100 a week, and expect to earn $7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"

F. B. ENGELHARDT, Chattanooga, Tenn.

$2500 Increase

"To any man who wishes to benefit himself, I would say—'Take a course with the N.S.T.A.' My work as a pattern-maker gave me only a stipulated wage—while now my earnings amount to almost three times as much—or about $4,000 a year!"

KINGSLEY ROWLAND, Audubon, N. J.

$6286 Increase

"I was clearing around $1,000 a year when I enrolled with N.S.T.A. I have increased my income to $7,286. I now own my home, drive a nice car, and have a summer camp. My grateful thanks go out to N.S.T.A."

FRANK WALSH, Springfield, Mass.

Raised Their Pay 600% When They Discovered Salesmanship

THINK what a 600% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 6. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were six hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how amazingly these four men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always "on top"—and have not always made $5,000–$10,000—and $20,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a cowpuncher; another a clerk; another a factory worker; the fourth a decorator—and $50 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

The First Step Up The Ladder

Men with REAL (not bogus) ambition usually find a way to go up the ladder and get what they want. These men did. And all of them chose SALESMANSHIP because they realized that it offers bigger rewards—and delivers them quicker than any other profession under the sun!

One or two of these men hesitated awhile because of the foolish superstition that salesmen have to be born with some mysterious gift—but in the end they all cast their lots with the National Salesmen's Training Association—with astonishing and gratifying results!

Easy as A-B-C

The experience of Mr. Hansen who rose from $160 a month as a factory man to over $1,000 a month after N.S.T.A. training—and the experiences of the other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N.S.T.A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

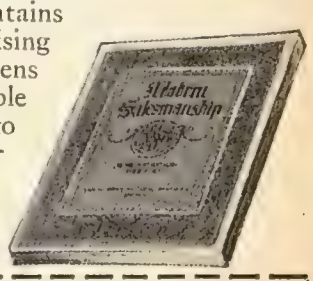
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. S-230, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Remarkable Book FREE

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable man-building volume called "Modern Salesmanship"—absolutely Free! It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!



National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. S-230. (Attention Mr. Greenslade, Pres.)
N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship"—and particulars of your Free Employment Service for members.

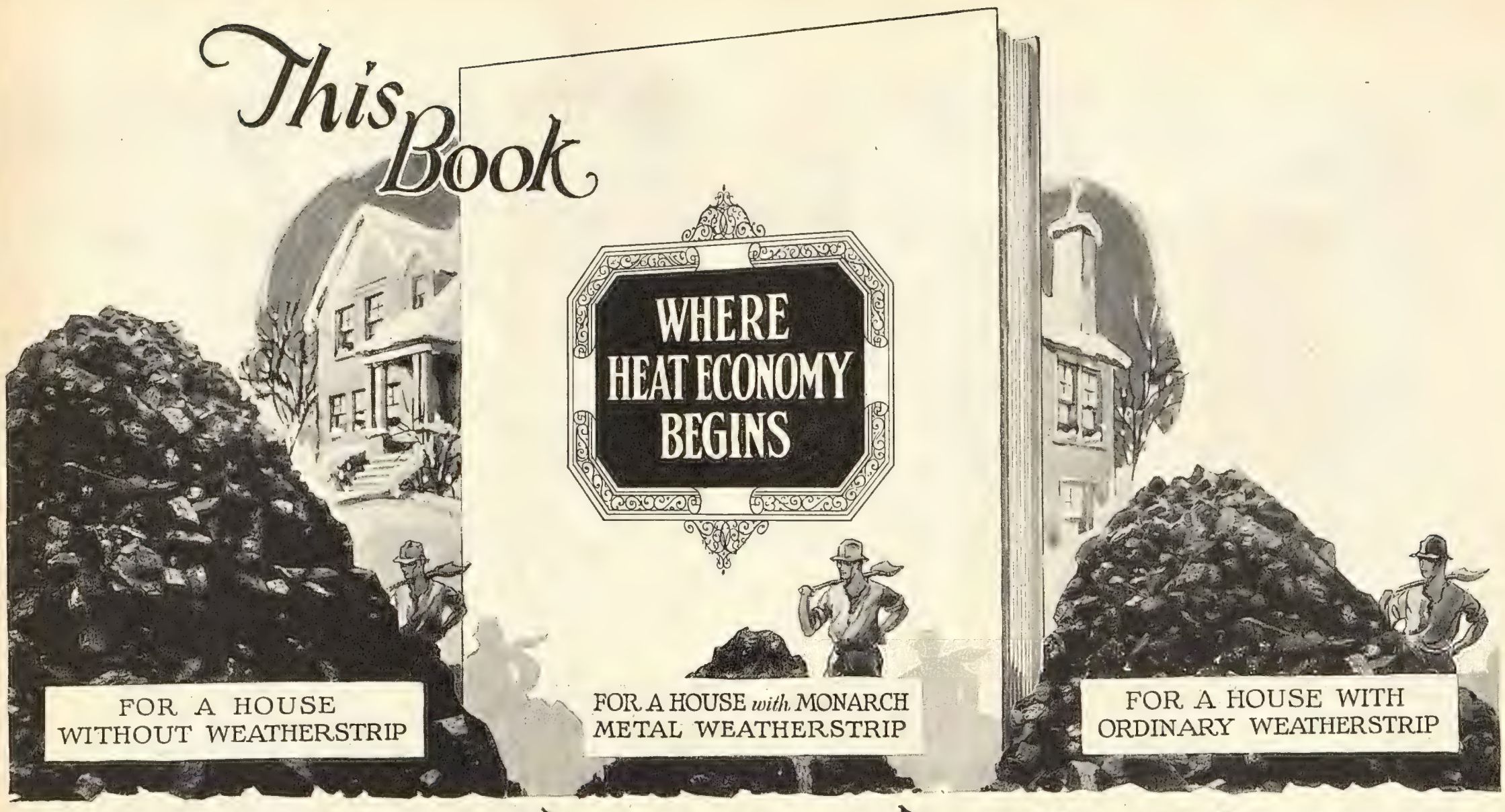
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

This Book



shows you how to get your heat from the SMALLEST Coal Pile!

Now that Winter is here, most of us must again face the domestic "Black Hills" that live in the cellar! Here are three, of curious interest. Compare their size!

—the costly mountain on our left suggests the amount of coal required by a home having no weatherstripping at all.

—the smaller, but still impressive hill on our right, illustrates the advantage gained by ordinary weatherstripping.

—But that little heap in the center! Can it possibly do the same work as its big brothers? — — If your home is equipped with Monarch Metal Weatherstrip, it can!

Satisfactory home-heating is NOT a matter of burning great amounts of fuel. It depends, rather, on what you DO with the heat after you make it.

A mountain of coal could not keep your home comfortable in cold weather if all the doors and windows were open. So, of course, you close them. Yet, around those same doors and windows, are cracks which let in the quantities of cold air that result in just the differences between the three coal-piles.

Probably you won't believe this until you prove it. But the proof is easy and the saving real.

All windows are made with "clearance", to open and close. This means an all-the-way-round crack. Shrinking and seasoning of sash and frame cause the crack to vary. Eventually it widens to an opening that wastes an astonishing number of fuel-dollars.

Tests prove beyond question that these door and window cracks let in such quantities of cold air that more than half your fuel is wasted.

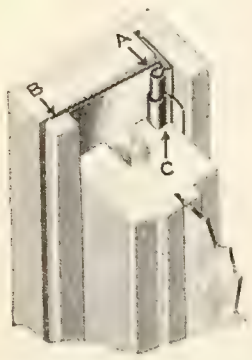
Monarch engineers designed the exclusive Interlocking-Self-adjusting principle to stop this heat waste; and it does because it permanently seals the crack regardless of weather conditions.

You would be surprised at the way Monarch has brought about new standards of heating economy. It went to the source of heat-waste for cause and cure. It showed where real heating economy begins and where heat-waste can end.

Monarch performance is so definite that it is *guaranteed* to reduce the volume of in-leaking air to a *fixed minimum*, and to maintain this efficiency for the life of the building.

So Monarch Metal Weatherstrip is now chosen by famous architects for their finest structures, and is saving thousands of dollars for the home-owners of America. It ought to be guarding your dollars this Winter in a *warmer, cleaner, more comfortable* home.

Better send today for the free Book which explains the details, or look in your phone book under "Monarch Metal Weatherstrip", and learn from the Monarch licensed representative how to heat your home satisfactorily *from the little coal-pile!*



The Famous *Two-member Self-adjusting* Principle

Automatically seals cracks between sash and frame. Windows can be opened and shut freely under all conditions. One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame slides in a tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.

This exclusive patented *Two-member—Self-adjusting* Principle adjusts the floating seam to keep crack closed when wood shrinks or swells.

"I am using Monarch Interlocking Metal Weatherstripping on my residence. They save me coal, keep out the dust and minimize the house work. In my opinion there is no substitute for Monarch Interlocking weather-stripping."
W. C. Hagerman,
General Contractor
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Monarch installed by J. M. Stouder, Fort Wayne Licensee

MONARCH METAL PRODUCTS CO.
3029 PENROSE AVE., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

I want to know how Monarch will affect the fuel bills in my home. Please send me your free booklet, "Where Heat Economy Begins."

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town.....

MONARCH METAL WEATHERSTRIP

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

brings ye Salt out, and boiling drives it in.

The history of the Byrds of Virginia is interwoven with the history of America, woven with threads of scarlet and gold, and blue and buff, and khaki and gray.

The men have ever been warriors. The women have always been beautiful and gay.

For over a hundred years they held their sway. And then the War of the Revolution hit them hard, tore them apart, and scattered them far and wide. The Civil War crushed them as it crushed so many great families of the South.

© Macmillan Company

Colonel William Byrd II, the genial seigneur and the founder of Richmond. This illustration and the one below are from Two Centuries of Costume in America, by Alice Morse Earle.

BUT they have come back strong, the only family of the Old Dominion to return to riches and power and fame.

The first hundred years were the softest—the first hundred years and five.

Colonel William Byrd I, after inheriting his uncle's acres and ships and slaves, married Mary, the daughter of Colonel Warham Horsmanden of Kent, a descendant of King Richard III, a Cavalier who had fled to Maryland when Cromwell started the game of beheading.

He made his home in his uncle's little stone house at The Falls, which was then the outpost of civilization, and began business where Unky left off.

He traded in slaves from Africa, and bonded servants, and rum and sugar and molasses. His goods went overland, through 400 miles of wilderness, to tribes of Indians, to settlers in remote backwoods—to any place where there was a buyer.

© Macmillan Company

Evelyn Byrd, "the fairest flower of Colonial Virginia." Daughter of William Byrd II, the story of her tragic love is inscribed upon her tomb in the family burying-ground at Westover.

Byrd bought land whenever he could—land and slaves. And after he had sent his three children to England to be educated—William II, and Susan, and Ursula—whose pet name was "Little Nutty"—he began the erection of the house at Westover.

He had bought, for £300 and 10,000 pounds of tobacco, the 2,000 acres of Captain Thomas Paulett, kin of Sir William Berkeley, and he named the place for the brothers West, the Lords Delaware.

He built the first Westover, a frame house, and started the erection of a new home in 1690. But it was twice burned and was not completed until about 1735.

William II finished it, importing solid mahogany fixtures, panelings, drapes, a black marble mantel, a mirror framed in exquisitely wrought white Italian marble, and the costliest decorations that could be found in the Old World.

It is a massive place, with great wide rooms opening off an eighteen-foot hallway, with secret passageways and hidden rooms and vast cellars. It was modeled after the home of the Earl of Peterborough in Northamptonshire, England, and great brick walls were built about the grounds.

The house still stands, though it has been in the hands of many strangers since the War of the Revolution. There is even a piece or two of the original Chippendale furniture. The tulip-poplars and the Cherokee roses, and the vines and the moss that cover the old brick walls, are as gay as they ever were.

The myrtle-covered graveyard shows its age. Some of the old stones have crumbled; some of the inscriptions have become illegible.

HERE you may read many tragic tales.

Here is the story of Mary Willing Byrd, the godchild of Benjamin Franklin, the second wife of Colonel William III. She was suspected of trying to aid her cousin, Benedict Arnold, in his James River campaign. She locked herself into a secret room on the third floor while the soldiers ransacked the house and read her private papers.

Here is the story of Evelyn Byrd, who loved a Catholic, and died of a broken heart because she was not permitted to marry him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

For Christmas morning—

and every morning

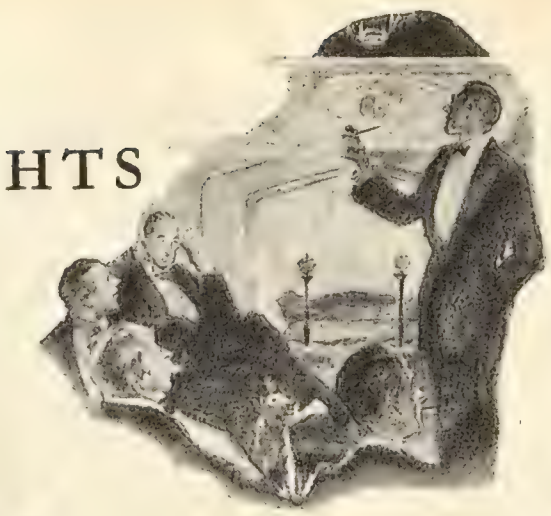
Get this triple-package of Mennen Shaving Comfort from your dealer, now, today. What if you do find another in your stocking? You're just that much ahead. And this is a chance for every man, whether or not he now uses the famous Mennen Shaving Cream, to get in a handy pack those two splendid Mennen after-shave luxuries, Mennen Skin Balm and Mennen Talcum for Men.

Every man will want this kit-pack of Mennen Shaving Comforts. Once you have tried this great trio, you'll never do without. It isn't necessary to wait for the big day to get yours. Your druggist can supply you, now, today, on your way home. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

The famous

MENNEN FOR MEN TRIO

TO ALL GOOD KNIGHTS



OF THE PIPESMOKE

Ben Wade English Briars

1/3 off

. . . an introductory offer to persuade you to try them!

$10.00 PIPES $6.66

$5.00 PIPES $3.33

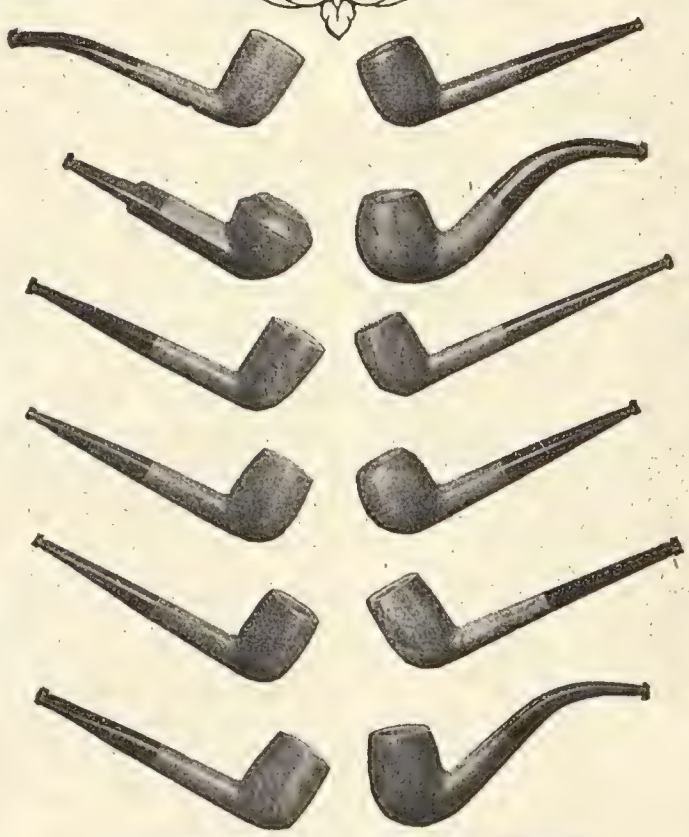
$3.50 PIPES $2.22

WE SENT a man to England, since England makes the world's finest pipes. And we told him to find out England's own favorite pipe. And he found—Ben Wades. You'll see why when you balance one in your hand, when you rove an appreciative eye over its lustre and grain, when you taste its mellow sweetness.

Now we want to lose not one precious minute in bringing a greater number of Ben Wades to the pipe-lovers of America —even though we lose all of our profit, and more, in the doing. Because once you are won by Ben Wade's rare mildness its future, and ours, is assured.

Never have there been such pipes. One family has been carving them for generations. They're classic, traditional! All the fine points . . . the perfect joining of bowl to stem, the wide, flat bits . . . all these little things that the untrained eye would miss, you will see and revel in every time you pick up your pipe.

The years pass and your Ben Wade becomes more and more of a personal treasure. Age gives it a still softer lustre, like the patina of an old Cremona violin or riding boots long worn and polished. Though a Ben Wade is broken in after the first day's smoking, it grows sweeter still and not stronger, as it grows older.



If your dealer hasn't Ben Wades mail this coupon now!

HARGRAFT & SONS
WRIGLEY BUILDING CHICAGO

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

Introductory Offer Ends Soon

Of course this can't keep up for long. We want to make your trying a Ben Wade an economical as well as delightful adventure. We're doing that by combining the best pipes with the best pipe bargains ever offered to smokers. If you're one of the breed of true pipe smokers you'd be restless until you introduced a Ben Wade to your palate no matter what its price, but isn't it even pleasanter to find a reduced introductory price besides? We've appropriated a goodly number of pipes, but then there are a goodly number of pipe smokers . . so better grasp the introductory price while it's available.

There's your friend the dealer near you, or if he hasn't Ben Wades here's your equally familiar friend the coupon below for your convenience.

Send No Money!

Just check the shape you want . . sign your name and address and you can pay the postman when he delivers the pipe. The Selected Natural and Walnut Finish Ben Wades regularly $10 are $6.66, the $5 P.K. Natural and B.W. County Dark Finish are $3.33, the $3.50 B.W.L. Hurlingham Dark Finish are $2.22. If you are likely not to be at home when he calls it would be simpler to send check with order. Money refunded without argument if your pipe isn't satisfactory.

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT . . . . HARGRAFT & SONS, WRIGLEY BLDG., CHICAGO

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

The young man was Charles Mordaunt, grandson and heir of a British earl. She had met him at the court of George II. The earl was willing to give the young pair his blessing, but Evelyn's father, Colonel William II, opposed the marriage. The young man might be an earl some day, but he was a Catholic, and no match for the daughter of a loyal Church of England man.

Thomas Taylor Byrd, from a painting made in his seventeenth year. He became a captain in British service during the Revolutionary War, while his brother, Francis Otway Byrd, served with the Colonials.

"The fairest flower of Colonial Virginia," says the slab that covers her; "the toast of the old world and the new, the beautiful Evelyn Byrd whose pathetic story awakens the keenest interest and the sincerest sympathy in the hearts of stranger and friend."

Here you may learn, too, the sad story of Ursula, the Little Nutty who came back from England to have her baby and to die before she was seventeen. Her son was William Beverley, and the name is still honored in the State.

Harry Flood Byrd, brother of Richard Evelyn, and the present Governor of Virginia, has two children named Beverley: a son, Bradshaw Beverley, and a daughter, Beverley Westwood. His wife was a Miss Beverley.

Colonel William I, member of the Virginia Council, purchased through money and influence the office of Receiver-General for the King, which gave into his care all moneys intended for the crown.

COLONEL William II, "the Black Swan of Virginia," and "the genial seigneur," and a fellow of the Royal Society, inherited all his father's titles and estates and offices; but he won his colonelcy through his own efforts.

He kept 500 men-at-arms ready at all times to beat back the tribes of wild Indians, and for this he was granted a tract of land five miles long on either side of the James, one mile wide on the south side and two miles wide on the north. The funny thing about this was that he owned most of the land anyway.

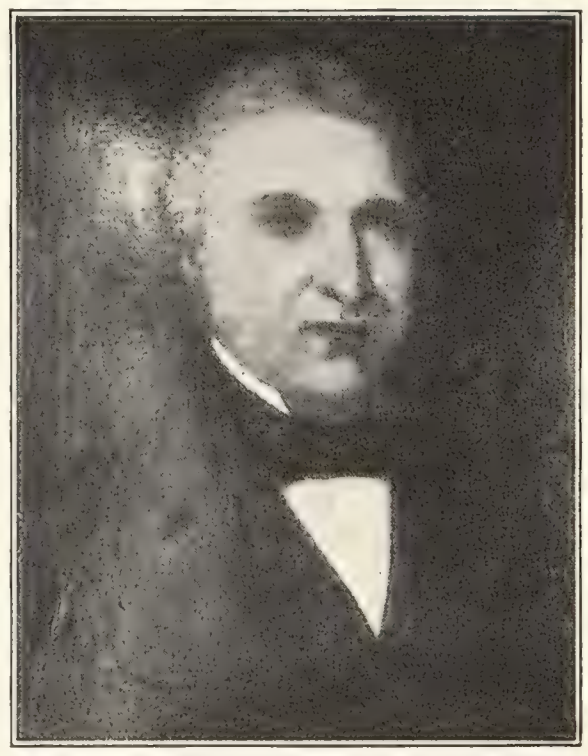
It was this Byrd who founded Richmond, mapped it out, kept some of the choicest sites for himself and his heirs, sold the rest, brought in settlers, and established schools and a church.

Richmond, built, like Rome, on seven hills, still honors the genial seigneur, and has named a hotel and a park for him, and put his name on its municipal seal.

THE seigneur married Lucy Parke, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. Another of her ancestors was a George Evelyn of Surrey, whose memory has been perpetuated through the "beautiful Evelyn" and four Richard Evelyns, down to the present day.

His second wife was Maria Taylor, mother of Colonel William III, another gentleman, another soldier, and the unhappiest Byrd that ever lived.

Colonel William III wasn't a business man. That was but one of his misfortunes. His first marriage was agony. His second was happy, but the widow had trouble in keeping her home when her husband died.



Captain Francis Otway Byrd, son of Thomas Taylor Byrd, won distinction in the United States Army during the War of 1812. The portraits from which the photographs on this page were made are in the possession of William Byrd of Short Hills, New Jersey.

He it was who brought ruin to the house of Byrd. He rented a beautiful home in Richmond, called Belvidere, and entertained there as well as at Westover.

He spent all the ready money he had, and then he devised a lottery to get more. He arranged for the selling of 10,000 lottery tickets, 839 of them to draw prizes of lands. The tickets sold for five pounds apiece, netting the gentleman something like $250,000, and losing him almost all the lands his grandfather and father had left him.

But this was only a minor evil. The real sorrow of his life was the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

NEW Cream-and-Tonic facial — Try it!

TO millions of eager women these new cream-and-tonic facials, now sponsored by Daggett & Ramsdell, are welcome indeed. For they are both correct and scientific. Yet easy and inexpensive.

Think of being able to *give yourself* the kind of skin care you would get in a Paris Salon! That is what this famous old house has done for you, in adding Vivatone to their Perfect Cold Cream. Vivatone is a delightful new astringent lotion—the exact complement of Perfect Cold Cream.

Here is the right way to give yourself one of these wonderful new facials. First massage the skin gently but thoroughly with generous amounts of Perfect Cold Cream. Let its fine oils sink into the pores, loosening the accumulations of dust and make-up. Wipe away the surplus cream with a soft cloth, tissue, or face cloth wrung out in warm water. Now you are ready for the *toning* that Vivatone gives. Saturate a pad of absorbent cotton in Vivatone and pat it gently all over the face. Pay particular attention to enlarged pores. Let it dry of itself and apply your make-up. Even one such treatment will show you what these new facials can do for you. Used faithfully

every day, you will soon see real improvement in the tone and texture of the skin.

Perfect Cold Cream is one of the best known beauty creams in the world, famous for its purity and fine ingredients. On sale everywhere in tubes and jars priced 10c to $1.50. Vivatone is new—an amber-hued liquid in a smart package. Of generous size for 75c. (In Canada $1.00). Perfect Vanishing Cream which many women need as a powder base (it's marvellous for the hands, too) in tubes 10c, 25c. Jars 35c, 60c. All products from Daggett & Ramsdell. (Also makers of Perfect Shaving Cream and Ha-Kol Headache Cologne).

Introductory OFFER 40c

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 40c, you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with some Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cold cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial.

This 40c offer is a special one—for introductory purposes only. Take advantage of it today. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples) and a special bottle of Vivatone, in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today. Send stamps or money order.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Room 5
214 West 14th Street
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 40c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Perfect Clean-up Kit.

Name .....
PLEASE PRINT NAME

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Just Look at Yourself

Dissolve those hairs away with NEET

For Beauty's sake, remove them. For now changing styles have set a new standard for Beauty — *hair-free-ness*. Look at yourself. Do you meet this expectation? Or, do you permit ugly hairs on forearms, underarms and legs to bar you from being truly lovely? Remove this flaw by dissolving disfiguring hair away with Neet. *Dissolve* hair because this method leaves skin beautifully soft and smooth — not roughened with a prickly, mannish stubble, that reveals the use of the hair-stimulating, skin-coarsening, masculine razor. Dissolve hair with NEET, the dainty cream that erases hair with almost unbelievable ease and smoothness. You apply Neet—then with clear, cool water, simply rinse cream and hair away. Skin takes on new loveliness. *Just feel the difference.* You have satisfied beauty's most insistent demand.

Obtain Neet in the liberal 50c packages at drug stores, department stores and beauty shops everywhere. Or in $1 packages—three times larger than the regular size.

Neet

The Hair Dissolving Cream

©1927 HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

bitterness against the King that was growing in the land.

William III was a grand old Tory, and his finest claret was always pledged to "The King, God bless him!"

One of his sons, William, a captain in the Seventeenth British Regiment, had died in France in 1771. Another son, Thomas Taylor, was a captain in the King's army and aide-de-camp to General Fanning.

And here in Virginia men talked rebellion, the King's troops were insulted, the King's own name was spoken lightly.

William III had organized the Second Virginia Infantry, after

P. & A. photo

A trio of famous Virginia brothers. They are, left to right: Governor Harry Flood Byrd, Lieutenant-Commander Byrd, and Thomas Bolling Byrd, soldier, newspaper publisher, and landowner.

Braddock's defeat, to aid the King to fight the French and Indians. A Colonel George Washington commanded the first regiment. And now William's own men were talking sedition, speaking praise of Washington, and actually planning to serve with him against George III!

Even the Church of St. John, which his father had given to the city of Richmond, was being turned into a meeting-house for the rebels.

And hadn't one of them—Patrick Henry, a flighty, fiery backwoodsman who thought he was a lawyer—hadn't he risen in his pew in that holy place to shout defiance of England:

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!"

PAH! The words left a bitter taste in the old man's mouth.

And the fire-breathing rebel had spoken of the King in connection with Cæsar and his Brutus! And when some loyal soul shouted "Treason!" the stripling had answered insolently, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

What was the world coming to?

Almost before he could realize it, the war had come. George Washington, his old rival, was in supreme command of the rebels.

William's friends insulted him, threatened him. Soldiers overran his home. His own flesh and blood was fighting against him. Tom's brother, Francis Otway Byrd, had resigned his commission in the British navy and come home to fight with his friends! Thomas came too—to fight his brother and all his fellow rebels.

ON January 1, 1777, William III died by his own hand. The first hundred years were over—the first hundred years and five; and a widow and eight children must get along as best they could.

They stayed on in the house, though Benedict Arnold ravaged it twice, and Cornwallis stormed it once, and Colonials and Redcoats held it in turn; stayed on until Mary Willing Byrd breathed her last. Then they sold it for what it would bring.

Thomas Taylor Byrd had a number of children, among them Francis Otway. Incidentally this Francis distinguished himself in the War of 1812, becoming Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Virginia Dragoons, and later won new fame at Tripoli. Virginia gave him a sword for bravery in action.

John Byrd, another son of Thomas Taylor, became an officer and was killed in action during the War of 1812.

Richard Evelyn Byrd was the youngest son; and history is rather sketchy about him. It picks him up in Texas and puts him on the staff of the Confederate General Corse during the Civil War with the rank of colonel. His son, Colonel William Byrd IV, also fought for the Southland.

Father and son fought valiantly, while McClellan pitched his tents about their ancestral home at Westover. And after Lee had surrendered they went back to Texas, broke, tired, crushed.

Crushed? Nonsense. Colonel William IV moved his family to Winchester, Virginia, some 200

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your hair can be thick, strong-growing!

At the first sign of thinning hair

HAIR that is thinning, beginning to lose vigor, needs help, and at once!

A very simple daily treatment will bring the needed help—check hair loss at its source, restore strong, youthful thickness even to hair that has begun to look dry, listless, old—

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

You will *feel* the deep root cleanness, the vigor of renewed circulation which immediately follow this treatment. And amazingly soon you will find that your hair is gaining new life, is growing thicker and stronger.

For the Pinaud daily treatment does two things for your hair: *destroys* the dandruff germ and *wakes up* the tiny blood vessels which nourish the hair roots. Sick hair (dandruff infected) becomes well—starved hair gets a new lease of life!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today! Be sure to look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

Don't be "Sold"

When you're convinced, buy. In the meantime, accept this 10-day test we offer to prove our claims

GENTLEMEN:

Men are slow to change a habit. So we have found in offering them this remarkable new shaving cream that it is better to offer a test, *at our expense,* than merely try to *argue* them into a change.

Results prove the big majority of men who *try* Palmolive Shaving Cream stick to it. For they find the things we say are true. And they tell others, in extravagant terms, things we would never dare to claim.

So now we urge you to clip the coupon as a reminder. Try this ten-day test, and prove to yourself that what you seek, we've got. You owe it to yourself to know from your own experience.

How we did it

Palmolive Shaving Cream's sensational success is no accident. Our vast laboratories worked years perfecting it.

Before we started, we asked 1000 men what they expected in a shaving cream. Then we set out to give them what they asked. They named four things. We offer five—features that came only after 130 different experiments had been rejected.

All our knowledge of soap, gained in a lifetime of study, has gone into this new shaving delight.

5 exclusive advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Won't you try it?

It costs nothing to learn what we have done. We count on winning you strictly on merit. Your present method may suit, still there may be a better. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

3777

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1423, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

[THE BYRDS OF VIRGINIA
Continued from Page Forty-one]

miles from Westover, and started the task of rebuilding the family fortunes.

The old animosities gradually died out. The old bitterness softened. And Colonel William's son, Richard Evelyn, lawyer, orator, and Democratic State committeeman, helped much to soften it. And when his sons, Richard Evelyn, Junior, and Thomas Bolling, went away to fight for Old Glory, he gave them a cheer.

Richard, a lieutenant-commander in the navy, Tom, a captain in the A. E. F., fighting in a war to end all wars, with the British and the French and the Yanks; and Harry, the oldest son, in the Senate, helping in his own way to uphold his country's flag—there was something for which he could thank God.

HE lived long enough to see Harry nominated for Governor, and to hear the plans that Richard had made for his flight to the North Pole—Richard, who already had a dozen medals and more, and four of them given for bravery!

He lived long enough to see the Byrds of Virginia winging back to glory, and perhaps he died happy.

His oldest son had already gone a long way in the work of reconstruction. He had quit school at the age of sixteen to take over the management of the Winchester *Star*. He made a newspaper of it.

He built the Shenandoah Valley turnpike, and began buying a few orchards. Today he owns several newspapers and many orchards, one of them comprising 600 acres.

He has agents all over the East and all over Europe to market his apples; more agents than the early Byrds could count. Tom gave up law to help his brother. And they are on their way to millions—no apple-sauce.

Harry was twenty-nine when he was elected to the State Senate. He is only forty now.

He created no stir in that body. He didn't dominate it as his ancestors dominated the Council of colonial days. He spent his time studying the business of government and putting in some licks for good roads and schools and tax adjustments.

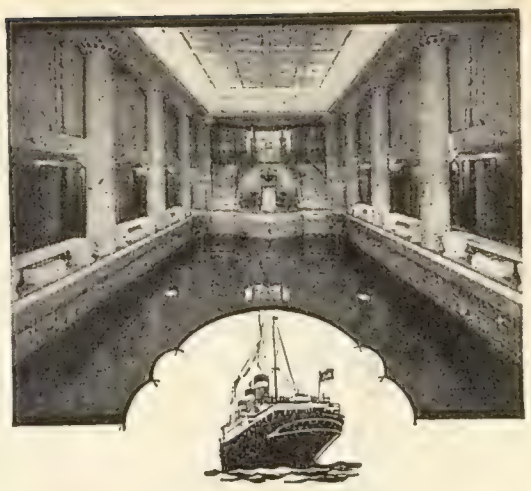
His friends nominated him for the governorship as a matter of course. He's abolishing the old moss-covered State bureaus now, and creating twelve departments that will run smoothly and efficiently at the direction of one man, the Governor.

Virginia is quite proud of Tom and Dick and Harry Byrd. Perhaps she is proudest of Dick. Well, Tom and Harry feel this should be so. They have been proud of him ever since he went around the world alone at the age of twelve.

But they will not talk of him for publication. Because—don't you see?—that would smack of self-glorification, Byrds-of-a-feather stuff.

He's flown the highest of all the Byrds, and they are content to hide in the trees—apple-trees—that he may be the more clearly seen.

THE END



Sail on
UNITED STATES LINES SHIPS
and enjoy yourself

People really have a wonderful time on United States Lines ships. They like the American way of doing things—they like the courteous, attentive stewards, the refined atmosphere of luxury, and they enjoy the unusually fine food.

But what they probably like best of all is the American spirit of fun on board. Even if they don't feel like taking part in all the various deck sports, they always enjoy watching them.

The photograph above shows the famous Pompeian Swimming Pool on board the *S. S. Leviathan.*

S. S. George Washington

Noted for her steadiness and beauty. Smoothly running elevators, Colonial windows, restful and refined furnishings. First class winter rates from $210, second class from $136.25. To Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

S. S. Leviathan

The ship that created new standards of trans-Atlantic travel. The World's largest ship, and flagship of the fleet. First class winter rates from $265, second class from $147.50. To Cherbourg and Southampton.

S. S. President Harding and S. S. President Roosevelt

The fastest Cabin Ships on the North Atlantic. No first or second class distinctions. Rates from $145. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

S. S. Republic

The famous 18,000-ton cruise liner, and one of the most popular Cabin Ships afloat. Rates from $140. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

S. S. America

One of the largest Cabin Ships that sail the seas. She will re-enter the North Atlantic service, entirely reconditioned, next March. Rates from $145. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

[WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON TOURIST THIRD CABIN]

See your local agent now for reservations from New York to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton, and Bremen, or write—

United States Lines

45 Broadway New York City

Soft as velvet, mellow as ripe fruit, aromatic as a tropical breeze.

In Which a Dream Comes True

A Short Story by
MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

(Reading time: 9 minutes 10 seconds.)

"IMPORTANT business—or, rather, of great importance to me," Professor Baines had said in his hesitant request over the telephone.

Bailey had come promptly in the luxurious car which looked out of keeping with its surroundings now that it was parked before the square brick house where the Baineses had lived ever since he could remember.

Bailey hoped the old professor wouldn't take up that Latin business. Hard on him to have it cut out of the high-school course, but a jolly good thing for the kids. They'd never have to be kept in because of deponent verbs—those dirty sneaks with active meanings and passive forms!

He recalled the many times he had heard the professor say in class, "You can not be a cultured gentleman without a knowledge of Latin. Many excellent things you may attain, but to culture, Latin is *sine qua non.*"

As he rang the bell, Bailey gave a slight grin to realize that he felt very much as he used to feel when told to define the ablative absolute!

Professor Baines greeted him in his kindly, absent manner, and led him into a sitting-room—shabby, but somehow homelike, with its sunshine and geraniums.

"You are admirably prompt, Thomas. I know you are a busy man and I must put the matter succinctly. You are aware that the School Board has eliminated Latin from the curriculum and that I have been retired with a small pension. For some years our only daughter has held a departmental position in Washington City."

Bailey suppressed a smile at the "City" and wondered if the old man still said "pocket-handkerchief," as he used to do.

"She has rented an apartment and urges us to make our home with her. I could go daily to the Congressional Library and work on a certain translation which I have longed for leisure to undertake. *Otium cum dignitate.*

"We wish to sell this place so that we may be no financial burden on our daughter. Of course I realize that the fashionable suburbs are at the opposite end of town, the neighborhood lonely, the house in need of repairs, and the grounds neglected. As you are in the real-estate business, I hoped you might handle the transaction for me."

Wasn't it like the unworldly old chap to set forth every disadvantage? Bailey felt a warm glow of friendliness sweep over him.

"I'll buy it myself, Professor. Glad to do something for you to make up for your hard work in driving me through the Gallic Wars!" Bailey realized he was being pretty decent himself. "You see, I might have to wait a bit to find a man who wanted it, so I'll buy it and hold it for a good prospect, if we can come to terms."

"Do you think six thousand would be too much? With the furniture? We can't move

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

In the
THROAT
and nose
more than
50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

watch your throat!

Gargle when you get home

After long exposure to bad weather, after sudden changes of temperature, after mingling with crowds—gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, when you get home.

This pleasant precaution has nipped many a cold and sore throat in the bud, before they became serious.

Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the mouth and throat where so many colds start.

It is important, however, that you use it early—and frequently.

Most of the fall and winter months are "sore throat months," and for your own protection use Listerine night and morning. It is a good habit to acquire. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25¢ (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

this heavy stuff to Washington, and my wife has already sent our daughter the few good pieces we owned. You think that would not be an excessive price?"

Bailey, who knew he would never get six thousand, or even five, for an old place on Hominy Mills Crossroad, declared genially:

"Not a cent too much."

BAILEY had been very successful in business, but it was not through giving away a thousand here and there. He was a man who paid his debts, however, and he had never forgotten the time when he had seemed involved in an ugly happening during his senior year at high school, and the professor had believed his story, probed the matter, and cleared him.

"I had thought real-estate deals far more complicated," said the professor with his gentle simplicity of manner. "I am much pleased that the house will bring the value my wife set upon it." He hesitated. He glanced over his shoulder as if to reassure himself that his little bantam-hen wife, who had henpecked him affectionately all their married life, was out of possible ear-shot.

"There is a delicate matter I shall have to explain, now that you are the owner of the place. About the Bourbon whisky. So as not to cause you any accidental embarrassment."

Puzzled, Bailey essayed a mild jest:

"Bourbon whisky is about as embarrassing as the dodo or chin whiskers, Professor: extinct and gone out of business."

The professor did not smile, and Bailey recalled that Mrs. Baines had long been the head of the local chapter of the Teetotalers' Union.

"There must be nearly two thousand bottles of it in the cellar," stated the professor, and his voice had much the same note of apology as if he were regretting that the place was infested with vermin. "I have learned of its existence only recently. Naturally I am exceedingly desirous that Mrs. Baines should never learn about the contents of the cellar. I should say shameful contents but for the fact that it was not so regarded when the bottles were placed there. Other times, other manners."

Bailey, almost too dazed for speech, stammered feebly:

"You mean pre-war stuff?"

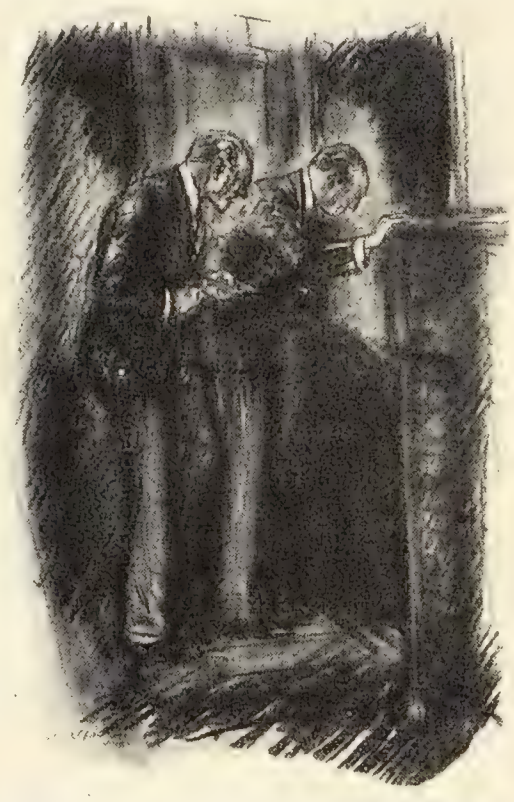
The professor paused a moment, as if translating: "Yes, if by that phrase you mean the liquor of antebellum days. My uncle had a tavern here before the Civil War. He fell at Shiloh. Evidently when he went away he took the precaution to move a heavy walnut wardrobe in front of the only door which communicated with the cellar, and to have the wardrobe screwed in place.

"Neither my mother nor later my wife and I had the least idea there was a door behind the wardrobe or that the house had a cellar. We have never had a furnace. We thought the wardrobe was built into the wall.

"Six weeks ago my daughter wrote, asking me to take down the shelves and doors of the wardrobe and send them to her, as she could use the walnut for a bookcase. In doing so, I discovered the door leading down to the cellar. I—I made haste to move another piece of furniture to conceal the door—the only piece of deception I have ever used to my wife. *Fraus pia,* let us hope.

"You can imagine the coarse ridicule to which she would be subjected if it were found out that a woman in her position, the head of a noble temperance organization, had been living for years over what is practically a—a—"

"A gin palace?" suggested Bailey deferentially, remembering that gaudy expression of his grandfather's. "But may I see it, sir?"



TOGETHER they moved aside a chest of drawers which concealed the door.

Only by testimony of his own eyes could he credit the professor's amazing story. He followed Baines into a dark room, and together they moved aside a chest of drawers which concealed the door. It opened directly on a flight of stairs.

No, the professor had not exaggerated. Shelf upon shelf, row upon row, lay the dust-covered bottles, festooned with cobwebs. Bailey picked a bottle, rubbed the dirt off with his handkerchief, but he could barely decipher the faded label:

BOB'S OLD BOURBON
Aged in Wood
BOURBON COUNTY, KY.

"Perhaps my uncle was retailer for some distiller; perhaps this place was a distributing-point; or perhaps it was merely a hiding-place during the Civil War. Whatever it was, my uncle's secret died with him."

"The good that men do lives after them!" murmured Bailey so devoutly that the professor didn't have the courage to tell him he had mixed his quotation.

A horrible fear laid its chill hand on Bailey's heart. Perhaps too long a time had elapsed. Perhaps there had been some disastrous chemical change. Taking a corkscrew from his pocket, he humbly offered:

"Perhaps I'd better sample the Bourbon, Professor. I'll open these two bottles from different shelves. Perhaps it has all turned to vinegar and I can have it shipped to a pickle factory."

He took a tentative sip. Then a long, deep swallow. He heard himself making a gurgling noise, but he felt he showed restraint not to purr aloud.

For never, never in his whole life, had he tasted anything comparable to it. Vitalizing as sunlight, soft as velvet, mellow as ripe fruit, aromatic as a tropical breeze! The acrid taste of bootleg stuff had made him forget that there could be such an aroma, such a flavor, such mild mellowness.

He sampled the other bottle, but was unable to determine whether it was equally perfect, or a shade better than perfect.

"Vinegar?" inquired the professor, and he actually put the question *hopefully.* "It seems to choke you."

"No, sir. Not exactly. I'm afraid it wouldn't pickle a—a cucumber. But the secret is absolutely safe with me, and Mrs. Baines shall never be disturbed by it. Now I think we had better return and cover up the door."

ONCE more in the sitting-room, the professor broached terms. "I forgot to say the roof leaks, Thomas," he began deprecatingly, "so if you consider six thousand too much—"

Bailey was again the brisk man of affairs. He drew out his checkbook and fountain pen and made out a check.

"My dear professor, I have never said it was *enough.* Your price is absurdly low. There are a dozen of us who find the Country Club a noisy place, with the perpetual dancing and jazz. We've discussed the possibility of finding a quiet spot where we could have bridge or chess or po—" He swallowed "poker" and hurriedly substituted "or poetry. It's especially agreeable to read poetry aloud to the gang.

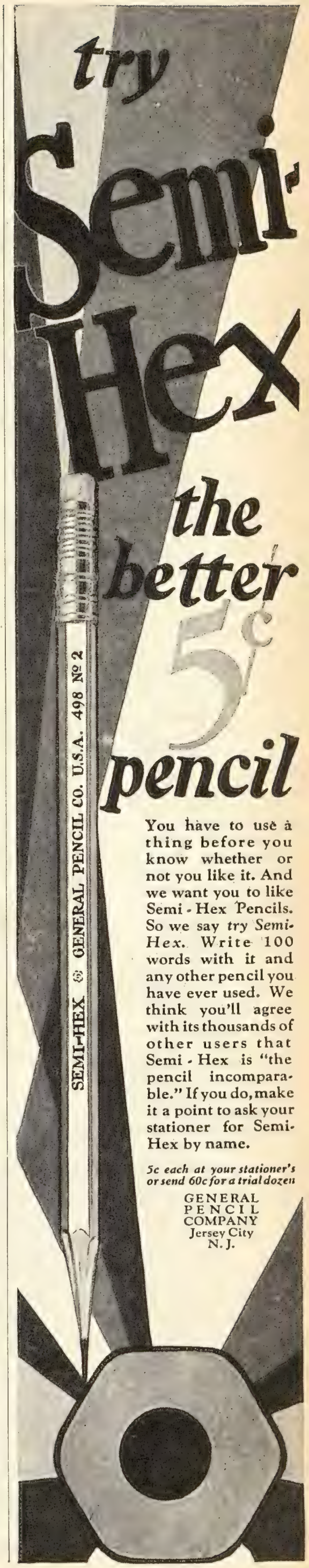
"Now, it has just occurred to me that this place will suit us down to the ground—down to the very ground. Have no uneasiness about the cellar. We will attend to having every bottle quietly and inconspicuously emptied. Here's my check for ten thousand dollars, sir. Of course you understand that we are buying the place exactly as it stands, though if there is any piece of furniture your wife wishes, we shall be glad to ship it to Washington. But we should like to have possession as soon as possible."

"We can go next week," declared the professor. The old man's near-sighted eyes were misted. "Your generosity exceeds belief, Thomas. I shall invest this money in safe bonds, and we shall have the comfort of living with our dear child on an adequate income.

"You can hardly understand the relief it is to me to leave this house now, so that my wife will never have to learn that liquor was sold on this very spot, though long ago."

"Nearly five minutes ago!" thought Bailey contentedly, as he rose to say good-by.

THE END



The Break of the GAME

Grange Runs Against Pennsylvania (1925)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

P. & A. photo

Red Grange in the Penn game. Coach Zuppke planned the seemingly impossible, and Red executed it.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

SOMETIMES the break in a football game may take place before the struggle, when a coach decides to adopt certain tactics, or obtains special information about the weaknesses of future opponents.

Molding an offense to take advantage of weak spots in an opponent's defense always has been part of the strategy of successful coaches. The necessary information is obtained through the carefully organized scouting systems, which appear to be a necessary evil.

It is a known football fact that formations which prove successful against some elevens will not work against others, as few use the same style of defense in every game.

If, however, a smart coach is certain that an opponent has neglected to change his style of defense, that football teacher can evolve plays which will gain ground.

Such was the case of Coach Robert Zuppke of Illinois, who revamped an eleven which had suffered three defeats earlier in the season, and then took it to Franklin Field in Philadelphia, where the Illini beat Penn, 24 to 2, in 1925.

Illinois had been defeated by Nebraska, 14 to 0. Later it was put out of the Western Conference championship race by Iowa's 12-10 victory and then was beaten by Michigan.

Coach Zuppke, a very resourceful football man, had his scouts watching Penn in every game. After the defeat by Iowa, Zuppke decided that the only way to make the season successful at Illinois was to point his team to defeat Pennsylvania.

The Michigan game was not overlooked, however, and Zuppke's men played splendid football, succumbing to a 3-0 defeat, brought about by a field-goal from placement by Bennie Friedman, the Michigan quarter-back and field general.

Meantime, Zuppke had been studying the defensive methods of Penn. He asked what appeared at the time to be ridiculous questions of his scouts.

Zuppke knew that Pennsylvania had used a set style of end play for years.

He was aware that the Red-and-Blue ends played close to their tackles and drove in sharply to smash an interference before it formed. He had learned from his scouts that the Penn forwards shifted nearly a full position when an opponent employed an unbalanced line formation.

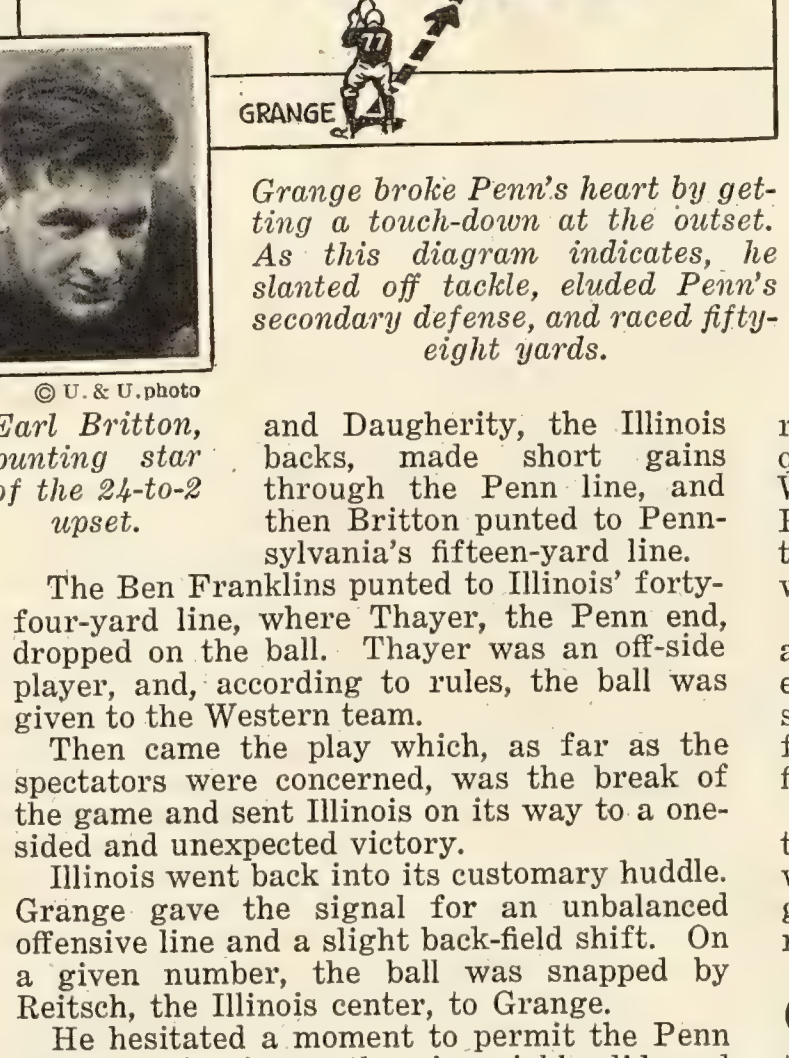
Zuppke decided upon a plan of offense which would result in his ball-carriers hitting back on the weak side of their own offensive line most of the time. He laid special stress upon the formations planned for Harold "Red" Grange, for he knew that if Red once passed the scrimmage-line, Penn would have a busy afternoon.

Zuppke figured that Penn's morale would crack if Grange could cross the goal early in the battle.

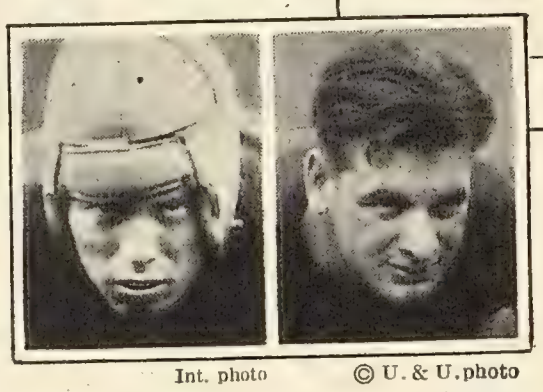
He ordered Grange not to carry the ball the first time Illinois got possession, because he wanted to make sure that Penn would use the style of defense he had thought it would.

Illinois won the toss and elected to receive the first kick-off. This placed Pennsylvania on the defensive immediately, and then Zuppke saw for himself the defensive methods of the team coached by Lou Young, a former Penn player.

After receiving the initial kick-off, Britton and Daugherity, the Illinois backs, made short gains through the Penn line, and then Britton punted to Pennsylvania's fifteen-yard line.



Grange broke Penn's heart by getting a touch-down at the outset. As this diagram indicates, he slanted off tackle, eluded Penn's secondary defense, and raced fifty-eight yards.



Int. photo © U. & U. photo

Russ Daugherity, whose perfect blocking aided Illinois. *Earl Britton, punting star of the 24-to-2 upset.*

The Ben Franklins punted to Illinois' forty-four-yard line, where Thayer, the Penn end, dropped on the ball. Thayer was an off-side player, and, according to rules, the ball was given to the Western team.

Then came the play which, as far as the spectators were concerned, was the break of the game and sent Illinois on its way to a one-sided and unexpected victory.

Illinois went back into its customary huddle. Grange gave the signal for an unbalanced offensive line and a slight back-field shift. On a given number, the ball was snapped by Reitsch, the Illinois center, to Grange.

He hesitated a moment to permit the Penn ends to drive in, as they invariably did, and then, instead of dashing off the strong side of his line, Grange slanted off his right tackle. Daugherity and Britton did some perfect blocking that got Grange past the scrimmage-line.

It was the first time that most of that gathering of 63,000 persons had seen Red in action.

After passing the scrimmage-line, Grange cut back, eluded the secondary Penn defensive players, and planted the ball under the cross-bar of the goal-posts. His run covered fifty-eight yards. It was the score Zuppke had planned and his calculations developed perfectly.

That touch-down paved the way for other Illinois scores, and the Orange-and-Blue players performed in superhuman fashion.

Grange caught the next kick-off and nearly ran through the entire Penn team before being stopped on the Easterners' twenty-six-yard line. From this point the Illinois backs took the ball to Pennsylvania's six-inch line, and on the next play Britton crashed through center for a touch-down.

In the second period Grange swept Penn's right end for a touch-down, and in the third quarter Illinois executed a thrilling play. The Western eleven worked its way deep enough into Penn's territory to call for a place-kick formation. The ball was passed to Captain Grange, who was on one knee to hold it for Britton.

Grange tossed it to Britton. The latter made a perfect forward pass to Kassel, the Illinois end. Meantime, Grange had sprinted to one side of the field, where he took a lateral pass from Kassel and ran nineteen yards for Illinois' final touch-down.

Pennsylvania's only score was made early in the second quarter, when one of Britton's punts was blocked. The ball rolled behind the Illinois goal-line and Britton was fortunate enough to recover for a safety.

GRANGE was given a great ovation near the end of the second quarter when he was taken out to rest. Again, in the fourth quarter, when Red had left the battle, the 63,000 fans cheered him all the way to the field house, for most of them knew it was Red's run for a touch-down that started Illinois on its road to victory in one of the biggest upsets of that year.

Few realized that the making of that run had been thought out days before and that the break of the game had come when Zuppke familiarized himself with Penn's tactics.

Even bad weather may be turned into a favorable break, and the author gives an example in next week's LIBERTY.

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The tall can, diluted, makes an over-flowing quart of pure, rich milk

A sumptuous pie—but with the tangy zest that revives feasted appetites! You *must* make this splendid pumpkin pie, if only to learn what delicious smoothness, what flavorful richness, Carnation Milk adds. Carnation is pure, rich milk, made doubly rich by evaporation, and "homogenized" so that every single drop is *double-creamy*. That is why Carnation is so much better for *all* cooking — and so satisfying for creaming coffee. . . . Do *you* use this convenient, economical milk? Once you have tried this recipe you will want to, we know.

Carnation Pumpkin Pie: 1¼ cups steamed pumpkin, ⅞ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ginger, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ⅛ tsp. allspice, 1 tbsp. molasses, 2 tbsp. orange juice, ½ tsp. salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ cup water. Mix in order given and pour into unbaked pastry shell. Place in 450° F. oven to set crust; after 10 minutes reduce to 250°. This is to insure proper consistency in a filling composed chiefly of milk and eggs. High temperatures cause curdling and a "liver-y" appearance. Bake about one hour.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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Try these 3 favorite None Such recipes!

None Such Pie Crust

Have all ingredients ice cold. 1½ cups sifted pastry flour; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon baking powder; ⅓ cup shortening; ice water.

Method—Sift flour, salt and baking powder into cold bowl, add shortening, cutting thoroughly into flour with two knives. Add enough ice water by tablespoonfuls to bind ingredients lightly. Put paste for upper crust in ice box and roll other half to form lower crust. Always roll away from you with quick light strokes. Fit loosely on pie tin, trim edge and fill with None Such Mince Meat. Roll out upper crust, fold in center and make several ½ inch cuts in dough on folded edge to allow steam to escape. Moisten edge of lower crust with water, fit on top crust loosely, press edges together, trim dough. To impart glossy color, brush top crust with milk. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until well browned.

None Such Cookies

1 cup butter; 1½ cup sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1½ tablespoon hot water; 3¼ cups flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup choppedwalnut meats; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces.

Method—Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and ½ of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

None Such Pudding

1 cup finely chopped suet; 1 cup molasses; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 package None Such Mince Meat; ½ teaspoon salt; 2½ cups flour sifted.

Method—Mix and sift dry ingredients keeping some of flour for mince meat. Whip egg, add molasses, milk and suet; combine mixtures and add finely broken floured mince meat. Turn into greased molds and steam three hours. Serve with Hard Sauce or any liquid sauce.

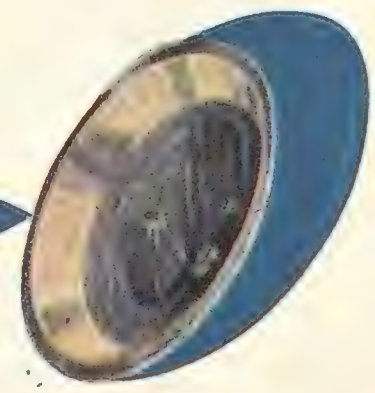
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, incomparable for cookies and puddings as well as pie—delicious desserts with a rich tastiness that never fails to make them favorites!

Prize winners! The pick of 19,400 recipes received in our National None Such Recipe Contest—no wonder the cookie and pudding recipes given on this page make *delicious* desserts. One taste of these dainties will convince you of their prize winning merit. They're not only delicious in taste, but exceptional in food value—well worthy of your trial.

None Such Mince Meat also makes a great variety of other dainty and delicious desserts. Excellent recipes for these delicacies are given in our "Mind Reader Recipe Book". Sent free upon request.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

3 NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



Special Offer! To anyone mailing us the girl's head trademarks from three packages of None Such Mince Meat, we will send by return mail, one extra large pie tin as illustrated on this page. *Send girls' heads to*—

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, New York.

This premium offer is void in the states of Wisconsin, Kansas, Montana, Washington, Oregon and Idaho and in any other states or municipalities in which premium offers are prohibited by law.

The WILL

Pictures by
G. PATRICK NELSON

THE doctors glared at her — three pairs of eyes. Did they suspect?

The Story of a Wasted Crime

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

(Reading time: 20 minutes 30 seconds.)

SHE simply couldn't stand it. That was all. Simply couldn't. It wasn't as if there were a chance in the world for him to get better. He couldn't get better. The doctors said that. You don't recover from an awful illness—cirrhosis of the liver, the doctors called it—when you are sixty-eight.

He might live for years. And, even if he were better, here she was—forty-one years old. Forty-one—and she had thought of herself as a young woman. Forty-one and married to Victor Schoop, who was sixty-eight and an invalid.

There might have been something attractive—romantic—in being married to a pale, gentle invalid, lying wan and helpless and being oh, so grateful for what you did for him; and a trained nurse about, in a crisp white uniform, doing all of the unpleasant things. No, Victor Schoop was not that kind of an invalid. Not an invalid at all, in a way. Just unpleasantly ill all of the time.

For weeks he would have to live without meat. Then another doctor would make him go on a starch-free diet, and like as not that would be followed by a diet without fat or sugar.

Very unpleasant—especially for Bertha. For Victor was the sort who couldn't stand seeing those around him partake of delicacies which he was denied. Bertha liked rich chocolates and cakes with thick layers of icing, meats browned and served with thick gravies, pies with tender and flaky crusts.

It seemed almost fate that the doctors prescribed for her husband breads made of whole wheat, vegetables served without sauces, and frequently no pastries or meats at all.

Victor Schoop couldn't have alcohol either. In fact, the doctors went so far as to hint that his condition now was caused by the alcohol he had drunk years before. When they were first married there had been plenty to drink around, but Bertha had liked to pretend, then, that she didn't care for alcohol. Now she wanted a drink whenever she could get it.

She even got into the habit of having a bottle secreted in her closet so that she could take a nip now and then, just as she always had a box of chocolates in her dresser drawer with her lingerie. She ate those on the sly, too.

She simply couldn't stand it! She couldn't keep this up! Thirteen years! Thirteen years of having been married to Victor Schoop. It hadn't been as bad in the beginning, certainly. But even that had been bad enough. Worse than she had bargained for.

WHEN she was a little girl, Bertha had dreamed vague dreams about a future. She had been rather a homely child, with a broad face and fairly high cheek-bones, her figure always inclined to be a trifle too thick and heavy.

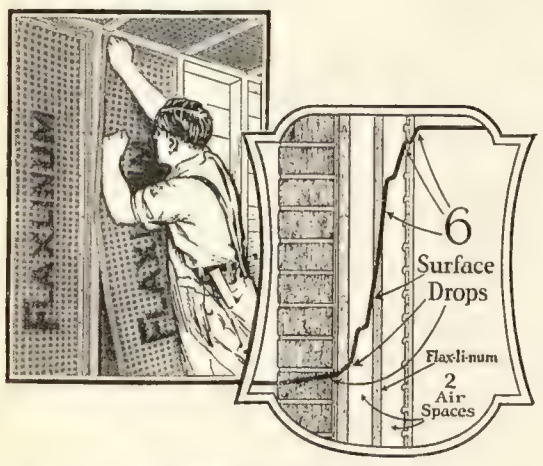
Bertha—she had been Bertha Cunningham—had lived in Brickford, one of the hundred little towns within two hours' distance of New York.

There were a few really good old houses in Brickford, but the inhabitants spoke of them

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

....for their health as well as yours .....

Insulate your home with Flax-li-num



GOOD HEALTH is the most valuable thing in all the world—it means *everything* to your children and to you.

Good health cannot be bought at *any* price. Yet for no more than you would pay for a radio or a good piece of furniture, you can have a FLAX-LI-NUM insulated home that *encourages* good health.

For your children's sake, build a *healthy* home — one that is free from draughts — that is comfortably warm in winter — that is comfortably cool in summer.

Do not too readily accept *any* insulation that may be offered. You may find you have bought square yards of material at a price, rather than a scientific method of insulation that costs no more.

Before you build or buy a home, compare FLAX-LI-NUM with other insulations and insulating methods. You will find that FLAX-LI-NUM wins on every count. Specify one inch thickness in your roof — one-half inch in side walls, wedged midway between the studs. *Mail the coupon now for complete information.*

Know These Facts About Flax-li-num

1—Greatest Insulating Efficiency.

Used correctly in your walls, one-half inch FLAX-LI-NUM is *equivalent to three-fourths inch insulation* used as a substitute or installed against the sheathing. U. S. government tests prove this. The FLAX-LI-NUM method creates *two* insulating air spaces instead of one, and six surface resistances instead of four.

Every fibre of flax contains millions of tiny dead air cells. Between the fibres are millions more of these tiny dead air cells. FLAX-LI-NUM, by the very structure of the material from which it is made, is a *naturally* superior insulation. For more than 17 years it has been used where correct insulation is imperative.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that FLAX-LI-NUM, installed in the finished home, *is just as thick as when it leaves the factory.* It is not compressed in the installation.

2—Ease of Application.

FLAX-LI-NUM goes in fast. Your builder simply wedges the sheets in tight—*it goes in right.* The semi-rigid sheets hold themselves in place while the builder drives home a few nails.

3—Fool-proof on the Job.

So simple is its installation that it is almost impossible to get it in wrong.

4—High in Tensile Strength.

FLAX-LI-NUM, made from long, tough flax fibres, has great tensile strength. It does not puncture, crack, break or tear. It *never needs repairing after it is in place.*

5—Permanence.

Flax fibre never rots. Hence FLAX-LI-NUM itself will never deteriorate. It will outlast the building. FLAX-LI-NUM, examined after 17 years' service, has been found to be in perfect condition.

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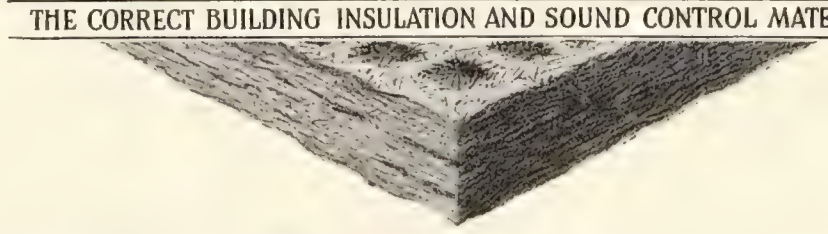

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

as "plain" or "odd," and the newer houses, when Bertha was a girl, ran to terraces and unnecessary curlicues around the porches. These were followed in later years by rather grotesque interpretations of the Dutch Colonial.

Bertha's mother came from a family where good blood was considered important, and she felt that she had married beneath herself, though her marriage had altered in no way her social life, which consisted in gossiping and visiting with a dozen friends. She was a cheerful little woman and pleasant enough, although absolutely unimportant in every way.

Bertha's father — hearty, talkative, a bit loud after he'd had a drink or two—died when Bertha was sixteen, and left the family not at all comfortable financially.

Mrs. Cunningham would not resort to any of the humbler ways of making money that might have been open to her, nor would she permit Bertha to take any employment. They rented out one room—their largest bedroom—and by omitting all reference to their roomer in conversation, and by ignoring his presence almost entirely, they were nearly able to convince themselves that he did not exist, that his weekly payment for the room was not necessary toward their maintenance.

Mrs. Cunningham owned the home. Cunningham had left a small amount of insurance. By living simply, by occasionally baking cakes—a bit surreptitiously—for neighbors, and with the money from the rented room they were just able to make both ends meet.

AT twenty Bertha was looking forward to a handsome young husband who would come dashing by, recognize her at once as his Dream Princess, and claim her. She was not especially popular in her crowd, was invited to only a few parties, always had one girl chum, but no masculine admirers.

By the time she was twenty-five the handsome stranger had faded from Bertha's dreams and the idea of a husband who was a good provider had taken his place. She had become a little desperate, and spent long hours wondering if, after all, she were going to be an old maid, when, at twenty-eight, she met Victor Schoop. She met him, surprisingly enough, through the despised roomer, at that time an elderly man named Brodkins.

Schoop had come to call on Brodkins, and Brodkins, ill-prepared to receive guests in his room, had brought Schoop, thereby breaking all the laws of the Cunningham home, into the living-room. Schoop was fifty-five then, a sallow, thin man with rounded shoulders.

He was already suffering from indigestion, already looking slightly jaundiced. He was a bachelor and lived in the house that had been left to him by his parents—a large frame residence painted a dingy brown and occupying a hillside site near the village.

He fitted into none of Bertha's ideals as to what she wanted in a beau or a husband, but he was the only one who presented himself. His parents had left him some money, and he had accumulated a good deal more. He was in the real-estate business.

ONE of these tablets dissolved in a glass of cold water! He'd never know!

SCHOOP had called again upon Brodkins, and before long was calling upon Bertha without even using Brodkins as a subterfuge. When he asked Bertha to marry him, she hesitated only for a brief moment during which time the rest of her ideals died. After all, it wouldn't be half bad, being the wife of Schoop.

He had plenty of money. He was a pleasant enough old fellow, laughed with apparent appreciation at her jokes, would let her do more or less what she wanted to. There was no one else she had ever cared about.

They were married in the Cunningham living-room, with Brodkins as best man and Ivy Miller, Bertha's best friend of her girlhood days and the only other unmarried member of her old crowd, as her attendant.

Bertha went to live in the Schoop home and tried without very much success to brighten it up a bit with the addition of a few rather incongruous pieces of furniture. Schoop thought it looked very well the way it was. He thought it was silly to spend money on furniture when they had the things they needed—good, substantial things, too.

Bertha rather hoped that the mid-Victorian and hideously carved pieces of furniture left from Schoop's mother were real antiques that she had heard about, but she did little to investigate. After all, the place, though exceedingly gloomy and without one cheering bit of color, was comfortable enough. Her own home had been almost entirely without charm.

After Bertha had been married a few years, Mrs. Cunningham sold her house and came to live with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Will you keep TONIGHT'S DATE

with a half-clean face?

THERE'S plenty of pore-dirt left in every face, even after the morning shave and shower. But there's a lot more there by evening!

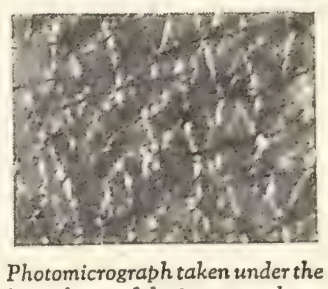
All day long millions of tiny specks of gray float about in the cleanest air. They work into your pores, get grimed in deep under the skin surface, where a shave or a washcloth can't reach them.

That's why some chaps look gray and tired before the evening's half begun.

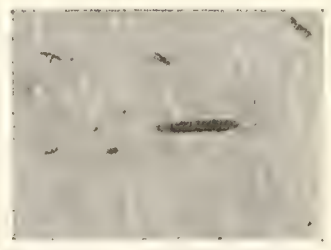
Change all that tonight! Get a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream on the way home. After you "scrub up"—after you *think* your face is clean—treat yourself to a quick, invigorating massage. You'll be amazed at what happens.

Goes in Pink
ROLLS OUT GRAY!

The upper microscopic photograph shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Compare it with the lower photo. That's skin that really IS clean—Pompeian clean! See those dark marks . . . dried pellets of cream, gray with the pore-dirt that merely a few minutes' massage brought out.

Give *yourself* a Pompeian Massage. It not only sets you up with a clean, confident feeling, but gives your skin a fresh, ruddy glow that makes others say, "Never saw you look any better, old man."

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Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two facial massages.

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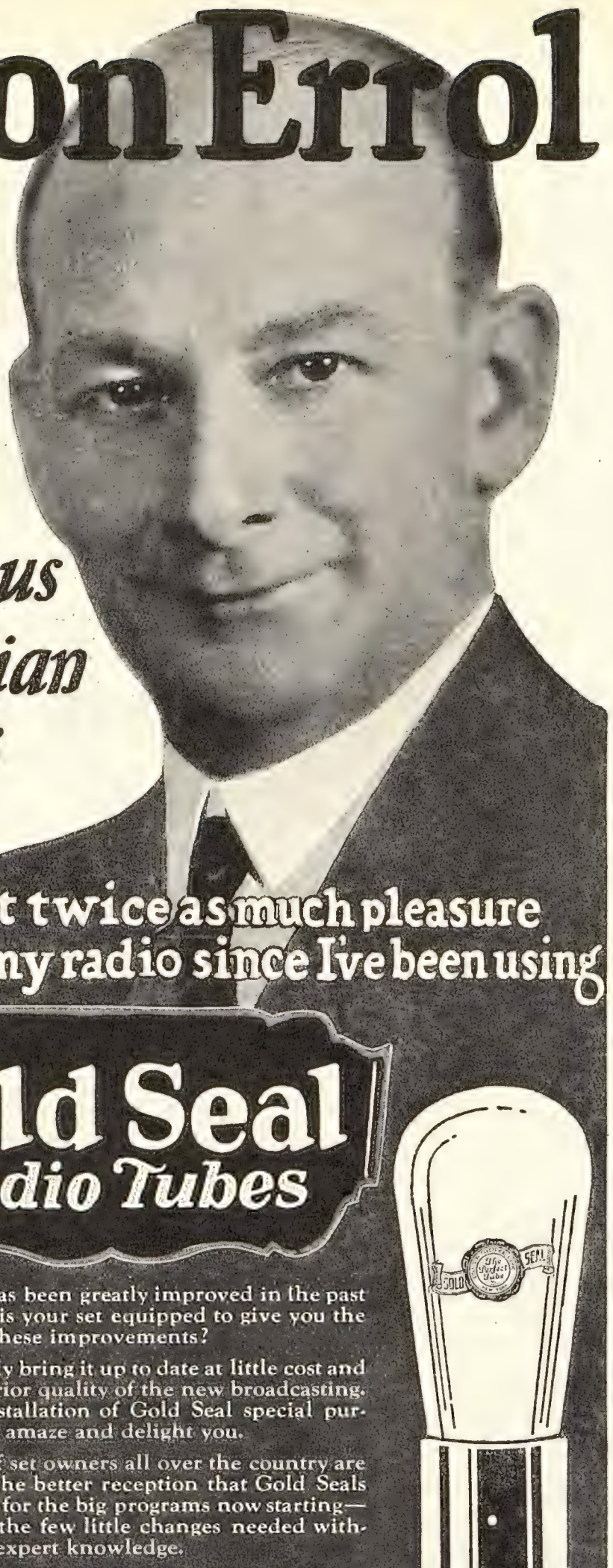

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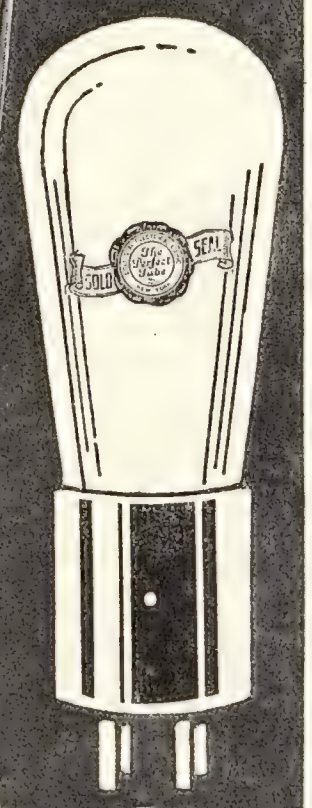

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[THE WILL
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

her daughter. A few years later Mrs. Cunningham died.

Thirteen years of being married to Schoop! The first years had not been unpleasant. Bertha and Victor had gone to the motion-pictures, then in the little ten-cent picture-house of the period. They drove down to the village, first in Schoop's antiquated horse and buggy and later in a fairly expensive touring-car.

Schoop had encouraged Bertha to have her friends in, but somehow the crowd did not come very readily to the gloomy house on the edge of town. The crowd had jellied a bit. The girls who had married before Bertha had settled down to their own affairs and, when Bertha tried to join them again, they had innumerable intimate little jokes and understandings which they couldn't have explained to her even if they had tried.

They were all married to men of their own ages, too, fresh young business men who treated Schoop as if he were an old man, as indeed he was. Bertha would laugh when they called her "an old man's darling," and admit eagerly to being just half as old as her husband—that made her seem so awfully young.

Of course, being an old man's darling had its recompenses, too. Bertha didn't have to worry about expenses, about meals, about things like that. There was always money enough for a maid and for small luxuries, and if Schoop were not especially generous, still he did not object to his wife having a small bank-account of her own.

THIRTEEN years! Those first years Bertha had tried to dress to please Schoop, until she found out that he didn't pay much attention to what she wore, anyhow. She had tried to tell him little things about her days, and found he thought her a chatterbox and would just as soon have her talk less.

When Bertha had been married five years, her only child was born, a little girl. The baby lived only three months, and the doctor advised Bertha not to have any more children.

Years dragged on. When she was thirty-eight, Bertha had a horrible, tugging feeling of old age. She couldn't let herself get old! Why, she hadn't lived at all! Victor was sixty-five then, and his health was already beginning to fail. Tied to an old man!

Bertha began to pay more attention to her clothes, buying things that were a little brighter in color, even if not quite as suitable for her.

She smiled prettily at new acquaintances and tried to extract compliments from old friends whom she happened to meet.

"Why, Bertha Schoop, you look just like you did ten years ago," if spoken by an old masculine acquaintance, would provoke a series of embarrassed and happy giggles.

An unrest, a peculiar, unpleasant unrest, seized her. The doctors all told her—assured her—that Victor might live for years. His

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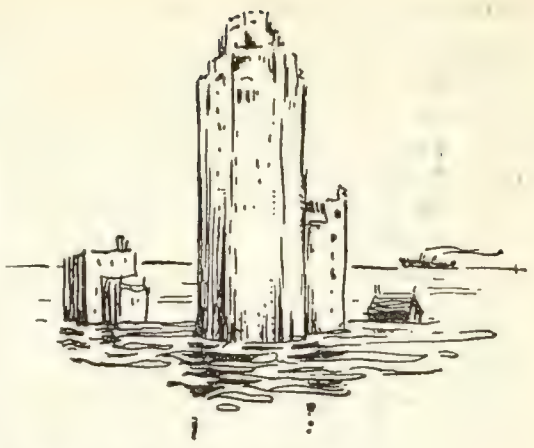
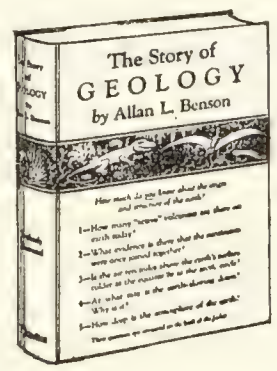


CHICAGO IS SINKING UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN!

But don't be alarmed

It will be a few thousand years before the big event, and by that time the city will have retreated out of harm's way. New York City stands on what was a mountain. The Hudson River used to dive into the ocean over a waterfall. California wasn't always a large district surrounding Hollywood—it was an ocean. And horses were once only two feet high!



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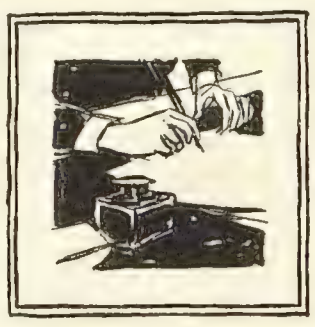
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

indefinite symptoms, his semi-invalidism, his diets, his indigestion, were all absolutely unpleasant. As time passed, her husband became almost physically repulsive to her.

When she was forty, Bertha met George Bollmer. He was, unromantically enough, a plumber, but a plumber who had his own shop and drove around in a sleek, if inexpensive, sedan.

Bollmer was in his early thirties —almost ten years younger than Bertha—but to her this seemed unimportant. She felt that she really hadn't started to live—that she was in every way, including appearance, far younger than her years.

She forgot that she had reached twenty-eight before her marriage, that she had never had sex charm, and that the fact that she had not lived had not been the fault of her husband, but a lack within herself.



Bertha met George Bollmer when he came to see about making over the bathroom, which was old-fashioned and which, now that Victor was so ill, needed every modern convenience.

He had come in a few times while the work of installing the new fixtures was in progress, and Bertha had rather hung over him, laughing at any of his attempts at wit, listening attentively, her head a bit on one side, to everything he had to say.

AFTER the plumbing job was completed and George made no further attempts to see Bertha, she had got into the habit of dropping into his plumbing shop in order to have a word with him. If she had talked to him in his shop, or if she had met him on the street, she had a pleasant emotional reaction which buoyed her up for the whole day.

Although she did not tell herself in so many words that she was in love with George, this was the most authentic emotion that Bertha had ever had. To be sure, the man had never made any real advances toward her.

Once, it is true, he had held her hand a bit too long in telling her good-by—and even a handshake had not been necessary—and he always had a compliment for her when they met: "How well you're looking today, Mrs. Schoop! You should always wear that shade of blue"; or, "It's been ages since I've seen you—you mustn't stay away this long again."

George Bollmer was a jolly, blond individual with round cheeks, laughing eyes, and a rather loose mouth.

His greetings and general attitude toward Bertha were not as affectionate as those he employed toward half a dozen women of his acquaintance; but Bertha, who never met him socially and was unaccustomed to flatteries from men, did not know this. She read into every casual word of Bollmer's a deep significance.

If—if Victor Schoop should die, she and George Bollmer—

Why not? To be sure, she was older than he was, but then she had not faded as so many women do. A little stout, to be sure, but don't most men admire rather a "full-blown" woman? As a rich widow she would be in a position to help him.

He had often spoken of the fact that he would like to enlarge his shop, put in a line of more expensive fixtures, and go after some of the exclusive new summer trade that was coming to town. She could give him money to do this. They could sell the gloomy old house, and buy a fashionable English-style house in the new section, get a more expensive car, entertain Bollmer's friends and meet new friends of their own.

Of course Bollmer hadn't dared to tell her what he thought of her. She was a married woman, the wife of Victor Schoop. With Victor out of the way—That was it. With Victor out of the way!

But Victor did not die. He became, instead, very gradually, a chronic and cranky invalid—and he did not die. He became a little worse, a little more unpleasant — and that was all.

Bertha employed the best doctors she could get. Dr. Billings was the family physician and had been for a number of years. He agreed with other doctors they had had and with the various consultants whom he brought in, usually at Bertha's suggestion.

There was no doubt about it—Victor Schoop was a very sick man. Cirrhosis of the liver was a slow, lingering disease, and there seemed to be nothing that could be done about it.

He could go out only occasionally, and made little attempt to go even then. Men came to consult him on business, solemn old men who came into his room almost silently, a bit furtively, as if he were already dead. There was no chance for Bertha to lead any sort of a normal happy life. There was always the invalid, the gloomy brown house.

Bertha never cared for reading, and now that she was thrown entirely upon herself, reading seemed even more distasteful than ever. She would glance at the newspapers, at some of the cheaper magazines, but she couldn't concentrate upon long stories and no longer liked even the sentimental serials in her favorite publications.

SHE couldn't stand it. Simply couldn't! Yet what was she to do? Victor was not sick enough for a trained nurse. Sophie, the one maid, did all of the hard work with the help of a laundress who came in once a week. Bertha took care of Victor, answered all of his querulous questions, pretended to be interested in everything he thought and in how he felt.

She hated the touch of his yellow, bent fingers. She shivered each time she leaned over to kiss his thin, slightly leathery, yellow cheeks. What was there to do? This might go on for years. Years! George Bollmer wouldn't wait forever, even if, as Bertha hoped, he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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You *can have* the things you want!

YOU HAVE no interest in death. You dislike the thought of it. You don't want to talk about it.

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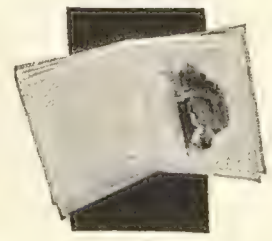
Ours is an old insurance company with a new idea. This new idea is explained in a remarkable little book called "How to Get the Things You Want." Some of the subjects which it covers are listed at the bottom of this page; the convenient coupon will bring it to your home without any obligation or cost whatsoever.



Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. If you need further information after reading it, a Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to be of service to you. You will find him a very unusual man. He is competent to help and advise you, for he has had long years of practical experience or he has been through an intensive course of training in our service school at Hartford. His whole idea of life insurance is to put the emphasis on the *life*—on the things that make for more fun in living, for freedom from worry, for larger success.

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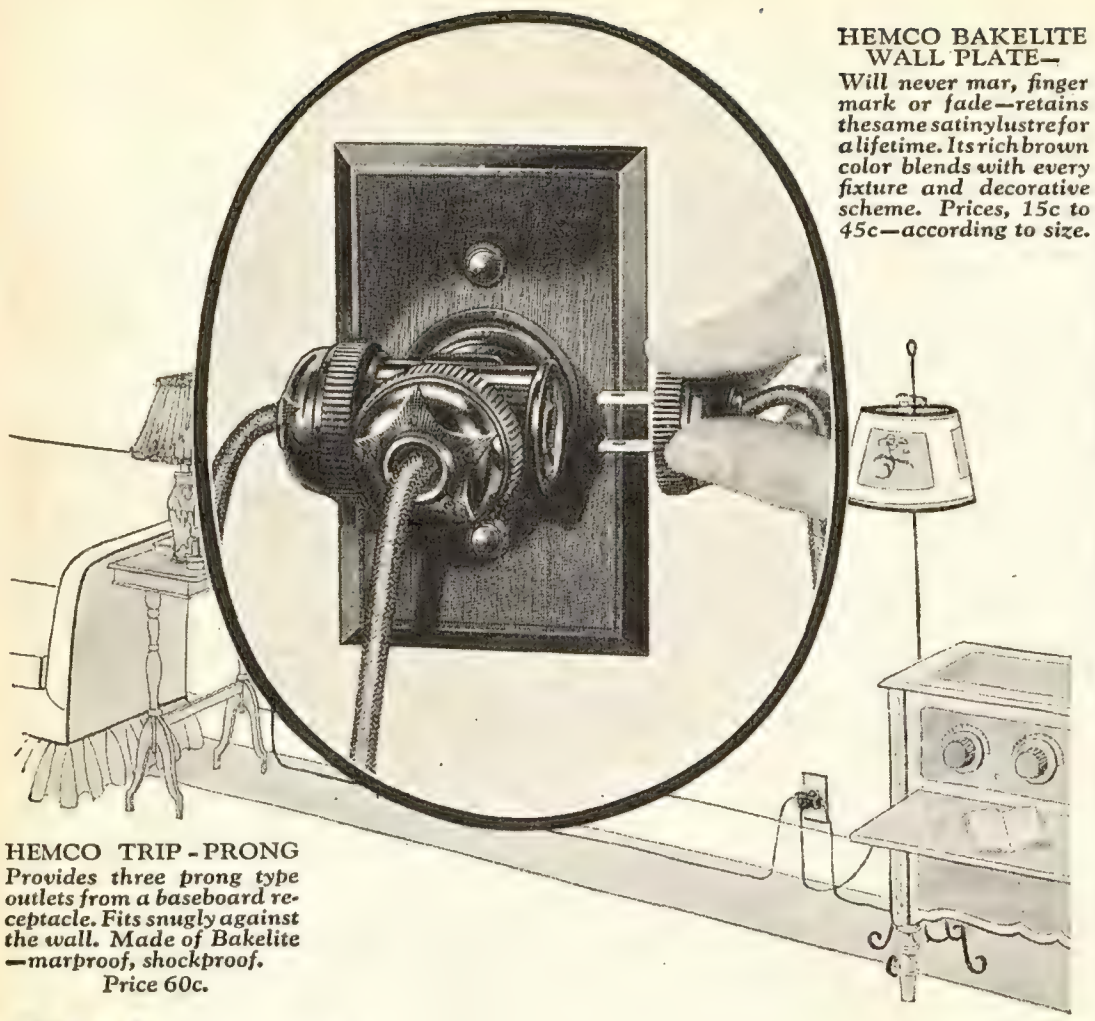

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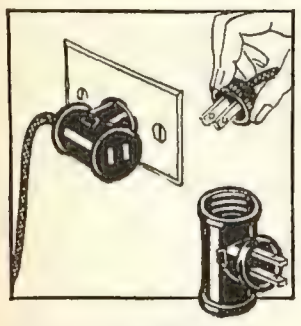

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Like Tee-Prong except outlets are screw socket type.
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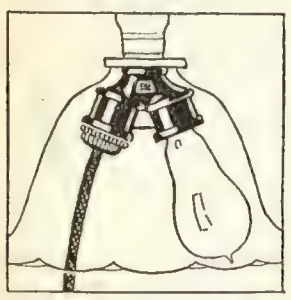

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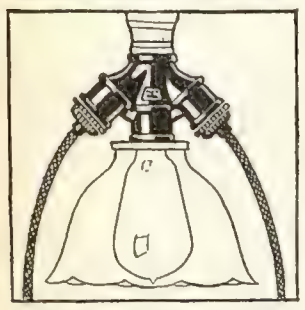

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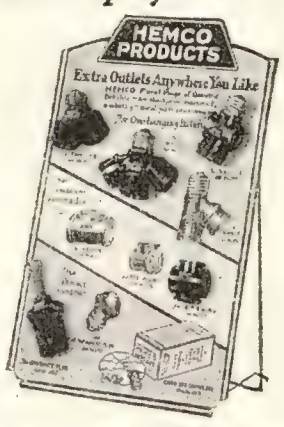

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HEMCO

[THE WILL
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

did have a slight idea that he was waiting. This couldn't go on!

Bertha's days became a delirium of bitterness, of dislike for Victor, of wanting to get away. She felt more and more trapped as the days passed. Her whole life going like this! Oh, she was still a young woman, not yet forty-two, but she wouldn't be young always—not with worrying and looking after a sick man. If only something—something—

Then, gradually, added to all this horror another fear came to Bertha. Money! What if, after all these years, Schoop did not leave her his money? She had thought once that of course he would leave all his money to her. But during the last few years there had been something in his attitude she did not like—something that hinted that this was not his plan.

He belonged to a fraternal order that was building a club-house which it could ill afford, and, while Schoop had never been much of an attendant at the club in his younger days, now he seemed to take an unusual pleasure in the club's activities.

It was the one place outside of his office where he went when he was well enough to go out, and one of the dour old men who visited him was always talking about his obligations to the club and filling his head with how he ought to pay toward the building of the new club-house.

The minister of the church had got into the habit of dropping in to see Schoop. Bertha hated the minister—an unctuous, pompous individual, too healthy and happy-looking, she thought, for a minister of the Gospel. He was always full of little jokes.

"Nothing in the world the matter with your husband, Mrs. Schoop," he would say, "except a little stomachache. He'll be all right in a day or two. Mark my word, he'll be up again as well as ever before long and smiling at all the pretty girls."

He talked, too, of things that Schoop could do for the church. Sly thing! Bertha did not like the minister nor his influence on Schoop.

THEN Schoop made a will. Bertha did not see it—Schoop was the sort of fellow who did not believe in telling a woman too much about his affairs—but she felt that it was unfavorable to her.

She was sure that Schoop had left large amounts of money to the church and to the fraternal organization. Why, he could have done anything—under the influence of those lodge men and the minister. Schoop's money—her money—to go like that!

Sometimes, now, Bertha imagined a curiously unpleasant leer on Schoop's face. It seemed to say, "You'll find out, some day, what I think of you!"

What if, after all of her care, after all of her wasted years, she didn't even get Schoop's money? Why, she wouldn't even have it to bring to George Bollmer! She had to have the money—had to have it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

Why, having the money was the most important thing in the world. If Schoop were dead—and—and she had his money—a rich widow —George Bollmer—

The will was witnessed by an old business associate of Schoop's, Frederick Merkel. Bertha knew when the will was written and knew that Schoop took it down to his office and put it in his safe where he kept his important papers. There was no way Bertha could get to it.

Even if she did find an excuse to get to the safe—she always was being sent down to Schoop's office to deliver important papers—she could never actually get hold of the will.

WHEN Frederick Merkel died, six months after the will had been signed, Bertha gave a little sigh of relief, though she didn't know why. She couldn't have the will put aside. She couldn't have Schoop declared insane. He was sane enough—any one knew that. As sane as he ever was, anyhow. Stupid and tiresome and cross—but sane.

Well, with Merkel out of the way— He had been one of the most unpleasant of the men who were always coming in to see Schoop. Merkel was dead—but what of it? The will—the will, which undoubtedly took away the money that should belong to her —still remained. Victor Schoop was—was still there.

This couldn't go on! Now, even if Victor did die she might not get all of his money—might not even get any of it. There must be something she could do.

Then the idea of the new will came to Bertha. It came to her suddenly, and she accepted it eagerly and yet calmly and without analysis. Of course. Old Merkel was dead. She had seen his handwriting often enough. He had always been sending business notes to Victor. She could get hold of dozens of them.

She'd write a will, date it a month before Merkel's death—which would mean that it had been made five months later than the original will—and she'd word it the way she wanted it to be. She was rather good at imitating other persons' handwriting, she felt.

Bertha remembered now a trick she had learned as a very young girl. Some one had told her that when you want to imitate any one's handwriting, if you turned the signature upside down you could copy it very easily, stroke by stroke. She had tried it then with surprising results. She could do it now, of course. She practised on signatures of Merkel and of Schoop. Easy enough. Why hadn't she thought of that before?

She knew that her husband had used the battered old typewriter that stood in one corner of his den. Bertha had tried to write on it at intervals and had even composed business letters for Victor Schoop.

BERTHA knew when Schoop made his will, but she did not see it.

There was no reason why she couldn't write a will—make it look as authentic as—as the real—the first one. The same paper—the same typewriting—the same signatures—but a later date. Of course. It would just look as if Victor had thought things over, changed his mind.

ONE morning Schoop decided to go into town. He had not been out of the house for several weeks. He felt well enough, now, to go out on what he termed "important business." Bertha straightened his collar for him, handed him his cane, kissed him good-by. What an unpleasant old man he was!

When Schoop had gone, Bertha gave a few unnecessary orders to Sophie, the maid, wandered up to her own room, downstairs again, went into the den. She picked up a piece of typewriter paper, put it into the machine. Why not?

In a few minutes she had written the will, following the standard form, neatly and without an error, as she felt that Victor Schoop or Merkel—whichever one had done the actual writing that day—would have written it. Vividly she remembered that form from the time of her father's death, when the bequest had been charged with such empty irony.

". . . in my right mind . . . I do hereby bequeath all of my real and personal property in every form to my beloved wife, Bertha Schoop . . ."

It was finished! Dated! Signed! Bertha looked at the signatures with pardonable pride. She put the will into one of Schoop's business envelops. Sealed it.

She hid it upstairs in her second dresser drawer underneath her best lingerie — the pieces which she had bought one at a time when she could not resist them in the shops, and which she was keeping for some possible occasion. Now, if Victor should die!

If Victor should die! But Victor didn't die. He came home from that trip into town and from other trips into town. Each day he grew seemingly more querulous, more unpleasant. But he did not die.

Bertha stopped in to see George Bollmer whenever she could force an opportunity. George seemed indifferent, and yet, in a way, glad to see her. What could he do? She was married—couldn't leave an invalid husband. There were a lot of advances he would undoubtedly make if—if Victor were dead.

Of course. Suddenly she knew. Victor would be better off if he weren't alive. Wouldn't suffer any more. Would be out of the way—and—now—with the will. His life just sort of hung in the balance. He was a sick man—going to die soon, anyhow. The doctors all said so—were surprised he had lived so long.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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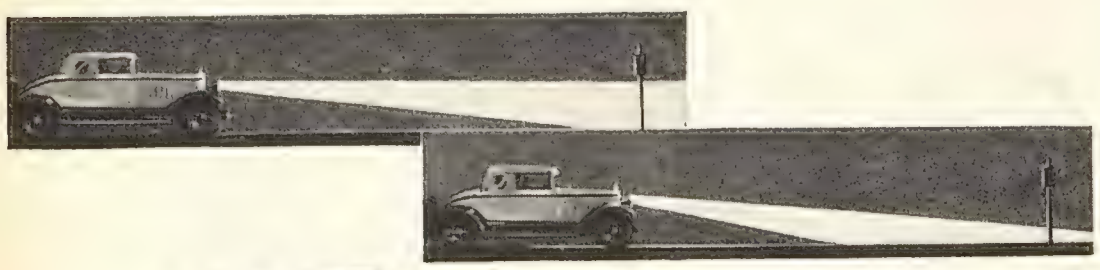

Guide TILT RAY HEAD LAMPS

THE WILL
[Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

It takes so little to kill! So little to kill! Why, right now in the medicine cabinet, along with the other drugs for Victor, there was a bottle of bichlorid-of-mercury tablets. Unpleasant blue tablets of a peculiar shape. Each tablet of seven grains. Bertha had found out from things the doctor had said that one tablet would kill a man like Schoop, who was half dead already.

Of course. Why hadn't she thought of it before? It would be so easy. And then the money—and George Bollmer.

Schoop always asked for water after he had gone to bed at night, when only one little light was turned on and when he was half asleep.

One of these tablets dissolved in a glass of cold water! He'd never know! Before long it would be all over. Over—all this unpleasantness. Why not?

AFTER Schoop had had an unusually bad day, during which he had stayed in bed and asked Bertha for a hundred things, she gave him one of the tablets.

Bertha did not know what the immediate effects of the poison would be. She did not dare ask any one, had no way of finding out. She went to bed, tossed, could hardly believe what she had done. Yet she was only a little nervous, a little worried. It had been easy enough. If—if only everything went all right—without hitches—the way she had planned.

A few minutes later Schoop called to Bertha. He had become suddenly ill. He was seized with terrific pains. Bertha pretended to soothe him, tried to persuade him that nothing unusual was the matter. After all, he frequently had pains, didn't he? And yet she told herself that he was the same as dead. Already dead! The poor old thing! How she disliked him!

Bertha telephoned to Dr. Billings. It was the thing to do. She knew that the doctor wouldn't know what was the matter. She'd be on the safe side—be the devoted wife—have a doctor.

The doctor arrived, puttered around in his usual fashion. Schoop became suddenly very weak, had a gastric hemorrhage. Unpleasant. He did not recover his strength again.

Dr. Billings called in Dr. Edwards for consultation. The two physicians talked of a blood transfusion. Bertha shivered. What if—if they wanted to use her—to take her blood?

There was another hemorrhage. Schoop was semiconscious. Dr. Billings gave him a hypodermic injection of morphine so that he would stop bleeding.

"His condition is serious," he said to Mrs. Schoop; "but if he doesn't bleed any more he may recover. I'm going to call in Dr. Prang for the blood transfusion—"

Bertha smiled. She saw now how ignorant doctors were—talking about gastric hemorrhages and poor old Victor's liver—when it was something else all the time. Oh, well.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Dr. Prang arrived. All three doctors were at his bedside when Victor Schoop died. Bertha was not in the room.

"The old boy had gastric hemorrhage," said one. "That was one of his esophageal varices. I'd like to see what the old bird's liver looks like—I'd like to have a specimen of it."

"I bet it was cancer after all," Dr. Edwards said. "Let's perform an autopsy and find out."

DR. BILLINGS broke the news of her husband's death to Bertha. It had taken just twenty-four hours.

Bertha felt that she was an excellent actress. She "bore up bravely," sobbed a little. After the first shock, Dr. Billings said to her:

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Schoop, we'd like to perform an autopsy. A remarkable case—a liver like that. If you don't mind —we have to have your permission, you know."

She did mind. She minded awfully. She didn't know what to say. Why, if they performed an autopsy they would find how wrong they had been! They would find out that—that it hadn't been his liver, after all—that Schoop—

Dr. Edwards and Dr. Prang were standing behind Dr. Billings. They were all looking at her—looking at her curiously. Did they —did they—suspect anything?

"I don't know—I don't—" she began.

Dr. Billings smiled kindly.

"It's quite usual," he said. "There will be nothing unpleasant as far as—as you are concerned. We are interested—a scientific case—"

They nodded, all three of them. They glared—three pairs of eyes. Did they suspect? Did they *know?*

She wanted to scream out. She didn't dare.

"All you'll have to do is give your permission," said Dr. Billings. "That is all. We would like very much—" He waited. He was the family doctor. He had known Victor and her for years. His eyes, now!

Bertha did not know what to do. She did not dare refuse. Oh, well. Such fools. Maybe they couldn't tell, after all.

"All right," she said and went into her own room.

She tried to lie down. She couldn't lie down. Those doctors! That autopsy! What were they finding? Why—why hadn't she—waited? Why had she done this thing? She must do something.

She wandered around her room, picked up a dozen things, put them down on the bed, got up, combed her hair, walked downstairs into the den, closed the door. The telephone was there. She would ring up George Bollmer and tell him—that Victor—was dead.

Then she would at least have the feeling that Bollmer was thinking about her—a background of his strength and thought. She was able to keep her voice steady as she asked for him.

Yes, he was there—in a minute now. George!

"Hello." It was his voice.

"Hello," said Bertha. "I—I—hello, Mr. Bollmer—George. It's Mrs. Schoop—Bertha Schoop. I had to tell some one—to tell you—it's dreadful. My husband is dead. He just died. I—I wanted you to know—"

"Oh, I'm awful sorry," said George Bollmer. "I'm just as sorry as I can be to hear that. I wish there was something I could do for you. I do honestly, Mrs. Schoop. I'd come up to the house right now if I could—if I could do anything.

"But you see—well—it's no time to tell you such a thing, under the circumstances, but—well, you see I'm getting married tonight to —maybe you know her—Miss Krager—she used to be here in the office with me. I'm sorry as I can be. If there's anything we can do when we get back—"

Bertha heard her voice answering mechanically. She hung up the receiver.

George married! Victor—dead —upstairs. And the doctors—why, this very minute they were performing an autopsy—were finding out that she—that she—

This time she couldn't stand it. She knew that, now. She had thought that she couldn't stand things before—and those things hadn't been hard to stand. Now! George—gone. Victor—she had killed Victor—they would find out. The will—that, too! She was afraid—afraid. The doctors' eyes! The autopsy!

George married—Victor dead—the bichlorid—the will—the bichlorid! That was it. The way out—

One bichlorid tablet! That wouldn't be enough. Twenty-four hours to wait! It had taken that long for Victor. She couldn't afford to wait. She hurried upstairs and took four of the tablets out of the bottle—

THE Schoop case always remained a bit of a mystery to every one. To think that a woman like Mrs. Schoop—only forty-one, too —had cared so much for her husband that she had committed suicide when she was told of his death. You wouldn't have thought that a woman like that could have cared so much for an invalid like old Schoop who had been ill for years.

Real love! That was it! They say you can't die of a broken heart, but that just shows —you can't live when your heart is broken. Just think, if she had lived she would have been a rich widow at forty-one—her husband had left everything to her.

The two wills. That was peculiar, too. Every one agreed about that. Two wills, and both alike—almost the identical wording.

". . . in my right mind . . . I do hereby bequeath all of my real and personal property . . . to my beloved wife, Bertha Schoop . . ."

Even the same witness. Two wills just alike—a few months apart.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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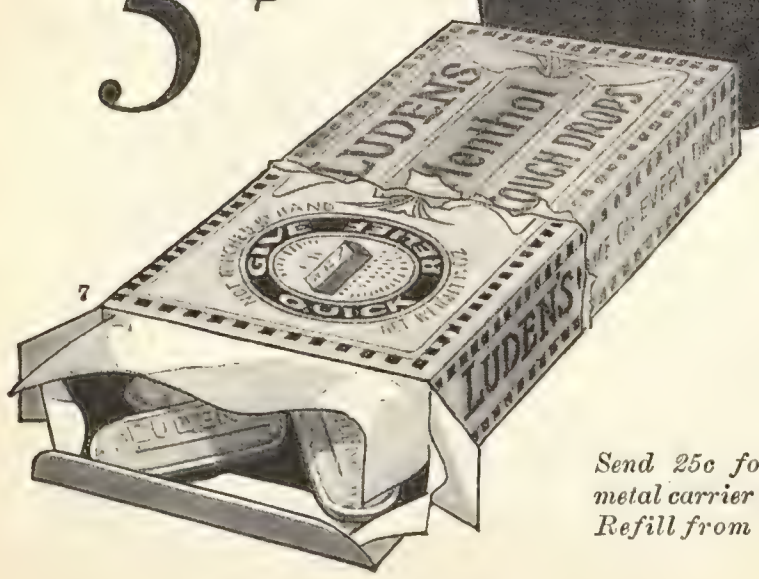

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[THE WILL Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

Oh, well, Schoop was getting old—childish. Still, he had loved his wife—had left her everything. And she had loved him.

Funny!

If the townspeople thought the case peculiar, the three doctors thought it even more so. When they had made their autopsy they had found that Victor Schoop had died as they had suspected—of cirrhosis of the liver. They had found what they called among themselves a "hobnailed liver," a very small cirrhotic liver, but not especially unusual for that disease.

Then one of them noticed something peculiar.

"The only time I ever saw a stomach like that," Dr. Edwards said, "was when I was at Bellevue—a case of bichlorid poisoning. Funny."

So they investigated, quite curious.

"Poor old fellow," Dr. Prang had said. "One way or the other he would have passed out. He must have taken a bichlorid tablet by mistake. It wouldn't have killed him for four or five days."

THE END

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

The Lover's Resolution

By GEORGE WITHER

[George Wither (1588-1667), born a Royalist, served under Cromwell during the Revolution in England, and was imprisoned during the early Restoration. Besides poems, he wrote hymns and satires, and translated the Psalms.]

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

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Yes, SIR, He's My Daddy

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

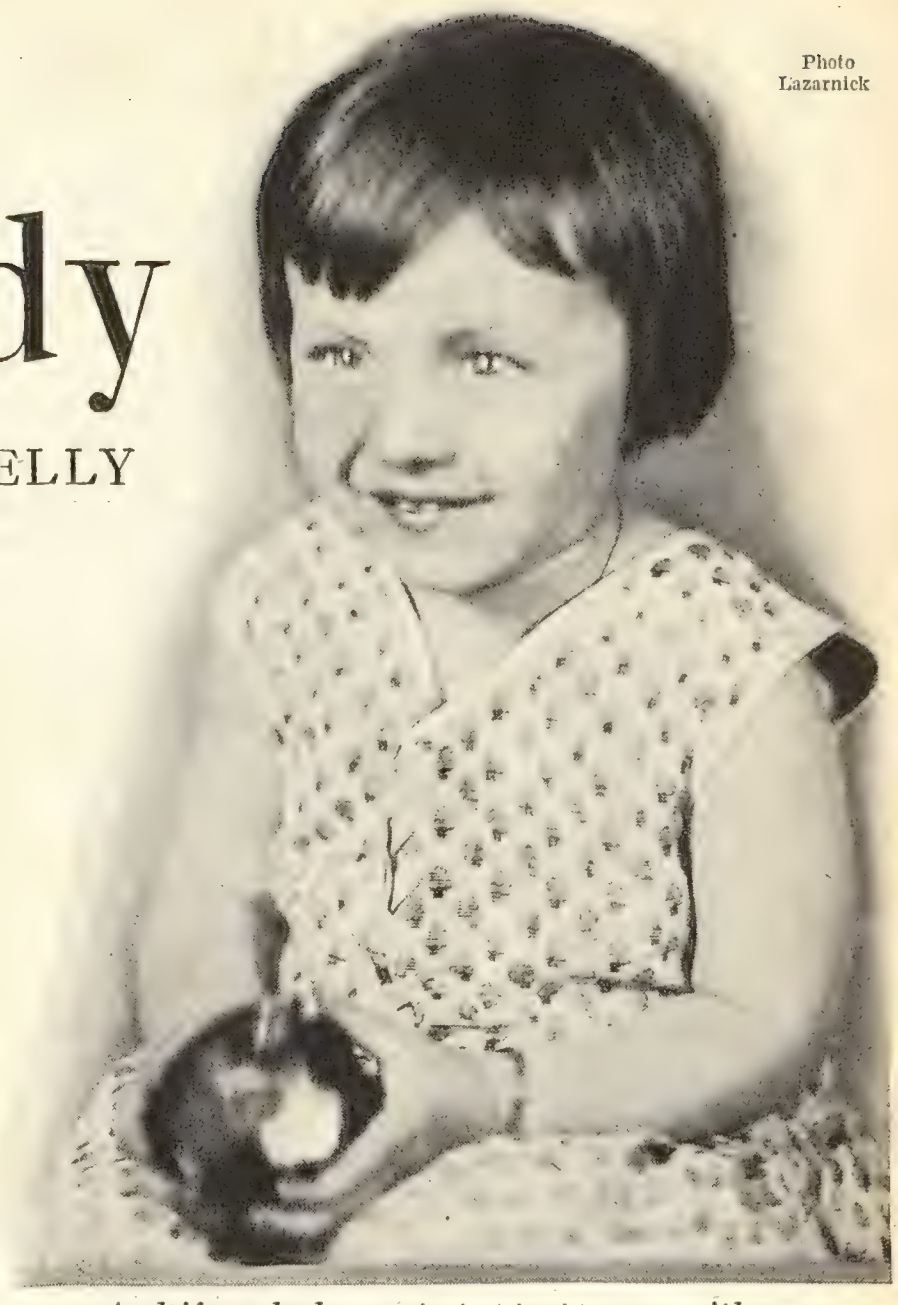

Photo Lazarnick

And if anybody wants to start a row with me, just try to claim him.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

An argument was going on in our house the other day that sur-prised me. I never thought there was anything in it to argue about.

"Toni," Mom says to my Aunt Toni, "would sell out the both of us for her Daddy."

"Funny," says Aunt Toni, "the way little girls seem to love their daddies most. I wonder why it is? Maybe it is because daddies aren't called upon to do very much chas-tis-ing."

"No," Mom re-flect-ed; "I think it is something that goes deeper than that. Attraction of the sexes or some such explanation. Boys usually cling to their mothers and girls to their fathers."

Now, I ask you, did you ever hear anything so silly as arguing over the question of why I love my Daddy most? He's my Daddy and that's all there is to the argument.

My Daddy! And if anybody wants to start a row with me, just try to claim him. That's the time my red head comes in kinda useful, for I get *mad*. I stamp my feet, shake my head hard, and cling like everything to Daddy, so no one else can get him. He's *my* Daddy and nobody else's Daddy, and nobody else can have him.

Mom says that, since she's known him a much longer time than I have, she might be allowed to share him and make him "our" Daddy.

"I wonder what I'm going to do with her?" she sighs. "I can not encourage her to go on being so jealous of her Daddy, even though this worship of hers does please him to death."

I don't think Mom had better waste any time trying to cure me, because I don't intend to be cured if I can possibly help it. Per-sonally I don't think there is anything unnatural about my taste, do you? What girl doesn't like to have a nice man to enter-tain her, to dance with her, to "make a house" for her, and to take her walking Sundays?

Maybe girls never get used to harsh words from mens.

"If you'd stop at that," Mom says, "I might understand it. But why expect the gentleman to dress you and to get you ready for bed at night? To say nothing of the duties that are right-fully a woman's that you expect him to perform for you?"

I'm sure I don't know what Mom means by that last remark, because there isn't anything that Daddy won't do for me, so I guess he doesn't think there are such things as women's duties where I'm concerned.

Daddies are just nice, and that's all there is to it. They're always ready for fun when they come home at night. Least, mine is. And if I stick close enough to him I can fool him about the time to go to bed, which I never can do with my Mom. She's worse than an alarm-clock, the way she rings out the bed-time hour.

And if you happen to be in wrong with your Mommy, as I am sometimes, your Daddy has a way of slipping a message to you, without saying anything, that he doesn't believe a word of what has been told him about our being naughty. And daddies can think up an excuse right away to make everybody forget there has been any trouble in the camp at all.

Daddies aren't so fussy about what you eat, either. I pulled such a *boner* the other day. That's what Daddy called it, anyway.

You see, I'm not supposed to eat certain things that are sweet and sticky and which's name I won't say, because Daddy told me I better not mention it again. But I like candy just the same. So when we were out walking last Sunday I told Daddy I did. All I've got to do with him is to just say something like that. It wasn't until next morning at breakfast we both got found out.

"Daddy take Toni for walk today and buy candy?" I asked him.

"So that's what you two are up to when you're let out alone!" Mom said, with an accusing look at Daddy. "No wonder she wouldn't eat her supper last night!"

"SHE only had a little piece," Daddy pro-test-ed.

"Only little pieces," I assured Mom.

"I see where I have to send some one along next time you two go out together," Mom threat-en-ed.

"You sure spilled the beans that time, honey," Daddy said, shaking his head at me. "You've got to learn—"

"*You've* got to learn, Daddy," Mom in-ter-rupt-ed, "that a lady with a secret is a dangerous thing."

We have a secret between us, though, that Mommy doesn't know anything about. He buys me ice-cream cones, too, when I go out with him. And then, we have another secret. It is that Daddy doesn't mean it at all when he tries to play the stern parent.

I notice, when he does raise his voice at me, amused glances pass between my Mom and Aunt Toni. Maybe they are in on the secret, too.

"Ain't he the *Simon Legree?*" Aunt Toni laughed the other day, when I tipped Daddy's pipe over and some hot ashes went on his hand and he let out a loud yell at me, immediately retreating with a hug.

Even with our secret, it hurts my feelings something awful if Daddy does look mad at me. I wonder why it is that I sometimes don't even cry when Mom punishes me, but if Daddy says a cross word it nearly breaks my heart. I suppose it is because I'm not used to a harsh word from him, and that's why. Maybe, too, girls never get used to harsh words from mens without bursting into tears. I don't know.

Daddy took me calling last Sunday on a lady who lives in a little house on top of a roof away up so high that when I looked down all the people on the street looked the same size as me. I wanted to go down and play with them. But when I got down on the street they turned out to be nothing but just big people. The toy soldier who opened the auto doors was so big that when he sneezed he almost shook the sidewalk.

Daddy said one of the dangers of getting away up high in the world was to look down and imagine the rest were little folk—and that's why some very high-ups lost their crowns and why some lose their friends and get out of touch with very worth-while human influences.

When the toy soldier sneezed he almost shook the sidewalk.

Which I couldn't understand at all. But when he set me on the wall that runs around the roof I asked Daddy if this was the wall that *Humpty-Dumpty* sat upon.

"No," he said; "it was another wall so much like this one that if you fell down, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put you together again, either.

"But before any such ca-tas-tro-phe happens, Toni," he added, "I'd better be taking you back home for your supper."

"I damage furniture, but it also damages me," wails Toni, Jr., in next week's LIBERTY.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY'S Twenty Questions are supposed to be friendly tools of amusement rather than instruments of torture, but some of this week's group may try your patience. A few of them are real "stickers."

In next week's issue you will find the answers to any that may have defeated you, and there will be, as usual, twenty new queries to test your store of information.

1—Are there more States east or west of the Mississippi River?

2—How is the percentage of a baseball team determined to decide the pennant-winner of the league?

3—Can you name the *Three Musketeers?*

4—What is the Fifteenth Amendment?

5—Can you name the thirteen original States?

6—Does the United States own the Panama Canal?

7—What was the first successful newspaper printed in the United States?

8—Which carries the most passenger traffic between Canada and the United States—railways or automobiles?

9—In what year was the Johnstown flood? How many lives were lost?

10—When did the first steamboat cross the Atlantic Ocean?

11—When was Tammany Hall founded?

12—Why was March 4 selected as the date for the inauguration of Presidents in the United States?

13—Where is Patagonia, and to what country does it belong?

14—What is the fastest time ever made by a steamship in crossing the Atlantic Ocean?

15—What are the three greatest oil-producing countries in the world?

16—What is the fastest controlled speed at which man has ever traveled?

17—What is the only animal supported by the League of Nations?

18—How many times has Gene Tunney been knocked off his feet in the ring?

19—What is the Taj Mahal, and where is it located?

20—How many plays is William Shakespeare credited with having written?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the highest summit in the Andes?
A.—Aconcagua, an extinct craterless volcano in the Argentine Republic, with an altitude of 23,080 feet.

2—What is the greatest price ever paid for a book?
A.—Sixty-two thousand dollars, paid recently by a Philadelphia bibliophile for a first folio Shakespeare, is believed to be the greatest. This book was published in 1623, in an edition of 250 copies.

3—Against how many foreign nations did the United States declare war during the World War?
A.—Two: Germany and Austria-Hungary. The latter declaration was made eight months after America entered the war.

4—Where is the original Venus de Milo?
A.—In the Louvre in Paris.

5—How long has Sunday been observed as the day of rest?
A.—Sunday, the first day of the week, at the time of the Apostle Paul was celebrated as the Day of Resurrection—the Lord's Day—as distinguished from Saturday, the seventh day, celebrated by the Hebrews as the true Sabbath. It became the Christian Sabbath several centuries later.

6—What is the most effective protection of houses against lightning?
A.—According to fire-insurance companies, an all-metal roof properly connected with the ground.

7—When was American football first organized?
A.—In 1862, by Gerrit Smith Miller at the Epes Sargent Dixwell School, Boston.

8—What President narrowly escaped capture by a foreign enemy while in office?
A.—President Madison. In 1812, when Admiral Cockburn and the British fleet raided Washington, the President and his wife fled the White House a short time before it was burned.

9—What is the only active volcano in the forty-eight American States?
A.—Mount Lassen, in northern California.

10—What is the Davis Cup?
A.—It is the emblem of international supremacy in tennis, donated in 1900 by Dwight F. Davis, the present Secretary of War.

11—What sum does the President receive in addition to his salary?
A.—He receives $25,000 for his traveling expenses, four official dinners, and for dinners to visiting rulers.

12—How many Presidents have gone outside the United States while in office?
A.—Five. President Cleveland, while fishing, went beyond the three-mile limit, the theoretical boundary. Roosevelt went to Panama, Taft to Mexico. Wilson made two visits to Europe, and Harding, en route to Alaska, visited Canada.

13—How does the government profit on paper money?
A.—About one-half of 1 per cent of the amount issued never is presented for redemption.

14—How are torn pieces of paper money redeemed?
A.—Half the face value of a mutilated note may be obtained if less than three-fifths and more than two-fifths remain. More than three-fifths of a torn bill commands full payment.

15—What is John D. Rockefeller's middle name?
A.—Davison.

16—When and where did Robin Hood and his famous band of robbers operate?
A.—From 1189 to 1247, in and around Sherwood Forest, England.

17—What is meant by "trunk line" as applied to railroads?
A.—It is a figure of speech likening the road with its branches to the trunk and branches of a tree.

18—What is the difference between evergreen and deciduous trees?
A.—Deciduous trees are those which shed their leaves annually.

19—For whom was Yale University named?
A.—For Elihu Yale, an early patron of the institution. Hence the name "Eli" as applied to the university.

20—How did the New York Stock Exchange originate?
A.—In about 1791, stock-brokers met under a buttonwood-tree on Wall Street to discuss the market and to exchange securities. Later they met in coffee taverns, and in 1817 acquired permanent quarters.

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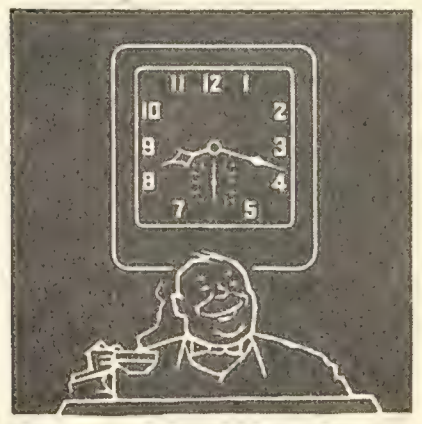

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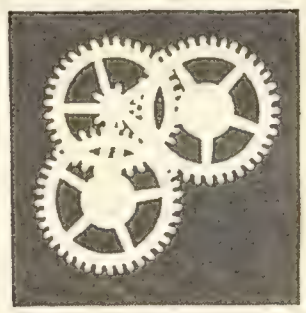

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British fliers examining the twin Spandau machine guns from Richthofen's fallen Fokker. With these rapid-fire weapons, and others of similar design, the German ace shot down eighty Allied planes.

The Red Knight of Germany

Honors for the Fallen Foe

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Manfred von Richthofen, who shot down eighty Allied planes, was killed on April 21, 1918, by Captain A. Roy Brown, a Canadian flier in the British Royal Air Force. In the previous instalment, Mr. Gibbons told the story of the German ace's last combat. And now two of Captain Brown's comrades give their recollections of the same fight. As is natural, certain conflicts appear in these versions. Their stories are published exactly as they were told.]

PART TWENTY-THREE

IN that vertical line of British Camels that dived upon the Richthofen squadron of Fokker and Albatross planes the morning of April 21, 1918, was Captain Oliver C. Le Boutillier, commander of B Flight of Squadron 209, Royal Air Force, and second in command to Captain A. Roy Brown.

Le Boutillier and Brown were close friends, having served together in Squadron 9 of the naval air force before that branch was merged with the army fliers to form the Royal Air Force.

Despite his French name, Le Boutillier is an American, born in East Orange, New Jersey. He succumbed to the war fever in May, 1916, when he was twenty years old.

After training as a civilian at Wright Field, Mineola, New York, he went to Ottawa, Canada, and enlisted in the British Royal Naval Air Service. There followed a long training period in England, and not until April 4, 1917, did he enter active service in France with the unit that included Brown.

Le Boutillier had at least six German planes to his credit prior to the engagement in which Richthofen was killed. Here is his account of the battle on April 21, as he recalls it, more than nine years later:

"We had been operating out of Bertangles about seven weeks before April 21, and only three weeks previously we had been made a unit of the Royal Air Force. We were equipped with single-seater Camels on which were mounted two machine guns, firing over and through the propeller arc.

"We knew that the Richthofen outfit was somewhere in the vicinity. Of course, none of us knew Richthofen's plane. We had heard of him, but nobody to my knowledge actually knew Richthofen when he saw him in the air.

"We were doing two patrols a day—morning and afternoon. On our first patrol, the morning of the twenty-first, we flew from Bertangles to Breilly. From there it was our custom to work south along the Somme, flying back and forth over the lines.

"Usually we went out in units of one flight each. But this morning, a Sunday, three flights were together. Leading was A Flight. Captain Brown, or Brownie, had C Flight, which flew behind and to the right of the first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

flight, and mine was on the other side of the leaders, and behind.

"Some time during the early part of the patrol we lost sight of A Flight. Brownie was second in command, so he moved up ahead. We were then ten planes.

"As we cruised along in a sky apparently clear of both clouds and enemy planes, I alternately watched Brownie and the ground. We saw the Germans all at once. A flock of them had jumped on two or three of our slow observation planes.

"Brownie waggled the wings of his plane, or staggered it, which meant he had sighted German planes, and dived. The rest of us were strung out behind, going almost straight down, several thousand feet, toward the German planes.

"Then we were in it."

Captain Le Boutillier found it difficult to form a complete picture of what followed.

"THERE must have been twenty of us mixing things up for about half an hour," he continued. "In a dog fight all organization is shot to pieces. It's every man for himself and a machine-gun bullet for the slowest thinker.

"I'd catch momentary glimpses of Brownie and the others. I'd pick out a German and go after his tail, but before I could get my sights trained on him, some other German would be sending tracers through my wings and I'd have to pull out to keep from getting hit myself.

"The Huns' planes were of all colors—except scarlet, the hue of the plane in which Richthofen was shot down. I can say positively that he was not in that dog fight, though he probably was hanging around on the outskirts.

"During the mêlée, some of the Germans went down. Then, after what seemed like endless hours of fighting, there was a momentary lull, and out of the corner of my eye I saw one of our machines heading for home. I recognized it as Lieutenant May's plane, one of Brownie's flight. Almost at the same moment I saw a bright scarlet German plane swooping down on him.

"For a second I hesitated, wondering whether I should go after that German plane or stay in the dog fight. But Brownie had beaten me to it. I saw him dart out of the mix-up and start after the scarlet plane.

"The three planes—May's, the scarlet one, and Brownie's—were headed for Sailly-le-Sec and were very low over the Australian trenches. Then, suddenly, the scarlet plane seemed to stagger, turn over—and it fell.

"I caught up with Brownie while he was circling over the spot where the German plane lay close to the Australian trenches. I knew he wanted to land and look it over, and I stayed with him, but there was no place to put a plane down, because the ground had been so torn up by shell-fire.

"I remember clearly that the machine was lying by a little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Page Mr. Peanut

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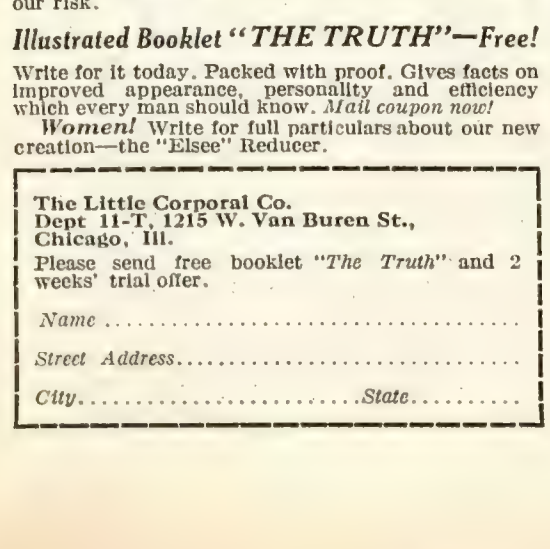

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

hedge. We marked the spot mentally and returned to Bertangles.

"When we got back, we found that no one was missing or hurt, although every plane had been badly shot up. As the scarlet machine had been a clear victory for Brown, I, with several others, confirmed the victory for him when we made our reports.

"Then I heard that the scarlet plane had carried Richthofen.

"I didn't get to talk to Brownie again. I heard later that he had been sent back to Marske in England as an instructor, and that he had crashed and been hurt badly there.

"Richthofen got a splendid funeral. His grave was dug just inside the entrance to the little cemetery at Bertangles. Every branch of the British army and some of the French units had delegations there. I was among those detailed from our squadron."

THAT is Le Boutillier's account of the death and burial of Richthofen as he saw it. Shortly after this he was granted a three months' leave of absence to visit his home. He returned and spent the remainder of the war ferrying planes across the English Channel from Dover to St. Pol, an aviation depot on the French coast.

He received one slight wound in the back in a year and a half of active service, and in June, 1919, received a citation from the British government for "gallant and distinguished services."

Another British war bird who took part in that mad scramble of British and German planes on the April morning when Richthofen went down, is a modest young man of thirty, who is today a civil engineer in New York City.

He is Captain W. J. Mackenzie, who was at that time a lieutenant in Captain Brown's flight. On that memorable day in 1918, Mackenzie accounted for one enemy aircraft and was the only British casualty in the actual engagement. Now he is reticent about discussing either distinction.

"The war is over," is his terse answer to almost every argument one uses in trying to convince him that he is not indulging in self-glorification.

Mackenzie is even inclined to hold his record as of little importance, although it is marked by nine credited victories in the air, includes long active service in France until the Armistice, and gained him a captain's commission, the British Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Belgian Croix de Guerre.

But included in his war story is one bit of information that shows how German headquarters was especially anxious to preserve the life of Von Richthofen, whose example stimulated the whole German army.

"Some months after Richthofen was killed," Mackenzie said, "a former member of his circus was brought down on our side of the lines. This fellow told us that after Richthofen became famous, two men were told off on every patrol to act primarily as his body-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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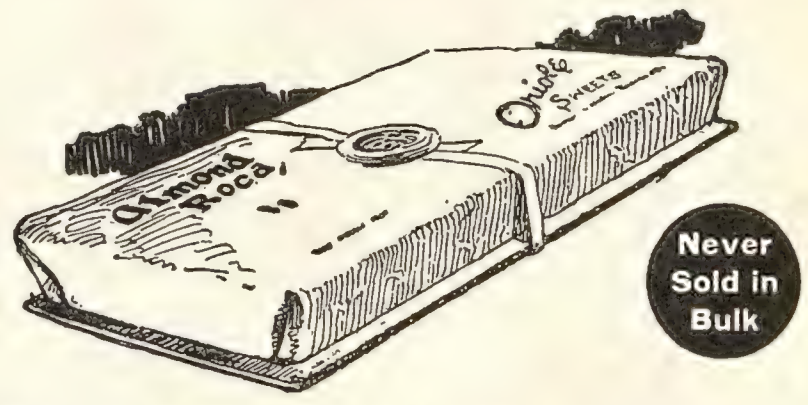

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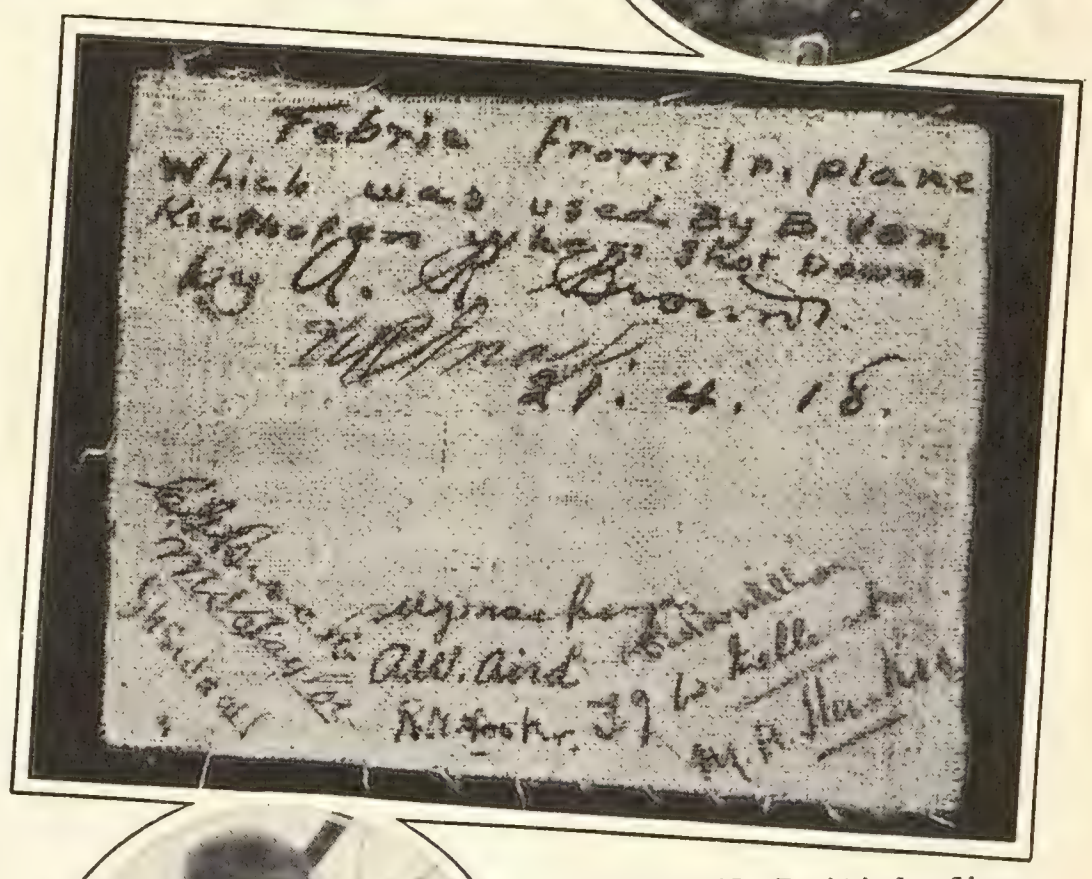
[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

guard. They must have lost him on that day he was killed."

Mackenzie was born in Tennessee, but had been reared in Canada. In December, 1916, this boy of nineteen in civilian clothes set out from his home in Port Robinson, Ontario, bound for war and adventure.

Mackenzie was accepted in the British Royal Naval Air Service as a probationary flight officer. He was sent to England immediately, where he spent between six and eight months in training, principally at the Manston and Cranwell airdromes. Crossing the Channel, he was assigned to No. 13 Squadron of the naval flying service.

MACKENZIE'S first combat experience was in northern Belgium, flying with Captain Raymond Collishaw, D. S. O., a famous Canadian ace. He stayed there until mid-February of 1918, when he and three other fliers from that squadron were sent to join No. 9 Squadron on the Somme front.



ELEVEN British fliers commemorated their parts in the Red Knight's last combat by autographing the reverse side of this strip of fabric from his all-red plane. The signatures include those of Captains W. J. Mackenzie (top) and O. C. Le Boutillier (left).

Thus it was that when Squadron 9 of the Royal Naval Air Service at Bertangles became Squadron 209 of the Royal Air Force three weeks before Richthofen's death, Mackenzie became a member of Captain Brown's flight.

"We engaged a German two-seater over Cérisy on the Somme," Mackenzie said, concerning the morning of April 21. "This was after we had floated over the lines for some time without being able to draw any German planes into an engagement.

"A group of German single-seaters sat high above us when Brown signaled for us to go down on this plane. We were nine or ten planes, and as soon as we got into a low altitude, the enemy planes came down. There were at least twenty-one or twenty-two of them.

"I didn't know it was Richthofen's circus. For that matter, I had never heard of Richthofen's red machine. I can not understand all I've heard since about how he had thrown fear into us all by his reputation and his glaring red plane.

"Anyway, we were mixing it up warmly in this scrap, and for a while three of the enemy were on to me, each of them trying to get in a burst. Finally some one took off one of the planes, which left me with two of them.

"With two, one has a fair chance, and I was getting in a burst at them now and then, when from somewhere came another, and he put over a broadside, and the splinters flew and things crackled. The back of my little wicker chair was shot away. In the excitement I didn't know I was wounded, but when I put my hand back I felt the tear in my flying-suit.

"I went into a spin at somewhere between 3,000 and 4,000 feet, with the motor off. One of the Germans followed me down to see the crash, and when he came close he got careless. He flew right

in front of me, and at this opportune instant I pressed both triggers. I'm sure he never caused us further worry.

"Up to this time I hadn't noticed Brown since the beginning of the scrap. I was quite low, so I headed back toward our lines, still afraid that something might happen because of my wound—maybe a faint—although I felt all right.

"Just as I got over the lines, I spotted one of our planes flying for home with a red plane after him. Behind the red plane was Brown. Something distracted my attention for an instant, but when I looked down again the red German plane was gone."

When Mackenzie returned to Bertangles, he was sent immediately to a hospital for treatment. There it was found that he had been struck by an explosive machine-gun bullet, which had made a slight wound in his back.

"We didn't know until several hours after we were back," Mackenzie continued, "that Brown had got Richthofen."

Mackenzie never saw Richthofen's body, but he did get a small piece of fabric from the red plane. This piece of cloth, about four inches square, still has the thick red paint on one side. On the reverse is one of the rarest mementoes of the fight: the autographs of eleven English fliers, including those who took part in that historic combat. The names are:

A. R. Brown	W. R. May
C. G. Brock	R. N. Foster
M. S. Taylor	F. J. W. Mellersh
A. W. Aird	M. A. Hawker
S. H. Siddall	W. J. Mackenzie
O. C. Le Boutillier	

Mackenzie attended Richthofen's funeral and then went on with the war. He won his captaincy, became a flight leader, and continued to pile up his record of victories. After he was mustered out of service, he studied at the University of Toronto.

Meanwhile, Richthofen's body lay in state in one of the English tent hangars at Bertangles on the day following his death. Many English airmen viewed the remains in silent admiration for a brave foe.

But little remained of the all-red Fokker when souvenir-hunters got through with it. Superstitious airmen took bits of fabric to carry with them on their hazardous daily jobs aloft. An omen of good luck attached to the plane of the man whose success in the air had blazoned his record around the world.

British pilots who had been fighting the circus daily for the past month examined closely the dismantled twin Spandau machine guns with which Richthofen had sent so many of their comrades to death.

Roy Brown did not view the ace's body while it lay in state. Comrades came to his quarters to tell him he had done a bully fine job. He preferred not to talk about it. The added excitement had put almost the finishing touch on his nerves.

While the body of the man he had killed lay in the tent, Brown led his flight over the lines on two more patrols. Then he went to a hospital for treatment and rest, and two weeks later he left the fighting zone on a month's leave.

RICHTHOFEN'S battle-field burial in the little cemetery at Bertangles, France. In the background, a British chaplain is reading the Church of England service over the black bier, covered with flowers from admiring foemen. The double file of Anzacs in the foreground fired a last salute.

SIX weeks after his fight with Richthofen he resumed duty as a combat instructor in England, where the Prince of Wales pinned an additional bar on his Distinguished Service Cross.

Some time later he fainted in his machine and crashed to earth. When he was lifted from the wreckage he was pronounced dead, but the physicians managed to fan back a spark of life and he survived a skull fracture and several broken ribs. Today, at thirty-three years of age, the man who killed Richthofen lives at No. 97 Garfield Avenue, Toronto, Canada, and is engaged in business. He has a wife and three children.

Richthofen was buried with full military honors on the afternoon of the day after his death. From the tent hangar, a plain black-stained wooden box was carried on the shoulders of six fighting pilots of the Royal Air Force who acted as pall-bearers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-seven

The coffin was placed in an open army tender and covered with floral tributes that came from all near-by air squadrons. Preceded by a guard of Australian infantrymen, who carried their rifles reversed, the cortège moved slowly down the road beside the airdrome.

To the left of the road the hum and roar of motors told of the arrival and departure of fighting planes on duty at the front.

The procession arrived at the cemetery on the outskirts of Bertangles. There, at the foot of a tall poplar-tree, an open grave awaited.

The black box was placed beside the grave while the pall-bearers stood bareheaded at the foot. At one side were two files of Anzacs, standing rigidly with bowed heads and the muzzles of their rifles grounded.

French children and civilians beyond the years of military service attended, while Australians from the ranks ranged themselves behind the hedge fence on the road.

From the east the rumble of the guns continued, as the English chaplain in white surplice repeated the burial service of the Church of England. He recited a prayer for the dead, and a murmured amen came from the awed assemblage.

The casket was lowered gently into the grave. The quiet was broken by a sharp order from a lieutenant. The double rank of Australians snapped to attention. Another order and they raised their rifles. Three volleys—a parting salute—were fired over the remains of a respected fallen foe. The grave was filled.

ON the following day a British pilot flew low over Richthofen's old airdrome at Cappy. He threw down a metal container attached to a streamer. It fell not far from the hangars in front of which the German ace had stopped to pet the puppy mascot two days before.

The container bore a photograph of the funeral party firing its parting salute over the grave in Bertangles cemetery, and the following message:

TO THE GERMAN FLYING CORPS:
Rittmeister Baron Manfred von Richthofen was killed in aerial combat on April 21, 1918. He was buried with full military honors.

From the
BRITISH ROYAL AIR FORCE.

All of the German war correspondents wrote long obituaries of the fallen ace. Dr. Max Osborn, in the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag,* called upon his readers to revere forever the memory of Richthofen. War Correspondent Scheuermann, in the *Tägliche Rundschau,* related the German account of the ace's last air fight. All Germany mourned its hero.

In the big white house in Schweidnitz, Lothar, convalescing from his last wounds, read the telegrams and letters of condolence. One was from Hans Wolff, who flew with Manfred on the last flight. It read:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rids Your Feet of Aches and Pains

If your feet distress you after any unusual exertion, such as working, walking, standing, hiking, golfing, or dancing, you can get immediate relief by massaging your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. They will be so completely revived, refreshed, strengthened and comforted in a few minutes, that you will be able to be on your feet hours longer without the slightest discomfort.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is famous for its remarkable curative, revitalizing and pain-allaying virtues. It is delightfully soothing, cooling, healing. It stimulates the skin, casts off impurities, keeps the muscles and tissues healthy. Reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions; dispels foot odors.

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c per jar.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Write for free sample to The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies

You'll like the delicate flavor of

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Complete, portable rig for carpenters, wood workers, shipping depts., handy men, etc. Cuts 2// stock.

$48.50 With ¼ H.P., A.C. motor & 8-in saw.

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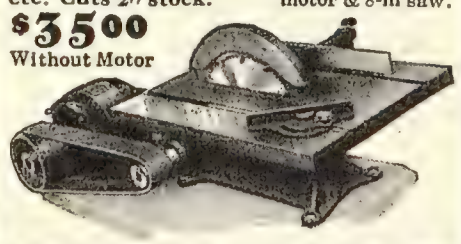

Runs from Light Socket

Metal Table, 14″ x 17″ Tilts to 45 degrees.

Ball Bearing—Cross cuts—Miters—Rips—Dadoes—Bores—Sands—Buffs, etc.

This strong, sturdy outfit will do your work accurately and quickly, in your shop or out on the job. NOT A TOY.

FREE TRIAL *If your hardware dealer cannot supply you, write for our folder L-1.*

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24th Cruise, Jan. 25; 65 days, $600 to $1700

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Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.

Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.

Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KEEP YOUR SCALP Clean and Healthy WITH CUTICURA

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

Airdrome. April 25, 1918.

DEAR RICHTHOFEN:

As yet I can hardly believe that it is true. I feel as if I had had an evil dream which will pass. But nevertheless it is true. Everybody speaks of it. One must not think of it. I can understand your grief. Nothing could have hit you worse than your great brother's death. It is the greatest grief which could have befallen you. But also we, down to the youngest mechanics, are grief-stricken.

We mourn a man, a man who was our idol and for whom we would have willingly given our best. But alas, it was not granted us to prove to him our unswerving loyalty. I am more than unhappy. I have lost more than my idol, which he was to all of us. I loved him as a son loves his father. I was happy when I could be in his company. Especially of late I was with him a lot. We were talking of flying to Freiburg and Speyer. . . .

AFTER reading aloud Wolff's details of the last fight, Lothar read on in silence. He did not care to have his mother hear the suspicion that followed, which Wolff felt and most probably exaggerated in the agony of his loss. Wolff's letter continued:

The Captain is said to have brought down an English plane and shortly thereafter to have made a steep, gliding descent. His landing was normal. Now there are two possibilities: either the motor was overstrained and suddenly refused to work, or the motor was hit. But he most probably was alive and that consoled us greatly. So convinced were we thereof that we were glad for his parents, who would now have the chance of seeing their son after the war.

And next day Major Hahnelt came to us and told us that the Captain had been killed. This was impossible. This could not be true! We refused to believe it! And I had an awful suspicion, founded on a rumor whispered at that time.

You can not land your machine normally when mortally wounded. And there were Australians there who had seen and testified that the English plane had been brought down by Richthofen. And then the Captain landed right among them—No, better not to think of such a horror. Could men really be so barbarous as that? I expect you will hear more details in a very short time.

But should this rumor be true, the German people will call the enemy to account. And we, especially we, the Pursuit Squadron Eleven (Jagdstaffel Eleven), will show the English that in spite of Richthofen's death his spirit is right among us. They shall learn to feel it.

I hope your health is improving and that you will soon be able to take over command of our squadron, leading us to glory and victory. Only one thought is with us: revenge for your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MADE OF GENUINE MOSINEE

MOSINEE IS CHOICE NORTHERN FIBRE

It's Outstanding!

In every line of business there's a product that stands out from the rank and file. For carrying parcels safely and easily it's the—

DEUBENER Shopping Bag (Patented) **10¢**

Sold by 5 and 10c Stores and Department Stores throughout U.S. and Canada, including these well known firms:

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A Dime for a DEUBENER—Everywhere!

Made in St. Paul, Minnesota

"TOUGH AS THE INDIAN"

Are You Too Thin *to wear the modern dresses of today?*

One Woman Gained 15 Pounds in 5 Weeks

IS YOUR face drawn and pinched? Your skin flabby? Are your cheeks sunken with great hollows under the eyes? Does your figure show unbecoming angles instead of the softly rounded slimness of youth?

There's nothing so good as McCoy's Tablets to put on firm flesh, round out face and figure and build up rich, red blood.

So if you need a few pounds of flesh to round out the hollows, if you want to get back oldtime energy and health, get a box of McCoy's Tablets today. Just a short treatment will make you look and feel like a new person.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

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Champion—
for trucks, tractors and cars other than Fords—and for all stationary engines—packed in the Blue Box
75¢

The comparison of CHAMPIONS with other spark plugs will readily show how much better they are designed and made. But to really appreciate why CHAMPIONS are the better spark plugs, you must actually drive with them. Such a test will prove that their exclusive sillimanite cores, two-piece construction and special analysis electrodes result in a dependability which has made CHAMPIONS the choice of two out of three motorists the world over.

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Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO

Champion X—
Exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and tractors—packed in the Red Box
60¢

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-nine

great hero brother. And once more I may express my heartfelt sympathy.

Yours very sincerely,
HANS JOACHIM WOLFF.

Lothar folded the letter and switched to an official message from Berlin. It was from Von Hoeppner, the commanding general of the German air forces, and read:

Captain Baron von Richthofen has not returned from the pursuit of an enemy plane. He has been killed in action! The army has lost an energetic and untiring officer, the pursuit airmen have lost their unswerving, beloved leader. He will forever remain a hero of the German nation for which he died. His death is a serious loss for his squadron and for the entire air forces. Only his energy and the spirit with which he gained his victories will heal the wound caused by his death.

The Commanding General
of the Air Forces,
VON HOEPPNER.

The wounded brother followed this document with a letter which the father of the ace had received at the front from General von der Marwitz, the army commander. He read it out to his mother:

April 25, 1918.

DEAR SIR:

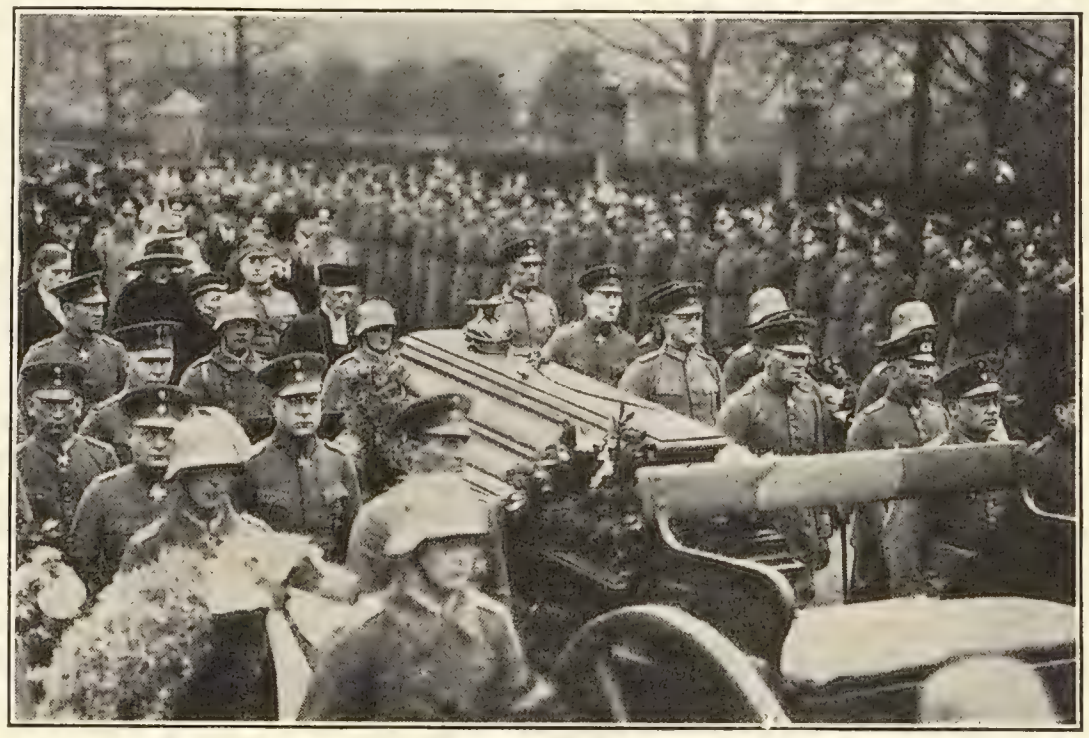
What we have always dreaded has happened: We have lost your son. I have been in touch with him and his squad, and his youth and the loyalty of his subordinates have always filled me with pleasure. To lose your son, that means for the air forces to lose a power not to be replaced. His loss is depressing to our side and will strengthen the enemy's arrogance.

Well knowing this to be so, I had had the intention to ask Headquarters to dispense your son from active flying. Just at that moment moving orders for your son's squadron came, and as the weather was unfavorable, this had to be postponed. Several days later this order was canceled. Your son was with me and I noticed with pleasure how glad he was. He wanted to stay on with us.

Before I could write to Headquarters on the subject mentioned, your son was killed. I am most deeply grieved, and this letter, dear sir, shall prove to you how much and how sincerely we bemoan your hero son. His glory has spread all over the world, and I feel certain also that the enemy pays full respect to your boy's heroism. As he was buried with full military honors, this in truth seems to be the case.

All this will console you, but it will not push aside the grief in your heart. I feel it my innermost duty to express my sympathy—not only mine, but that of the entire staff of the army group. Your son's name will not be forgotten. May God help you to bear your loss and may He also protect and guard your younger son, who, in his turn, has already bled for our country. This is the sincere wish of

Yours sincerely,
VON DER MARWITZ,
General of Cavalry, General Aide-de-Camp, and Army Leader.



A PART of the long procession that wound through the streets of Berlin at the Red Knight's state funeral in November, 1925. His uhlan helmet and saber are lying atop the casket, borne on the gun-carriage in the foreground.

Frau von Richthofen and her son Bolko, photographed during the solemn ceremonies that marked the return of Manfred's body to Germany.

WITH hands folded in the lap of her severely plain black dress, Frau von Richthofen sat through the reading of the letters without a word. Her grief was inward and concealed. She knew the Spartan stuff that Germany expected of the mothers of its fighting men.

Her gaze was out of the window on the wet branches of the young firs and pines in the front park of the house. Manfred had played under them when he was young. Yes, it had happened—they said on April 21. Why, that was only eleven days before his next birthday. On May 2 he would be—would have been twenty-six. . . .

Seven months more and the war is over—lost for Germany. Her son had died in a vain cause. Another year, and the major, Herr von Richthofen, slips into the beyond. Three years more, and Lothar leaves for the same destination by way of a flying accident.

There remains Bolko — the youngster of the family, whose age had kept him from the front—and one married daughter. They were with her two years ago when she went to Berlin to attend the German official burial of her son Manfred.

IT was the 19th of November, 1925, that Richthofen's body came back to Germany. After the exhumation at Bertangles, the remains were placed on a private train, which, as soon as it touched the German frontier, became the object of veneration all along the road to the capital.

Draped with black, it passed through Karlsruhe, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Kehl, and Baden. It steamed slowly through the stations, between crowds of silent, bareheaded Germans. It arrived at Potsdam at night, where it was met by a torchlight procession which escorted the casket on a gun-carriage to the Berlin church in which the body lay in state for two days.

Two guards of honor, one from the uhlans and the other from the air force, watched over the body night and day. Manfred's uhlan's helmet and saber reposed on the new oaken casket at the foot of which rested the simple black wooden cross that had marked the grave in France. In front of the casket were the decorations of the ace. Flowers were banked high in the chapel.

Princes and princesses of the old empire followed common citizens of the new republic in the crush of humanity that came to pay homage at the bier.

And not only Germans, but Americans and Englishmen attended the services. One of the most significant tributes was a large floral airplane propeller, carried to the church and placed before the casket by two Allied air-

[CONCL'D ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

Thru this Cushion of Steel...

collision shocks now doubly absorbed!

(*Reading time, 53 seconds*)

A new principle of protection developed! Balcranks, thru their new double method of absorbing shocks, truly become "cushions of steel"..... capable of protecting your car, even in severe collisions!

With careless drivers, speeders, and ever-present "road hogs" endangering our lives at every abrupt turn, some form of super-protection was vitally needed..... and here it is!

Besides the usual protection afforded by other bumpers, Balcranks actually make your car springs an absorbing medium. For example, suppose your car, equipped with Balcranks, is forced off the road by a careless driver and you strike a pole or tree, head on.

First of all, your springs "give," absorbing part of the shock. Then the remainder—the excess shock—is pushed DOWNWARD into your car springs, and likewise absorbed. Without this Balcrank principle, all excess shock is thrown backward against the rigid car frame.

Of course, your car springs are only needed in severe collisions..... but remember!..... with Balcranks, this additional protection is always ready..... for the instant you need it most.

So, be sure you get Balcranks instead of ordinary bumpers on your next car. The dealer is naturally interested in your safety, and will gladly give you this protection. The Cincinnati Ball Crank Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MEET *the emergency* BEFORE *it meets* YOU

Always carry in your car a set of

McKAY RED BEAD BUMPERS

Here's another way to meet the emergency—with sturdy, shock resisting McKay Red Bead Bumpers. Besides safety, they will "add good looks and protect good looks." There's a McKay Bumper for every type of car.

McKAY SPRING CONTROLLERS

Put an end to bumping and jumping with McKay Spring Controllers. Simple and easy to install, yet inexpensive, McKays *do the work.* For Fords $5.00. For other cars $6.50 and $8.00. Prices higher west of Rockies.

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UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

men who were members of the forces that Richthofen fought so successfully. They were Lieutenant John Clayton, formerly of the United States Army aviation service, and Lieutenant John Hays, a Canadian pilot in the old Royal Air Force.

At the state funeral ceremonies on the second day, the casket was placed in front of the altar and at the foot of the cross. Four of the old Spandau machine guns with which Richthofen had shot down so many of his victims were superimposed on the bier, at the foot of which a broken propeller projected through an enormous wreath.

Eighteen silent flying men — somber knights of the air in black leather helmets and jackets —stood the final guard. They were survivors and comrades of the Red Knight's war days. The church was packed with notables of the German state and army.

AFTER the ceremony the casket was carried by eight pall-bearers, all wearing the cross of the *Pour le Mérite* order, and placed on a gun-carriage. Frau von Richthofen left the church accompanied by Bolko.

Through long stiff ranks of silent troops a military band with muffled drums led the funeral cortège through the streets of Berlin to the cemetery. Throughout Germany, flags of the republic hung at half-mast, and in many places the old imperial flag was flown. Pacifist organizations called the funeral a monarchist demonstration.

Before the horse-drawn gun-carriage on which rested the casket, a steel-helmeted soldier carried a cushion bearing Richthofen's decorations. It was a service similar to that which Richthofen himself had performed at the funeral of his old master and air-fight instructor, Boelke.

The most prominent fighting men of the old German army carried the floral pieces and flanked the gun-carriage.

Frau von Richthofen in deep mourning, but with the veil thrown back over her black bonnet and exposing a lined face which told the story of her sorrows, followed the casket on the arm of her son. Immediately behind her marched the old Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, now President of the German Republic.

In Mercy Cemetery the body was lowered into the grave while the military stood at the salute, civilians bared their heads, and the colors were dipped. Von Hindenburg concluded the impressive rites by tossing the first handful of earth into the grave.

Last year—October 28, 1926—Mother von Richthofen stood again at the foot of her son's tomb in the presence of a number of German dignitaries, gathered this time to unveil the stone which marks the final resting-place of Germany's greatest war hero.

The old war-song of the empire, *Deutschland über Alles*, rose from 500 intensely sincere German throats to the accompaniment of martial music. The simple ceremony ended with the firing of a volley across the grave.

THE mother took one last look at the heavy marble slab and returned to the old home in Silesia.

She lives there today, a woman of dreams and hopes. Her home is a museum of the relics of the life, the battles, and the death of the Red Knight of Germany. These and her memories are her treasures.

Of all the honors and eulogies, praise and tributes that Manfred earned in his remarkable war career, there is one she prefers above all the rest. She has copied it in English in her quaint penmanship into her diary.

It was published in London, three days after Manfred's death, in the British aviation review *Aeroplane*, a journal widely read by British flying men. It reads:

RICHTHOFEN is dead.

All airmen will be pleased to hear that he has been put out of action, but there will be no one amongst them who will not regret the death of such a courageous nobleman.

Several days ago a banquet was held in honor of one of our aces. In answering the speech made in his honor, he toasted Richthofen, and there was no one who refused to join. Thus Englishmen honored a brave enemy.

Both airmen are now dead; our celebrated pilot had expressed the hope that he and Richthofen could survive the war so as to exchange experiences in times of peace.

Anybody would have been proud to have killed Richthofen in action, but every member of the Royal Flying Corps would also have been proud to shake his hand, had he fallen into captivity alive.

It is not true to say that Richthofen personally was credited with *all* planes shot down by his squadron. The German numbers are mostly exact and are, perhaps, sometimes exaggerated when strategic necessities make this advisable. It must be mentioned, however, that the Germans include army blimps (balloons) in the number of brought-down planes, but, even so, Richthofen's victories would amount to seventy planes.

Richthofen was a brave man, a decent adversary, and a true nobleman.

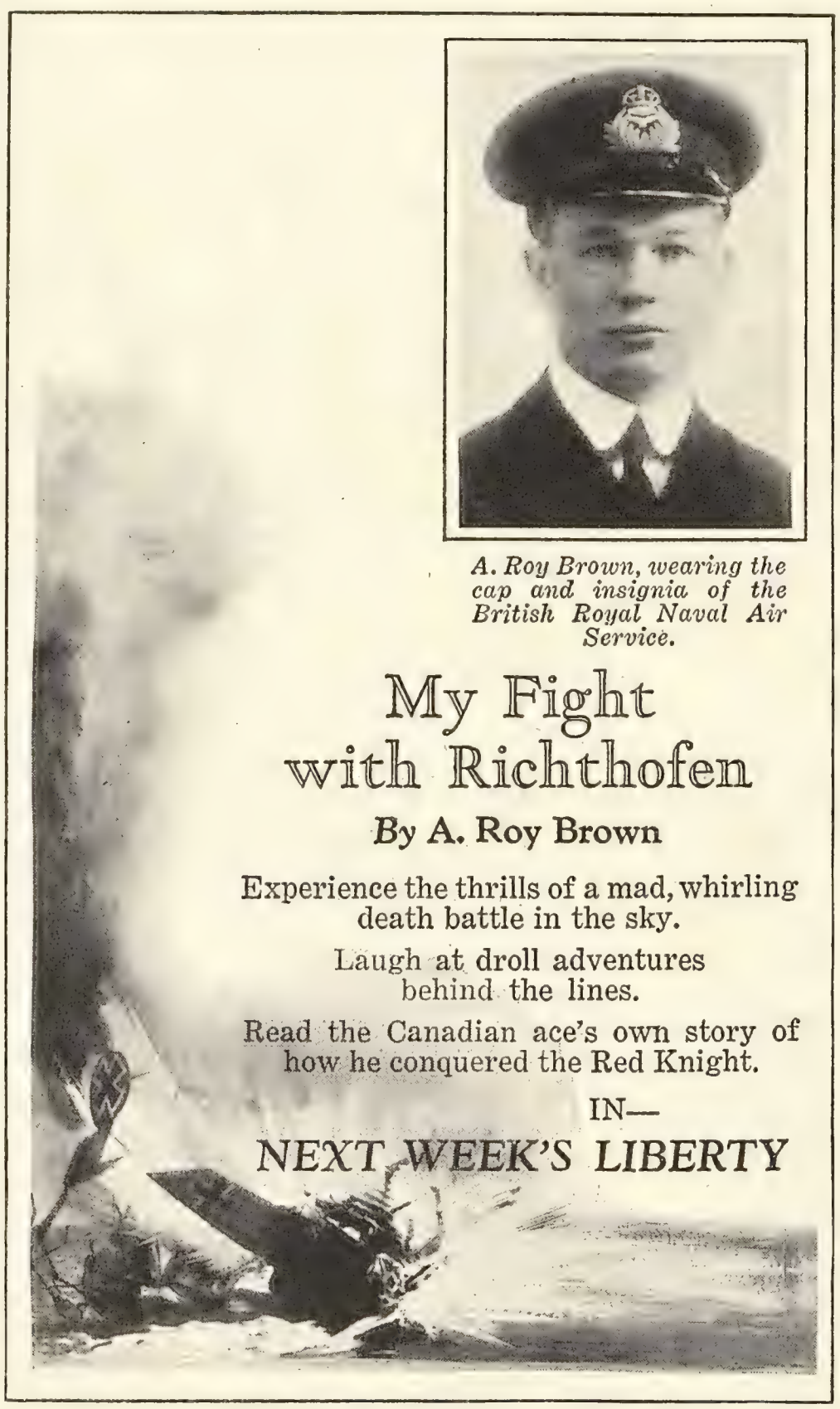
May he rest in peace!

Beloved by his people, honored by his foes, admired by the brave, the Red Knight of Germany, whose indomitable spirit made him the greatest individual killing force in the ranks of his country's fighters, earned well the epitaph that will be ever his in the hearts of his people:

He was a soldier.

THE END

A. Roy Brown, wearing the cap and insignia of the British Royal Naval Air Service.



My Fight with Richthofen

By A. Roy Brown

Experience the thrills of a mad, whirling death battle in the sky.

Laugh at droll adventures behind the lines.

Read the Canadian ace's own story of how he conquered the Red Knight.

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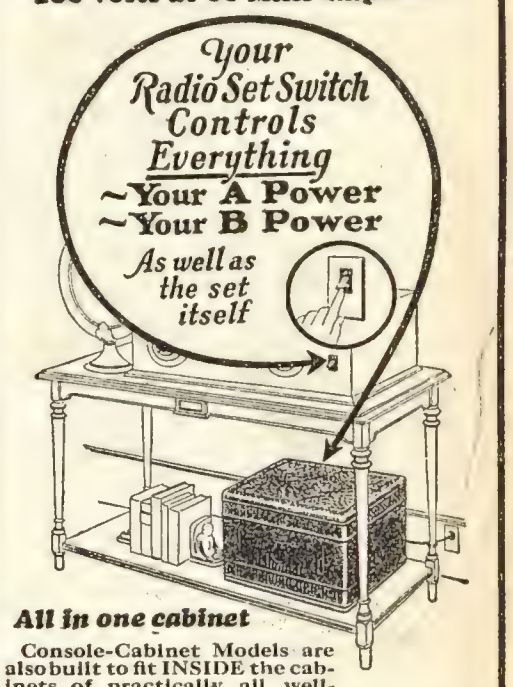

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Runs Any Radio from Your Electric Current!

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An Ironclad Guarantee goes with every Philco AB Socket Power, and they are *built to conform with the Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Specifications.*

Easy Payment Terms! Remember, you can buy the Philco AB Socket Power from any Authorized Philco Dealer on Easy Payments—a small payment down; balance monthly.

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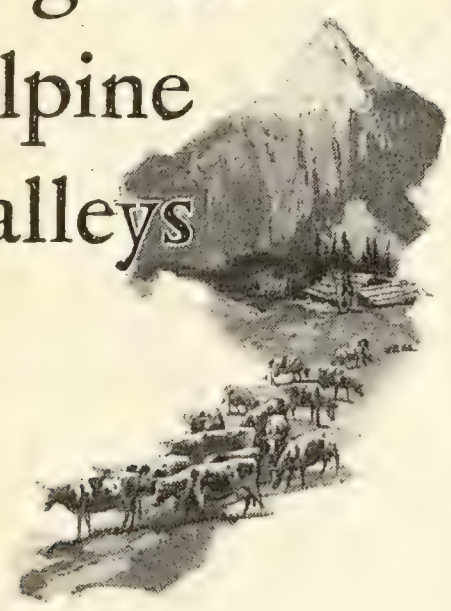

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Today Peter's—made from the world's choicest cocoa beans—is the richest in chocolate flavor of any milk chocolate. In America this rare blend is made by Daniel Peter's original formula and by the secret processes of the Swiss.

And now these same experts have developed a second blend—Nestlé's—to meet the tastes of those who love a mellow creamy flavor.

Nestlé's—like Peter's—is made by the expert methods of the Swiss. Rich milk with all its cream—fresh from the farm—goes into this creamiest chocolate of all.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co.

Richest in Cream

Richest in Chocolate

How to Recharge Your DEAD CELLS

By EILEEN BOURNE

NOT long ago I was talking with the charming wife of a man very prominent in the motion-picture industry. Our talk, turning upon feminine beauty, reminded me that in Hollywood my companion is considered one of the handsomest and the best-dressed woman there.

"I wonder you don't make the screen beauties jealous," said I. "That skin of yours looks as though you'd been born under a rose-bush and never brushed off the petals."

The woman gave a good imitation of embarrassment.

"As a matter of fact, I had frightful skin in my teens. I was simply cursed with blackheads. I'll really be glad to tell you how I got rid of them. For I followed the advice of a good doctor."

First she bought a surgical instrument called a comedo-extractor. She sterilized it with boiling water, and then, after applying hot towels to her face for three minutes to open the pores, removed every blackhead. A firm, even pressure, but not too hard, did the trick.

After this a mild antiseptic was applied. A small quantity of peroxid and alcohol mixed in equal parts was excellent. Whenever she washed her face, it was with pure Castile soap, followed by a rinse in cold water and the application of the following lotion:

Rose-water, 2½ drams
Spirit of lavender, 2½ drams
Alcohol, 2½ ounces

This process ought to be repeated whenever a new blackhead appears. Instead of soap, almond meal with a pinch of sulphur may be substituted. It is all right to wipe off the face with cold-cream before bathing, but every trace of it should be immediately washed away.

Any grease on the surface of the skin becomes a perfect incubator for germs. For this reason, if there is any abnormal condition present, no make-up should be used.

Many cosmetics contain a little grease, and even the best products are apt to irritate a hypersensitive tissue. However, liquid powder, which is mixed with alcohol, is safe enough; and upon this beauty aid alone must the victim of blackheads depend.

Local care of the skin also must be supplemented by a very careful diet, for only from the food you eat does the blood draw its nourishment.

Now, suppose your food lacks the proper salts and the vitamins found in fresh fruit and green vegetables; suppose it is too rich or too largely made up of sugar and starch. It will almost certainly follow that you won't eliminate impurities from your system.

The blood-stream will carry them up to your face, its blood-vessels will become dilated, and the cells of the outer skin will not be well nourished. They will die and clog the follicles of the fat-glands.

That's what makes a blackhead. It is not merely a pore clogged with dirt, but a collection of horny little dead cells. When they are removed properly, then you have to build up new tissue with a simple diet.

No candy, pastry, or pie! Meat only about three times a week! Instead, eat salads, fresh vegetables, plenty of fruit, and drink buttermilk.

ANOTHER positive cure for the ill-nourished cells which produce blackheads is hard exercise, of which every person can get some sort.

One excellent set of motions is to lie flat on the floor and, without bending them, lift the legs alternately a few inches. This gives great strength to the abdominal muscles and helps flush the face.

"Girls should remember one important prohibition," concluded my friend who cured herself. "Never touch the face. It's astonishing how often, in pure forgetfulness, one pokes and scratches this helpless part of one's anatomy. Hands off! To carry germs to the face with the fingers or dig out blackheads with the nails may mean infection of the second layer of the tissue and permanent scarring."

Try each and every one of these suggestions; and, if they do not cure, consult a specialist. Never neglect blackheads. They are the immediate cause of pimples.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State..... 66

Individual Expression in
A·L·L·U·R·I·N·G
HAIR

No other hair is just like Miss Del Rio's—which speaks its own charm-story of *personal* good taste and *personal* supervision

"*Oh*, of course it's no secret," says Miss Del Rio. "This hair of mine which so many folks talk and write about so kindly. I give credit to real fresh lemon juice.

"It's so simple to reason it out why you, too, should use real lemon juice. You see, all soaps leave a thin 'viscous' curd on each tiny strand of hair after a shampoo. No—you can't remove it with water; no, not if you try it twenty times. It leaves the hair like a mat! You just can't arrange it properly!

"But—when you use *real* lemon juice, the mild, harmless, delicate lemon acid cuts the curd away.

"Then, you *know* you have clean hair. And, *real* lemon juice makes it instantly possible to regain natural gloss; pretty color is undimmed."

Dolores Del Rio

P. S.—"'Tell them to do it this way,' my hairdresser writes me—'Wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California Lemons to an ordinary wash bowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse with this, following with rinse in plain water.'
"That's the way he rinses my hair."

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of *real* fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on margin of this page, tear off and mail to

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 911, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

American Girls Set New PAJAMA FAD

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THERE are two movements in the realm of fashion which are attracting attention in Paris today. One of them centers in pajamas, and all that their popularity implies. However, they are regarded as a rising menace rather than as anything of deep significance in the present.

American girls are wearing them even into the dining-cars of the Riviera trains; and one predicts that the influence—both of American girls and pajamas—on fashions may be of long and ever-deepening importance. Where will these girls be wearing them next?

Even more interesting as a new fashion feature of the moment, however, is a blousing effect at the back. You would naturally expect to find this in a dress, yet this is the one piece of wearing apparel where it does not flaunt itself. Gowns, for the most part, hang straight. As a matter of fact, gowns of today are more like tunics and act as a mere groundwork for the display of accessories.

At present, trimming takes the form of a sort of scarf, which is raging and which was originated by Chanel. You can see for yourself, in our extreme right illustration, that it is a sort of little sister to the cape. Sometimes it is oblong and sometimes rounded, with deep fringe bordering all of its sides except the long line that goes across the shoulders. It is worn with the same careless, flung-on look that we have labored to accord to shawls. The more careless they were in appearance, the more we were known to have suffered in achieving this effect.

As for the present scarfs which have supplanted them, they are the article to give a stimulus to the blousing movement, for they are caught at the waistline by the hands and drawn forward into the line which the illustration shows. As a style accessory they are invaluable, for out of a simple "rag" of an old evening frock one can make half a dozen combinations of costuming—if one can muster that many scarfs.

One wears them over silk or velvet—if possible on a dress that has an uneven hemline—and one looks very smart indeed. Velvet is the most fortunate of materials against which to sling them, because they are nearly always of roughly woven silks with gold threads running through them, making a fabric which you might almost say had tentacles to it. At least, it is always ready to cling, and does so easily on velvet.

But it seems to be the business of Paris fashion-makers to create things as impractical as possible, and, acting on this principle, they have decreed that satin is the smartest of materials against which to show this stunning garnishment.

Still, in the very inception of this new style there has been a revolt. American girls in the city of fashion have said they neither can nor will be bothered holding the things in place. Thus two concessions have been advanced even by Mme. Chanel herself. One is that ribbons may be attached to the long edge on either side of the neckline and tied, not in a movement that draws the two sides together but allows them to fall straight from shoulders to waist.

The other concession is the one I favor. It is to abandon the blousing effect of the moment and employ the hands in holding the scarf in place round the throat, allowing it to fall straight. Even the French admit that Americans look well in such a silhouette, because we are tall and slender, and the most that can be brought against us in the way of criticism is that we are taking on the airs of the *grande dame*.

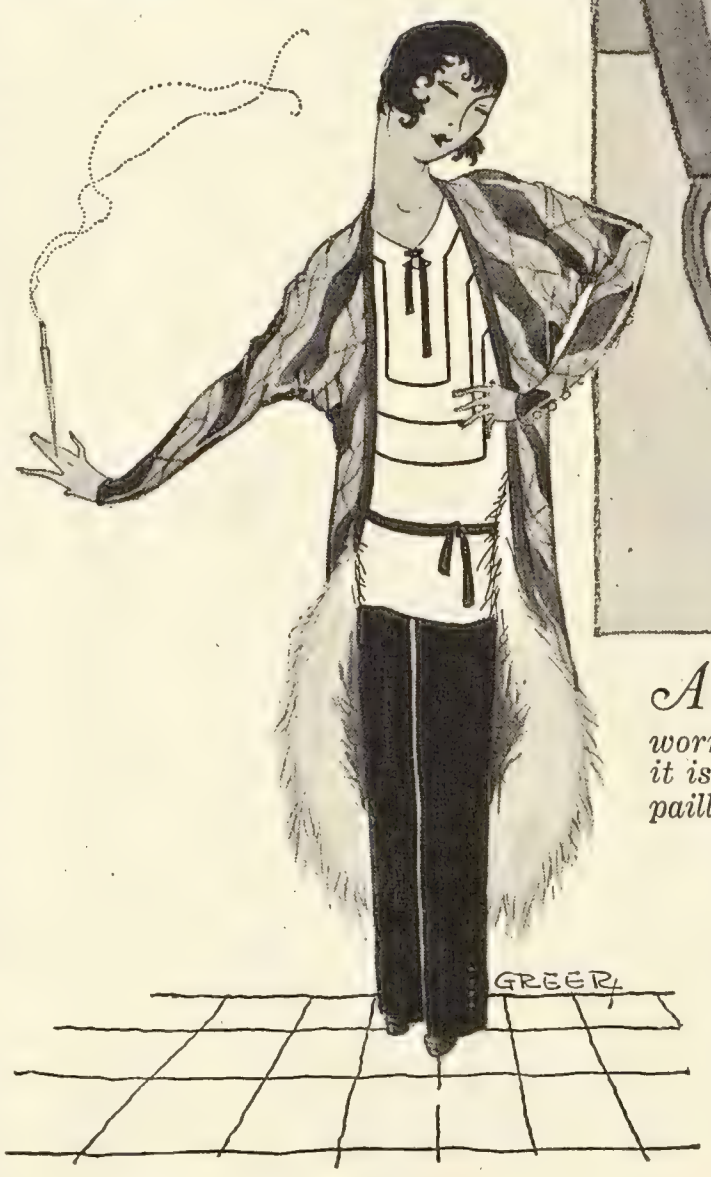
This is a manner, by the way, that becomes us well.

The minutest changes in the line round the waist and the shoulders are of the utmost importance in garments that are fitted, and it is essential to have them absolutely right. The scarf, when bloused, takes on the aspect of a shaped wrap; but with a little practise before one's mirror it is not so difficult to get and hold it adjusted just right.

The prevailing color of the scarf in the picture is deep orange, flaked with blues and set on black.

A DINNER dress of beige-colored satin, with which is worn the Lenglen sports scarf as it is made for evening, of square paillettes strung on silk threads.

ONE of the new scarfs for evening, that are in general effect like a small version of the embroidered shawl, and edged round three sides with fringe.



PAJAMAS of black satin, straight and tailored; a blouse of cream-colored crêpe; and a coat of peach-colored satin.

ONE illustration (above, left) shows the Suzanne Lenglen sports scarf as it has been adapted for evening wear.

It is made of glossy, square paillettes of deep blue, held together or "strung" on heavy blue threads.

Pale beige and grays, the colors pre-eminently for day, are being adopted for evening.

It is smart to have a wrap to accompany the pajamas, which in a pinch could be worn of an evening in a demi-toilette.

The one in the illustration is of deep peach pink satin trimmed with white fox fur. The cream-color blouse has a series of little square yokes, like so many shirt-fronts, and the trousers, which are made of black satin, are straight and very tailored.

PARIS REVAMPS an Ancient Mode

By BETTINA BEDWELL

THIS statuette from ancient Egypt shows a similarity of silhouette with the woman of today.

CHANEL trims a blue-and-gold lamé evening coat with narrow blue wool fringes.

FASHIONED of brown wool, this smart coat has unique trimmings—tucks in a sun-ray motif and the gilet, cuffs, and panel of brown astrakhan.

A NEW arrangement of plaited flounces gives to this dull red crepella frock an air of novelty. A buckle of red stones fastens the belt.

THE draperies of this lace gown recall the Greek. A deep décolletage is in back only.

ARTEMIS evidently wore knee-length skirts, according to this Praxiteles statue in the Louvre. The drapery resembles that of the evening gown at the left.

Paris, October 23.

EVERY day or so some self-appointed critic arises to denounce the manner in which modern woman dresses and otherwise adorns herself: We are brazenly displaying, or ruthlessly destroying, our natural charms. We do not dress to have artistic appeal. We have broken tradition in shearing our crowning glory.

The critics are usually of the masculine persuasion. And these same men, when they acquire sufficient wealth, will often pay a fortune for some statuette of ancient Egypt or Greece, depicting the woman of those times in a spirit so closely related to our present-day modes that even a stupid observer could at once see the analogy.

Or if they are artists they dig into the literature of ancient and primitive art for the very thing that fashions of today express. These men are "idolaters of the old" and can not see that women of today come nearer to the pure beauty of ancient art in the natural simplicity of their clothes than any women since the Greeks.

As the painted wood and marble sculpture in the Musée du Louvre will show, our newest fashions, like primitive art, make no display of involved design or coloring.

Characteristics of modern modes are simple: flat tones of color, short skirts, bobbed hair, fitted helmet hats, broad shoulders and narrow hiplines, full-length folds of drapery, and straight lines generally.

The newest fashions created by Paris couturiers, who are students of the art of the ages, are simple, with an unpretentious beauty found in lines and draperies only. They are the only bearable costumes for complex modern life, with their restful simplicity, freedom, and sexless artistry of line. To one couturier, above all others, belongs the glory for the creation of these styles which modernize the unpretentious and pure art of the primitives, and that is Gabrielle Chanel.

Our four models sketched herewith are from Chanel's latest collection of fashions. No woman could escape being well dressed in such inimitable simplicity, and she might very well inspire an artist with the harmony of such clothes.

The daytime frock is made of dull red crepella, both color and fabric having the texture seen in twelfth-century canvases. The lines are straight, with a three-tier asymmetrical plaited skirt, a narrow belt buckled with a square buckle of red stones, and a square plastron and straight ties of self-material. The sleeves achieve real chic and beauty also with their looseness and the plain turn-back cuffs.

The afternoon coat of wood-brown diagonal wool has a collar, cuffs, and a flaring triangular panel of astrakhan fur. The tiny tucks which Chanel places in sun-ray formation recall the sun-rays etched in rock in the earliest attempts of primitive man to create an art. The straight sleeves are trimmed with diagonal lines made also by small tucks. The narrow belt of self-material buckles at the left-side front with a brown buckle. The secret of the art of dress is found in just such extreme unpretentiousness as is exemplified in this daytime coat.

Of equal charm is the novel evening coat, a wrap that makes use of the narrowest of blue woolen fringes for trimming. These fringes are a throwback to the decorative ideas of primitive peoples, our own Indians for example, and yet they are the vogue of sophisticated Paris.

Chanel makes this evening coat of blue-and-gold-and-black lamé, a fine and inconspicuous pattern, with a tucked skirt portion, each tuck being edged with woolen fringe. The edges of the coat and the small blue duvetyn collar are also edged with woolen fringe, as are the tucks and cuffs on the sleeves. Very new and smart is the four-button fastening just below the collar. Practical and at the same time beautiful is the lining of blue wool duvetyn which matches the collar and the cuffs.

OUR evening gown is inspired by the Greek art of Praxiteles. In pale rose lace this frock has a bloused waist with a deep décolletage in back and practically none in front. A small handkerchief of lace is draped around the shoulders. The sleeves are long with three shirred puffed sections tied by narrow ties of pink chiffon. The skirt is made of a wide and narrow ruffle of the lace, and the wide girdle is of pink chiffon tied in front with a small bow and full-length ends.

This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is easier than correction. See him every six months.

Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Too often the pursuit of pleasure and wealth gives way to a heart-breaking struggle for health. It is the price of neglect. And 4 out of 5 after forty (thousands younger) pay this toll. They sacrifice health to the enemy—Pyorrhea.

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system.

Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness. A high price to pay for carelessness.

We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c, all druggists.

To Be The Lucky One

Never pit health against this foe at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily—morning and night.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this serious trouble. At all druggists, in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Now!

Helbros Watches
as low as $12.00

TREMENDOUS Sales, Increased Production, A Generation of Watch Making Enables Helbros to Offer Wrist Watches of Guaranteed Performance at $12 and up.

These new Helbros Wrist Watches known as the Fontain-Sorority Series, are beautiful in their simplicity, accurate in their 6 and 15 jeweled movements and are modestly priced, popular sellers from $12 to $27.50.

Added to the well-known Helbros Watches of the Superb Series, Helbros now offers a complete line of wrist watches priced from $12 to $1200. A Helbros Wrist Watch to please every taste from the most practical to the most fanciful and every "allowance" from the most limited to the most luxurious.

Each Watch embodies those features which have made Helbros "The Most Talked About Watch in America".

Every Helbros Watch from the 6 jeweled Fontain Watch to the fine 17 jeweled Superb Watch is guaranteed to keep accurate time.

Every Helbros Watch contains a movement made of standardized parts under strict Helbros supervision. Every watch is model numbered and serial numbered assuring the replacement of any part, should that become necessary, by either your local jeweler or by us.

Every Helbros Watch comes in an exquisitely engraved case of the very latest design. Each watch is encased in a beautiful gift box appropriate for presentation, plainly marked with Helbros guarantee and price to consumer. Each representing the finest of quality — Helbros Quality.

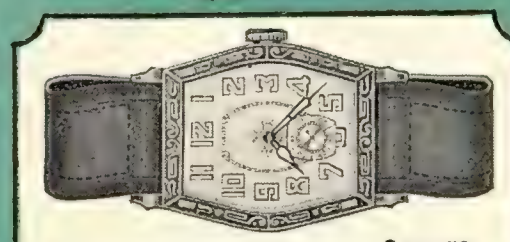
Ask your jeweler to show you the new Helbros Watches displayed on this page. If he is not yet selling them write to us.

"Laura La Plante" model $35.00
74251, 15 jewels, 14 K. white gold filled
"Laura Jr." 10289, 6 jewels, special white engraved oxidized, $17.50

$75.00
Helbros Ladies' Watch
72716, 15 jewels, 18 K. solid white gold set with 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires

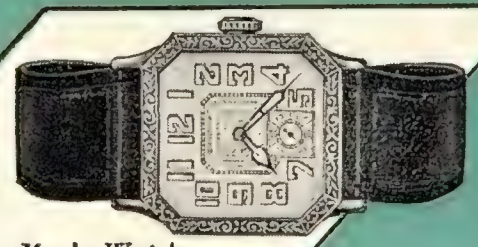
$36.00
Helbros Ladies' Watch
74333, 15 jewels, 14 K. solid white gold
10331, 6 j. special scepter case, $18.00

$37.50
Helbros Ladies' Watch
74303, 15 jewels, 14 K. solid white gold
10401, 6 j. special scepter case, $18.00



"Reginald Denny" model $37.50
49381, 15 jewels, 14 K. white gold filled
"Denny Jr." 2579, 6 jewels, special white engraved oxidized, $15.50

HELBROS WATCH CO.
48 WEST 48TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY



$35.00
Helbros Man's Watch
49451, 15 jewels, 14 K. white gold filled

HELBROS
WATCHES

Man's Watch,
24209, 6 jewels
$12.00

The Helbros Watch Co., *Dept. L-11.*
48 West 48th Street, New York City.

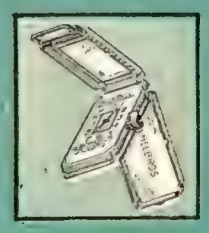
Please send me an autographed picture of:
Miss Laura La Plante, Universal Star, Free ☐
Mr. Reginald Denny, Universal Star, Free ☐

Please send me the booklet "The Gift Plus the Giver" free, showing the Laura La Plante model and the Reginald Denny model Helbros Watch ☐

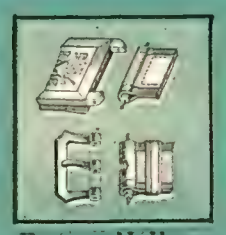
Name _____

Address _____

Every Helbros *Strap* Watch of *Superb* series has the patented raised gilt radium-encrusted numerals insuring longer life and no chipping.



Every Helbros *Superb* Watch as well as every Helbros *Strap* Watch has a three-piece case that protects the fine jeweled movement.



Every Helbros *Strap* Watch has a removable pin bar that makes buckle and strap instantly detachable.

Thin ICE

The End of a Wife's Love Story

A Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

(Reading time: 15 minutes.)

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

"EAT it—don't try to blow bubbles with it!" Tom Chamberlain said to his son, with a weary, joyful, admonishing laugh.

Tired, white-faced, a little dishevelled, he sat in the breakfast-room, and Richie, solemnly mouthing cereal, sat close beside him, holding a red, expectant mouth up, like a bird, between bites.

"How long have *you* been nurse, Mr. Chamberlain?" one of Patsy's three professional nurses asked amusedly. She was having an early luncheon, Miss Pointer, at about 12 o'clock, and Tom a late breakfast, and Richie was eating simply because food was most unexpectedly and gratifyingly in sight.

"When you've been through what I've been through this week," Tom said, with a little shudder of reminiscence, "you want to keep the whole crowd in your lap the whole time! Where's Willa now?" he demanded alarmedly.

"That's the cute little curly-headed one—isn't she in school?" Miss Pointer, placidly serving herself to chicken pie, asked calmly.

"Of course she is! Gosh, how they scare you—" Tom murmured, apologetic. "Well, Foy," he added, as the Chinese shuffled in with his eggs, "get house all workee good now—no more scare, eh? Patsy have soup today!"

"Doc say?" Foy Lung demanded suspiciously.

"Yep—doc just said so, five minutes ago! Chicken soup—strained, you know. And tomorrow milk-toast and baked apple! How's that?"

"Get well, huh?" Foy Lung mused. And his hard, bright little eyes glittered. "Too muchee alltime lovem kid," he commented.

"You said it!" Tom agreed, with a brief laugh. "Too muchee all time lovem kid!"

"Well, everything'll get back to normal now in no time," Miss Pointer murmured contentedly. "Where's Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"I'M not so sure that being happy—just stickily, fatuously happy — is such a good thing for any one!"

"Asleep, I hope," suggested Mary Menzies, coming in, fresh and rosy, out of the brisk sunshiny winter air, and stooping to kiss the top of Richie's little head as she passed him. "Don't move, Tom."

She sat down; nodded to the nurse.

"Well, what's the report this morning?" she asked.

"Grand!" Tom answered. "Perfectly grand. Since about this time yesterday we've all been simply on air."

"Night before last—" Miss Pointer amended it.

"Night before last! She went to normal then, and she's been there ever since. She had hot milk yesterday twice, and today she gets more—and soup. Knew her mother, and she's been quite gassy with Miss Pointer, here."

"She talked to me in the night," the nurse

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

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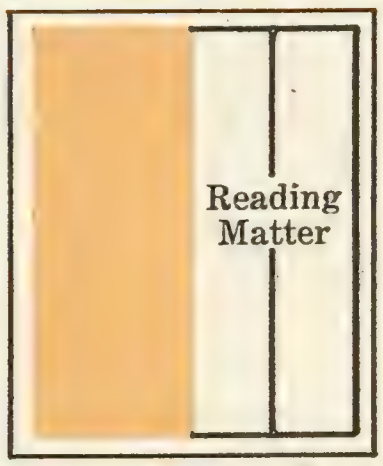

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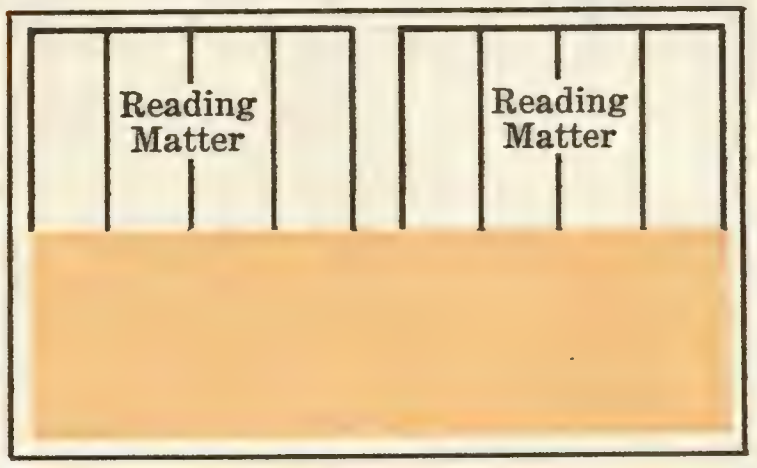

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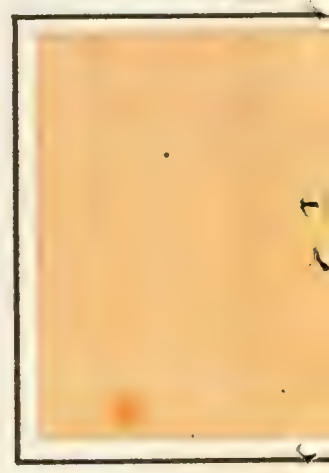


One-and-One-h
(Full Page a

LIBERTY again does the exceptional! It has revolutionized magazine make-up to permit a variety of unique and strikingly attractive *spreads* next to reading matter in two-color rotogravure. Something different that makes advertisements hit the bull's eye of immediate reader-attention and interest.

These unique layouts are available in half-pages, full pages, one-and-one-half pages and double pages, as illustrated herewith.

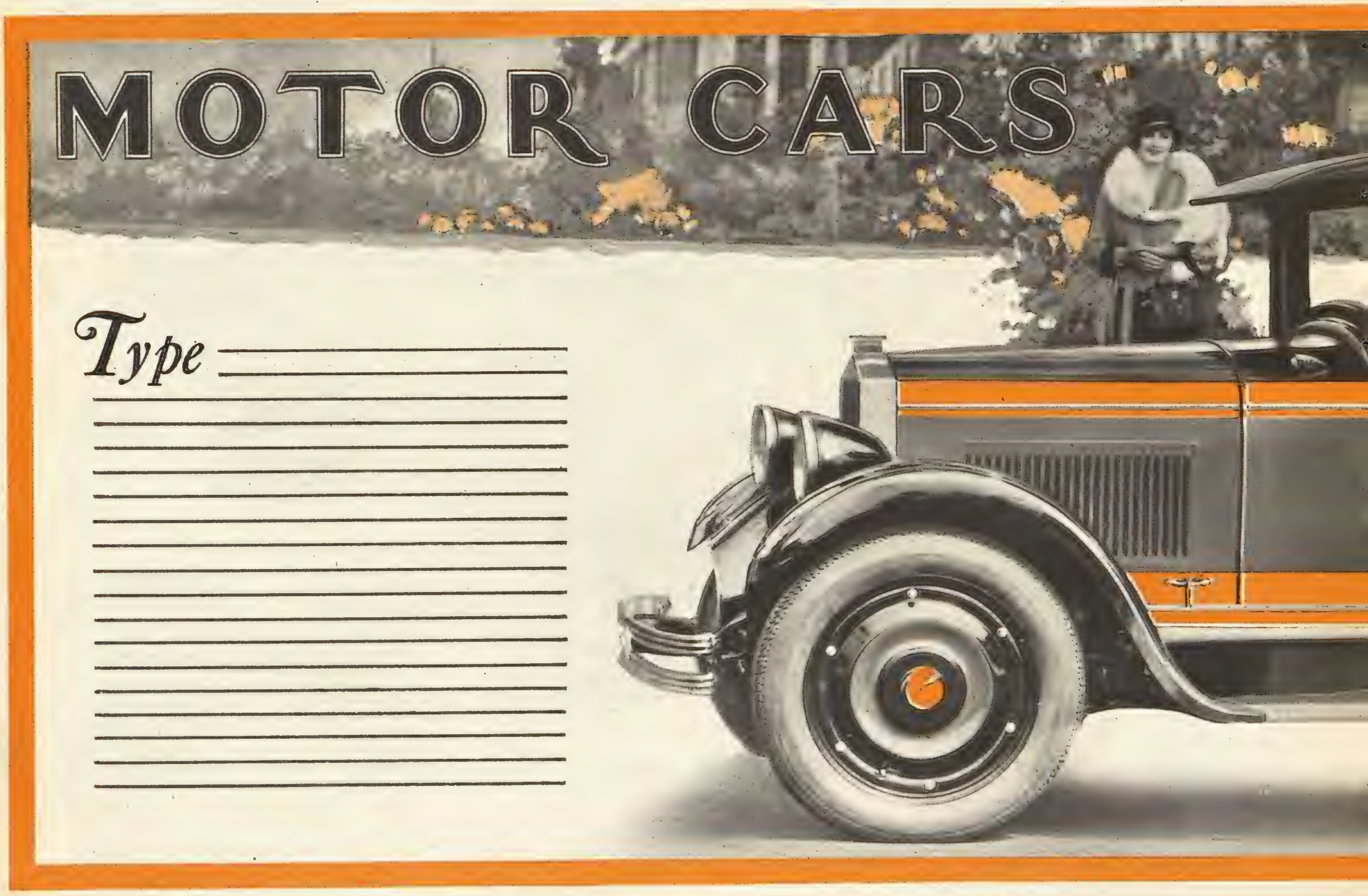
HALF-PAGES: May be either vertical or horizontal, the latter at bottom of page only. *(For illustration, take one-half of spread at bottom of this ad, exclusive of gutter.)*

FULL PAGES: Full page may comprise a spread of two half-pages, as shown full size across the bottom of this ad. Gutter is utilized, permitting the tremendous effectiveness of large illustration.

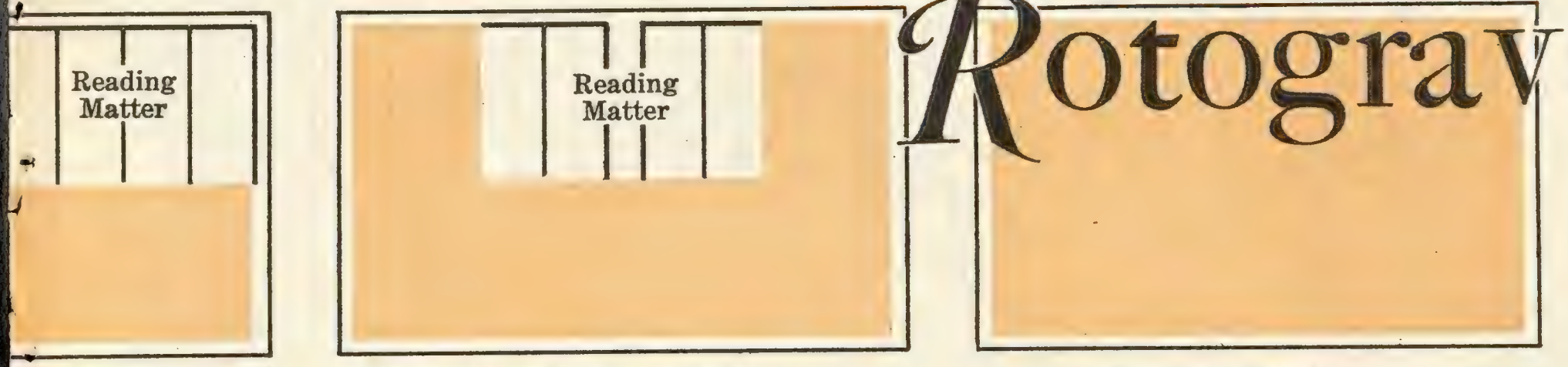
Full pages may also be used in the usual standard form, as shown above.

ONE-AND-ONE-HALF-PAGES: Two ways of using one-and-one-half page space are illustrated above. No. 1 utilizes a full page and a horizontal half at bottom of next page. No. 2 uses two horizontal halves across the bottom of two pages, and two quarters at outside of both pages, carrying ad to top of both pages.

DOUBLE SPREADS: Where layouts extend across two pages, the gutter is utilized the same as in ordinary two-page center spreads.



Matter *in* Two-Color Rotogravure



age, No. 1
orizontal Half)

One-and-One-half Page, No. 2
(Double Half-Page Spread and two outside Quarters)

Double-Page Spread
(Standard form. Utilizes gutter in Rotogravure)

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

admitted, departing. "I never saw anything like the way she came back!"

"Was Willoughby there when the change came?" Mary asked, with a quick glance.

"She's hardly been out of the room these four days," Tom said. "She was standing there when they took the temperature. The doctor said to Patsy, 'Well, little girl, I guess you're going to give us another trial down here for a while!' And Willoughby went down behind him—bang!—like that, on the floor.

"She stayed in the room all day, though," Tom went on, "and it wasn't until last night, when Patsy'd had some milk, that we could get her to take her clothes off and go to bed."

"She's out of the woods, then?" Mary asked.

"She'll be sitting up this time next week!" Miss Pointer prophesied, in the doorway.

"When I went up to town day before yesterday," said Mary, when she and Tom were alone, "I wouldn't have given little Patsy five hours!"

"None of them did," he admitted in a low tone, his face dark with the memory. "It was Willoughby's coming home in the night that saved her—they all say that now. Kitty and Stella and the doctor had her all wrapped up to rush to the hospital—were actually getting her downstairs when Willoughby came in. She'd come down from town in fifty minutes.

"THE ambulance was waiting outside here. Willoughby stopped them—they got the kitchen ready—operated in less than ten minutes. She said that the instant she saw Patsy she knew—

"Well, however! It's over. Only, if we've had this much fight to keep her," Tom added, with resolute cheerfulness, "you can bet she'd not have had much chance after a seven-mile drive that night."

"Willoughby's stood it—all—marvelously," Mary said, with a significant glance.

"You mean the other thing too?" Tom asked, meeting her look with one like it.

"Terrible shock for her, Tom."

"She didn't seem to think it so. Funny thing, too," Tom said. "I think the Patsy scare simply swept everything else out of her head—out of her soul, maybe I mean.

"I got down here about nine that morning, and saw Willoughby's car parked out there by the peppers in a pool of water—the whole place was almost afloat. I came into the house, shouting, 'What's the idea of leaving the car out, Bill?' and, by golly—

"By golly, the minute I came into the patio I felt something queer—ran into a nurse—Stella crying, kids whimpering round in corners—*whew!*" Tom shuddered. "I'll not forget *that* home-coming for a while!" he said.

"They let me go up to Patsy's room—no occasion for quiet—we'd gotten beyond that!—and Willoughby was kneeling there by the bed. She smiled at me—God, how she could smile *then!*—and she got to her feet and said, 'I think we've got a fighting chance!'"

He stopped, grinning, his eyes brimming, and gulped his coffee.

"She said so right along," Mary said, wiping her own eyes.

"Straight through—never weakened. Well, we got through that day somehow—I told you this before," Tom interpolated.

But Mary's nod indicated that she wanted to hear it again.

"That night, at about three—" Tom went on—"that was Saturday night, and we thought—it looked—every one expected that it was—all up. We sat in our bedroom, Willoughby and I—we had a fire in there, and we kept going to Patsy's door—couldn't stay there; she needed all the air there was. They'd tried oxygen, and saline something-or-other, and they'd decided against transfusion—well, let's forget it.

"Anyway, sitting there, waiting—waiting—I said: 'Bill, when I came down this morning I was wondering how I could break a piece of news to you. It was in the paper, and I read it in the train. It will shock you.' She looked at me, face pale, eyes heavy, you know—she didn't care! I said, 'Andrew Fernald was taken ill yesterday, and went to some doctor's house—'"

"Muller," Mary supplied.

"Muller. That's the name. I said: 'The doctor made him lie down, kept him quiet, but he had another faint—or shock, or whatever it was, late that night—'

"She looked me right in the eye and she said, 'Dead?' And I nodded.

"She didn't seem to feel it then. But yesterday—or Sunday I guess it was—she talked to me a little about him—"

Tom rumpled his hair restlessly.

"I felt badly," he admitted. "I'd made a hell of a row about him, you know, and it kind of hurt me the way she took it, so patiently, and with that pale sort of stare in her face, as if nothing mattered but her kid—after all—"

"Well," Mary commented, as he stopped, perplexed, "I am quite sure that nothing did!"

TOM meditated this in silence for a minute, and then said suddenly:

"No man deserves what I've got!"

"You've got a lot, Tom," Mary conceded, with a little sigh. "Too much, perhaps. Perhaps that makes difficulties, now and then. Now this case to which I was called in Berkeley day

"SHE looked me right in the eye and she said, 'Dead?'"

before yesterday—terrible case— Ah, here she is now!"

Willoughby had come in, her chestnut mop looking childish, brushed up damp and crisp from her bath, her cheeks rosy from sleep and cold water, her big Oriental robe wrapped about the Chinese silk pajamas that had faded from rose to peach color long ago.

"I don't know whether it's morning or afternoon," she said dreamily, wearily. "I'm like the little woman: 'Lawd 'a' mercy on me, this can't be I!' Hello, Mary darling; hello, Foy Lung—soup today for Patsy—get well quick now, huh? Hello, Tom—"

She brushed the top of his head with her cheek; and Tom, concerned eyes upon her, drew her down and kissed her again.

"Richie, come kiss your mummy," she said then, sitting down and burying her face in her hands for one more smothered yawn. "Oh, what a sleep—what a sleep! And they tell me she slept right through until seven, and wanted her doll," she exulted, looking up.

"She just looked up at me—they were fixing the dressings—and asked if the puppy could sleep with her tonight. It's a miracle, isn't it?—just a miracle.

"You can turn it, darling, but don't let it burn those darling fingers," she said to the child.

"Willoughby, you're pretty," Mary observed.

"Am I?" Her face, that had paled a little after the first flush of entrance, brightened artlessly. "Nice to hear, anyway. Yesterday at this time I felt, and looked, like nothing so much as the witch of Endor!" she said.

"Today," she went on, glancing about the breakfast-room speculatively, and pouring the smoking amber stream of coffee into her pink cup, with appreciative eyes, "today I think we can begin to get things into shape again; have regular meals on time. Miss Pointer tells me that the doctor says she is not needed any more, and I'll put Willa in that room with Kitty, and sleep in Patsy's room myself tonight, and park this young gent in with his dad—"

"That planning sounds good to me," Tom commented.

"My dear!"—Willoughby had had her first heartening draft, and the color had come back into her cheeks—"this is one of the days when being alive at all is intoxicating," she said, with a sort of weary, gentle content.

"Brushing my teeth, walking downstairs, everything—anything—I can hardly keep my feet on the ground. It's *good*—God only knows how good it is to answer the telephone and say, 'Better! We're going to get well!'

"She was only a shy, cryptic little ragamuffin with the elastic in all her bloomers snapped loose, a week ago," Willoughby said whimsically; "but just now my Hypatia is the center of the earth!"

"Mother cabled again, by the way," Tom said, reminded by the name.

"And, Mary, your case? What was it?"

"It was pretty sad, Bill. A girl—younger than you, and so pretty!—and with a boy Richie's age, and another baby boy, and she's sinking into melancholy. It's hereditary—and unfortunately she knows it, fears it. She can't—*care* about anything, somehow. Apathy — apathy over everything. They're rich, they have a beautiful home, the husband seems a splendid fellow—friends—these two delicious children—and her attitude is, 'What's the difference?'

"If he could fall into a coal-mine and break his leg, and lose every cent he ever had, and one of the children have infantile paralysis, and she open a lunch-room, there'd be a chance—there'd be every chance for her!" the neurologist added, rubbing her forehead in a troubled, impatient fashion. "As it is, with every one making mournful eyes at her, her mother wanting to take her to Honolulu, her father wanting to give her a check, the poor girl hasn't much hope."

"Oh, Mary!" the other young wife and mother said, shocked.

"Willoughby, do you realize that you've got a perfectly white lock there, over your left temple?" her sister asked suddenly.

"Oh, don't I? I showed it to Tom yesterday." The tired, beautiful eyes went to Tom with a smile. "Real silver—and it wasn't there a week ago. I like it, rather—I think it's distinguished."

"You could have it dipped," Tom suggested.

But, smiling a rather sad and mysterious smile over her coffee, she said no, that she thought she would leave it as it was.

II

"WE'VE been through a crisis, Tom," she said to him later in the day, when they were walking a few aimless blocks for exercise and air and change of scene.

Willoughby was buttoned into her squirrel coat again. Her face, whipped to rosiness by the cool, heavy atmosphere of late afternoon, was serious with a new gravity it had not known a few weeks before.

"I don't mean merely Patsy's illness, Tom," Willoughby resumed. "I mean the—the whole thing. I'm not going to talk nonsense to you about having had a lesson. If Patsy had died, I wouldn't have thought a jealous God was punishing me for talking about leaving you, marrying another man—I would have known that she has had chronic appendicitis pains for months, and that we were criminals not to have had that operation weeks ago!

"But at the same time, Tom, these days—this week—have made a great change in me, and you're going to see the effects of it—I think, and be glad.

"It's come to me, suddenly, that all this talk about being happy is perfectly ridiculous in grown human beings, with their work to do and their place to fill in this world. It's child-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

ROSE PETAL
Loveliness

The color of your eyes may not be remembered but the lure of a dainty, rose tinted complexion is unforgetable.

To have a flawless skin—downy soft and fascinating—empty your pores of all clogging impurities daily with Jap Rose Soap.

At the washbowl or in the bath, unsuspected beauty destroying grime, deep hidden in the tiniest pores, is instantly removed by the tingling, penetrating, satin lather of this visibly pure transparent soap.

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JAP ROSE SOAP

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

[THIN ICE Continued from Page Eighty-three]

ish! If a scientist, or a general, or a traffic policeman, for that matter, suddenly turned his back on everything he had promised and contracted to do, because he wasn't 'happy,' we know exactly what we'd think of him!

"Listen a minute—you're going to say something kind, Tom, about your having failed me first. I've talked so much about your failing me that you believe it now yourself. I was ambitious for you. I told your mother, when I married you, that in three years we wouldn't be taking one cent from her—and of course I had to eat my words.

"I goaded you into that bond-brokerage business—and you are like a child still, playing hooky from the office. You took, or I thought you took, the tremendous thing of our having children pretty much for granted! It used to hurt me—your joking about Willa, before she came—afterward, of course, you worshiped her. But you were just as bad about having Patsy—

"No, let me talk, dear—I know what excuses you had! I'm coming to that. This"—and Willoughby turned to him her motherly smile—"this comes out right! You remember that, when I was sick and miserable before Patsy came, you were angry, said that you didn't propose to have your wife continually at home having babies!—like a big, spoiled boy, I used to tell myself; but it hurt. And then the night Patsy was born, and the doctor said, 'Another girl!' you said, 'Oh, rats!'"

"I wonder," he said somberly, darkly, as he paced along on the hard, storm-swept road beside her, "that you stayed with me!"

"It all disappointed me; it wasn't companionship," Willoughby went on; "and I came to feel aggrieved; I came to feel that I had married a man who didn't appreciate me—never would—Don't speak, Tom, for I'm ashamed of this now, and there's no reason for you to explain anything.

"Well, then you drifted; went to New York with your mother and Clara. The family firm kept making more money, and we kept spending it, but *we* didn't do anything. And before Richie came we had that bad time—when you were drinking so.

"Your side of it was that you had been, when you married me, exactly what you were afterward; that you had never pretended to want to do anything more than play golf and bridge; and that you gave me, actually, a thousand times more than many men could afford to give their wives, even slaving twelve hours a day, and that, when the children came, and you came to know their little personalities, you were crazier about them than I was—

"Well, what I've come to see is," she said, "that the beauty of marriage—the thing that makes it the tremendous power it is, generation after generation, *isn't* the things that go smoothly, easily—the things that fall into place with no effort.

"But the wonderful thing *is* the friction, the effect of one nature on another, the compromising and patching and fighting along. Breakfasts and dinner parties and measles and Christmas trees—those make the colors in the pattern. It wouldn't be marriage if—if it was only what the girls and boys who get engaged think it is!

"Tom, for a woman my age to settle down— But please," Willoughby interrupted herself with a nervous little laugh—"please don't remind me, the first time we quarrel, that I said this! Promise me you won't?"

HIS face was flushed with emotion; it wore at once a shamed, an apologetic, a troubled, and an oddly touched expression. He laughed too, awkwardly and boyishly.

"All right, I promise!"

"For a woman of my age, who has had children," Willoughby resumed, "who has learned to know all of one man's faults, and has given him a pretty accurate view of her faults in return, who has wakened him up in the nights when she had a toothache, and taken care of him through tonsillitis, and quarreled with him, and rejoiced with him, and slept in uncomfortable little country hotels with him, and helped him change tires on mountain roads in the rain, with a pair of hungry little girls watching from the back seat—

"For that woman to pick out another man, a man who hasn't children, who has taken her back to her girlhood with a sort of wild, passionate adoration," she went on, "and move heaven and earth to marry him, and transfer herself and her children from one side of the continent to the other, and have him tell her, for a few months anyway, how he worships her, how wonderful she is—

"Well, it's childish! For she has to begin all over again on *his* faults," said Willoughby philosophically, "and he on hers. And you'll note that in three or four years the women who do it are not any more apt to burst into wild pæans of praise of the second husband than the first. They'll say casually, 'He's a dear,' maybe, or 'His Lordship objects to my lunching with Paul,' or some other perfectly—" she floundered for a word—"perfectly *married* remark!" she said, laughing. And ingenuously she added:

"Just what I'd say of *you!*"

"But you love me!" he said jealously, in the house now and helping her off with her wraps.

"I do love you, Tommy," she answered seriously. "And it's the better sort of love, after all. The sort that has stood hard knocks, that doesn't live on flattery and presents, that includes all the disappointments and commonplaces—having the spare-room papered, re-

membering Clara's birthday, getting up our nerve to tell Foy we're sick of chocolate pie—"

"Ah, Willoughby, you're so wonderful—you're so wonderful!" the man said, his arms about her, yearning in his voice. "I wish I was smarter; I wish I could give you everything you want! I wish I didn't have the manners of a bull pup! Do say—do say," he pleaded clumsily, "that just fussing round here with me and the children, and going up to the Lake in June—you'll be happy again? You'll not take all this too hard? You'll be happy—"

"I don't want you ever to ask me that again, Tom. I'm not so sure," Willoughby said, with more spirit than she had shown for many days, "I'm not so sure that being happy—just stickily, fatuously happy, being spoiled and praised and set up on a pedestal — is such a good thing for any one!

"The Patsy scare simply swept everything else out of her head."

"I can easily imagine myself either growing terribly fat and soft and material under that sort of treatment, or else growing melancholy—like Mary's unfortunate girl; just feeling, 'Now I have everything—now I've got what I want—and what about it? Is *this* being happy?'—and being frightened because it wasn't.

"YOU'VE changed a lot since I married you, Tom," she said, frowning thoughtfully, "and I've changed! Every one *ought* to be changing, always. The fact that we *want* our marriage to improve, to be ideal, that we keep building houses and scolding the children, and nagging at each other, keeps us sane—

"Doesn't it?" she asked, still half frowning, yet with her own swift, strangely innocent, childish smile breaking through the frown.

"Well, I guess it does," he conceded, a little bewildered. "Only," he added, "I've kind of wished, Willoughby—just lately, seeing you at home here, thinking how decent you are about everything, that I hadn't made such a—such a fuss about Fernald. I wish you'd seen him once again, anyway. I feel as if, somehow, the poor fellow had sort of been killed by it—alone—thinking about it— Why, for all you know, he took poison, and that doctor covered it up!"

She was watching him intently, her head tipped a little, her eyes as bright as a bird's. An odd look flickered for a moment in the depth of her blue eyes, and was gone.

"Better as it is, Tom."

"You really do feel so?"

"Yes, I do."

"You're an awfully good sport," he said.

And Willoughby knew she would have to endure that term of praise she felt she so little deserved, she so conspicuously undeserved, now and then, for all the years to come. She might have been a good sport, truly, and kept untarnished that bright and exquisite inner integrity—the plume that *Cyrano* carried to his death.

BUT she had not done so; and now, in this cooler moment, when the fire and passion had been purged from her spirit by the real tragedies—by the dying of a man and the living of a child—she felt the sordidness of the compromise, knew that she could never again feel herself to be the Willoughby of a year ago.

"Well, we can only wash the slate clean, and start over, and not take it too seriously, Tom!" she said. "By this time next week you will be raging because the Merriwells are coming to dinner—"

"And you'll want to turn down the Shotwells' dance!"

"And you'll tell me I give in to Richie in everything!"

"And you'll spoil Patsy to death!

"Oh, Bill—Bill," he said, enchanted at her mood, "after all, there's nothing like marriage, is there?"

He put his arms about her beauty, and slenderness, and weary, deep-eyed sweetness, and she raised her face close to his.

"You do love me, Bill, even if I'm more trouble—and have less sense—than all three kids put together?"

"After twelve years—I think I do," she said slowly.

"Then nothing else matters!" Tom exulted.

And Willoughby, her hand in his as they went upstairs together, in the gathering dusky sweetness and warmth of the quiet house, echoed it gravely:

"Nothing else matters!"

THE END

Another great serial starts next week. Watch for The Clock Strikes Two, by Henry Kitchell Webster.

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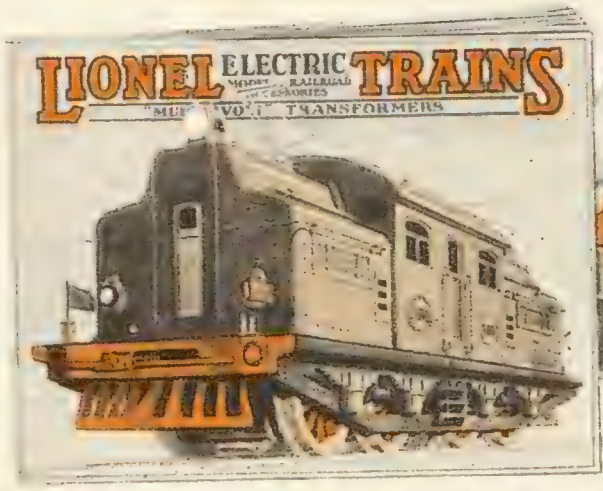

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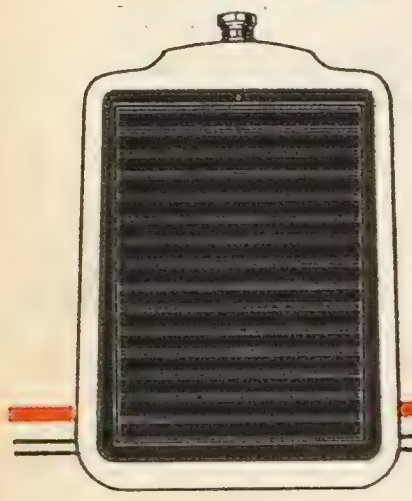

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RED LABEL

LOVE *and* PANCAKES

A Breakfast Romance with a Snappy Ending

An Early-Morning Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"BREAKFAST, dear!" Lil called. She ran her pancake-turner over the four-barred xylophone nailed on the pantry door.

It was a wedding present from one of her minister's twin sons, and she'd undergone the dreadful double ordeal of trying to spell its name in her thank-you note—looking under c, s, z, and finally in desperation, x—and of thanking the proper twin in church!

"Oh, do I sniff pancakes?" Sandy yelled.

"Yes, you do," his wife answered. "Not to mention orange juice, coffee, and twisted rolls. Hurry up, it's just eight o'clock!"

"I'm putting water on the fish and feeding the geraniums," he said. Then, in a resigned, domestic-slave manner, he joined Lil. "Forget-me-not?" he asked, seeing the blue-flowered design on her queer-smelling rubber apron.

"Don't worry, I won't!" she giggled, kissing him. "And I'm sorry I accepted the vanity case from my boss last week; I had no idea— Oh, gosh, let me go—the pancakes are burning!"

"How'd you feel if my stenog bought me a—a—well, a shirt?"

Lil didn't answer. But she tossed a charred pancake at Bow-Legs with a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't give it to him like that!" Sandy was prying open the dog's jaws; then he put the mess in a bowl and floated it in syrup.

"He'll get worms!" Lil gasped. "And lose all his hair, and you'll have to take him walking—I won't. He's so funny-looking now that everybody stares at me and laughs."

Grace—orange juice—five pancakes apiece!

"What do you want for supper?" Lil asked. "I'm sick of planning your meals. All you ever want is chicken."

"Not tonight," he told her, dramatically swishing his sixth pancake in maple syrup. "I feel like a ham covered with—"

"Never mind the covering," Lil laughed. "I don't feel like a ham. Let's have French chops and a nice dessert."

"Pie?" As Sandy's mouth was too full, this question sounded like a smothered "PWOY?"

"No; a nice grapefruit cocktail, I guess."

Leaving the dishes to soak, Sandy escorted his wife to her office. Somehow, this modern daily routine didn't quite come up to his dream of seeing his wife waving good-by to him every morning from a homy little bungalow. But he didn't tell her how he felt.

His heart sank when he reached his own office. A mail-strewn desk—mostly complaints; a yawning up-until-5-A. M. stenographer; a window stuck open several inches, specializing in chilly November blasts; and the boss had arisen from the wrong side of his bed.

"I'm increasing your—" the boss began.

WHANG! Whang! Whang! Whang!

"Yes?" Sandy yelled into the telephone.

"It's Lil," he heard his wife say. "I just wanted to ask if you really loved me."

"Yes, I do," Sandy said quietly.

"Your commissions will be the same—but a salary in—"

"What, dear?" Lil asked.

"Yes, I said I did love you!" Sandy boomed. And just before slamming up the receiver he thought he heard his wife sniffle!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You Couldn't Faze Susan

Little Susan, age six, came home from her third day at school, proudly boasting that she could read the first story in her primer. After she had pronounced the sentences, which she had evidently memorized, her mother pointed to the spelling words at the bottom of the page and said: "What are these words?" Susan, glancing down and not knowing one, airily announced, "Oh, that's just advertising!"—Mrs. Douglas Robbins, 804 S. Main St., Middletown, Ohio.

What Experience Had Taught

Billy, age six, was busy playing with his new rake, while I sat on the porch watching him.

"Billy," called his mother from somewhere in the house. No answer from Billy.

"B-i-l-l-y." Still no answer.

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m."

"When my mother says William I know what she means," said Billy, as he hastened into the house.—Laura C. Giannini, 332 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

A Safe and Sane THANKSGIVING FEAST

By ETHEL SOMERS

Day-Before-Thanksgiving Preparations

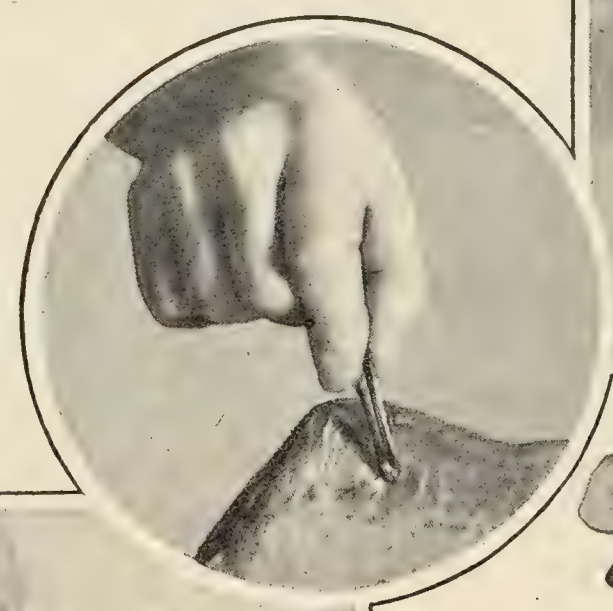
THANKSGIVING should be made safe and sane both for the diners and the cook. Modern manufacturing, fortunately, has made the preparations less arduous than formerly.

To simplify the labor, LIBERTY has arranged the work program in two parts, to cover two days. The day-before preparations are presented in this issue, to be followed next week by the final Thanksgiving Day program.

The following family Thanksgiving feast was put to test last year—planned, cooked, and served by the writer, unassisted, for twenty persons. The proportions below are for six persons.

The meal should begin by appeasing the appetites with a fruity cocktail and a light bouillon. The main dinner course may include a green salad.

EVEN a simple pastry-mixer speeds the preparation of the pumpkin-pie crust.



THE gratifying result on the right (above) is the result of proper trussing (see left), which may be done, after stuffing and larding, the day before roasting. Tweezers (above) are useful in removing pin-feathers.

Menu

Grapefruit Cocktail
Bouillon
Stuffed Roast Turkey or Crown-Roast Pork
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Squash (plain or en casserole)
Baked Onions with Parsley Butter
Cranberry Jelly or Ice
Curled Celery Flower Radishes Olives
Green Salad
Pumpkin Pie
Cider Coffee
Nuts and Raisins Mints

THE marketing of staple items was done several days in advance. The remaining grocery order of perishables was written and left in time for early filling the day before Thanksgiving. Such items as needed selection were purchased that morning, making the task simple. Where there are children, busy them with shelling nuts, sorting onions, cleaning vegetables, and polishing silver.

Here is a list of preparations that may be carried out the day before Thanksgiving:

Steam pumpkins.
Wash and split the squash, seed, and bake.
Prepare cranberry jelly and pour in a sheet pan.
Prepare crumbs and seasonings for turkey dressing.
Prepare bouillon and place in ice-box.
Select uniform onions for baking and store for use.
Prepare radishes, and celery for curling. Put in ice-box in a pan of cold water to curl.
Prepare greens and place in damp cloth in ice-box.
Wash and halve grapefruits. Skin and sweeten the pulp, and place on ice; it will be the better for standing.
Scallop the grapefruit shells, stack, wrap in waxed paper, and place in ice-box.
Wash parsley and place in moist bag in ice-box.
Prepare parsley butter for the baked onions.
Provide after-dinner mints.
Prepare pie-crust, shape in a ball, wrap in waxed paper, and place in ice-box.
Prepare pumpkin-pie filling from steamed pumpkin, except for adding the scalded milk, and place in pitcher in ice-box.
Mash and season the squash. Put in top of double boiler to serve plain or in a casserole with a layer of chopped peanuts and marshmallows on top. Cover and keep cool.
Prepare and ice the salad dressing.
Clean turkey inside and out.
Polish silver.
Locate linens.
Shell nuts.
Assemble fruit centerpiece, print names on place-cards, and fill nut cups, arranging them on a tray for easy placement tomorrow.

Roast Turkey

10-pound turkey
1/3 cup butter
¼ cup flour
Turkey stuffing
½ cup boiling water
½ cup butter
} for basting

SELECT a young turkey. Such may be known by its thin, tender, smooth flesh, thickly peppered with pin-feathers. Light yellow skin rather than purple, supple claws, and a pliable breast-bone also indicate a young fowl. For large gatherings it is better to buy two small turkeys than one large turkey, as they carve to better advantage and the meat is much more tender and juicy. Dress, wash, and truss the turkey. Rub 1/3 cup of fat into the skin, and then dredge with the flour. Place in a greased roaster, and keep on ice.

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Giblet Stuffing (for 10-pound fowl)

1 large loaf bread (1½ pounds)
½ cup butter, melted
2 tablespoons mixed powdered herbs (so-called poultry seasoning)
1¼ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon white pepper
½ onion, grated
Giblets from turkey cooked gently in water to cover, and ground
1 cup of stock in which giblets were cooked
1 egg, if desired

CRUMB the bread. When finely crumbed, add the dry ingredients, grated onion ground, cooked giblets, and beaten egg (if used). If time can be spared on Thanksgiving morning for trussing the turkey, it is wise to leave the dressing after reaching this stage. If dinner is to be early, add the other ingredients and put the stuffing into the fowl, leaving room for expansion. Truss as pictured and keep cold in a greased roaster.

Baked Squash

1 medium squash (about 3 pounds) cooked and mashed
1 teaspoon butter
1/8 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
} per cup of mashed squash
¼ cup cream if squash is dry
Chopped peanuts and marshmallows, if desired

WASH the squash and, using a knife, split open in half. Remove the seeds and their shreddings. Bake in a medium hot oven (275° F.) for 3 hours. Remove from the oven. Scrape the baked pulp from the hard outer shell. Wash and season with butter, salt, and pepper. Place in a buttered casserole or the top of a double boiler. If the squash is to be heated *en casserole*, sprinkle the top with chopped peanuts and garnish with marshmallows. Keep covered until the next day.

Pumpkin Pie (for 6- or 9-inch pie-pan)

2 cups sieved cooked pumpkin
½ teaspoon salt
1/3, ½, or ¾ cup brown sugar, according to sweetness desired
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves, if desired
2 eggs
1 cup scalded milk
1 cup scalded cream
} or 2 cups scalded milk and 2 tablespoons butter

WASH a 3-pound pumpkin and place whole in a moderate oven (275° F.) with the squash to bake. After 1½ hours of baking, cut the pumpkin open and remove the seeds. Then return the two halves to the oven and continue the baking another 1½ hours or until tender. Sieve the cooked pumpkin while hot. (The part that will not be used should be canned in sterile jars for future use.) Commercially canned pumpkin may be used. If this is very wet, partly dry it out over a low flame before using. Mix the sugar and spices until well blended. Add the pumpkin and slightly beaten eggs. Keep on ice until used.

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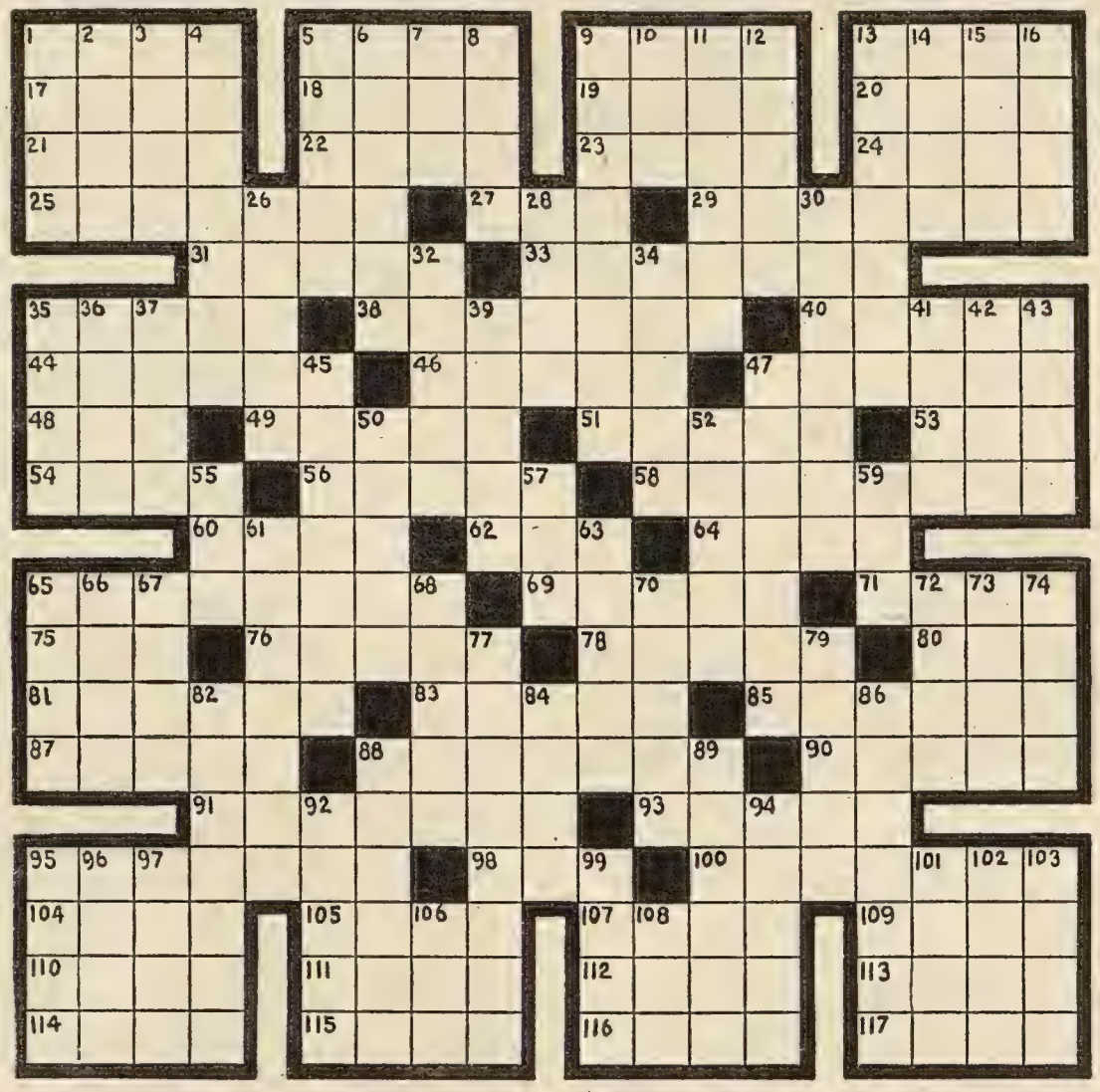


Prize Puzzle No. 63

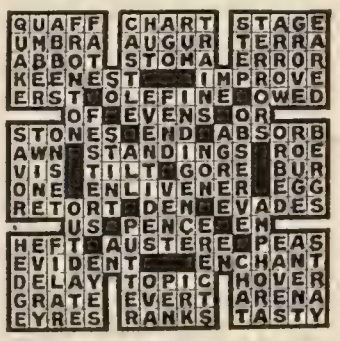
By GEORGE M. SMITH, Memphis, Tennessee

HORIZONTAL

1 Quote
5 Jog
9 Shape
13 Coffin cloth
17 Elliptical
18 Edge of a roof
19 Carbamid
20 Opposite of aweather
21 Praise
22 Examine
23 Murine animals
24 Girl
25 Understanding between governments
27 Cardinal number
29 Declares
31 Wanders
33 Forbearing
35 Censure
38 Moral
40 Musical composition
44 Supplication
46 A snake
47 Pared
48 Over
49 Pertaining to the sun
51 Guide
53 Pester
54 Trial
56 Sulks
58 Serenata
60 A Persian coin
62 Extinct flightless bird
64 To be carried
65 Restored
69 Twig
71 Bad
75 Commotion
76 Pungent
78 Broad piece of paper
80 Period
81 Sovereign's residence
83 Affray
85 Religious festival
87 Slap
88 Denial
90 Turkish pavilion
91 Changes
93 Grave
95 Expunged
98 Devoured
100 Signified
104 Melody
105 Orderly
107 Carry on, as a war
109 Heart
110 Rough broken branch
111 Weed
112 Always
113 Son of Adam
114 Present
115 Petitioned
116 Radicals
117 Poems

VERTICAL

1 Cabbage
2 Former Russian czar
3 Tense
4 Aged
5 Seed covering
6 Flower cluster
7 Eggs
8 Spanish red wine
9 Heaters
10 Anglo-Saxon coin
11 Sell at second hand
12 Billiard shot
13 Painter's mixing-board
14 Wing-shaped
15 For fear that
16 Smaller
26 Knots
28 Epos
30 Scorned
32 Thong
34 Pies
35 Stain
36 American Indian
37 Rows
39 Mohammedan household
41 Bone of the arm
42 Extinct
43 Rim
45 Fable
47 Point in the moon's orbit
50 Unsuccessful contestant
52 Weird
55 Greek letter
57 Code call for help
59 Born
61 A support
63 Projecting parts of a church
65 Strikes
66 A town in Holland
67 Unit of weight in India
68 Coins
70 Ostriches
72 Interdiction
73 Wraths
74 Bird
77 Conquered
79 Captured
82 Particular land measures, collectively
84 Passionate desire
86 Hot desert wind
88 Small ridge or mound
89 Came to rest
92 Openings
94 Malt beverages
95 Rush
96 Eagle
97 Falsifier
99 Pitcher
101 Frog
102 Lake
103 Lairs
106 Metric measure of area
108 Salutation



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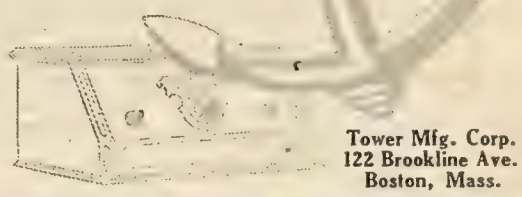

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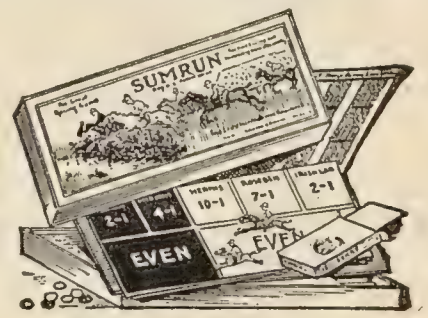

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White MAGIC in Black Haiti

U. S. Marine Corps photo.

THE grim specter of ignorance that hung over Haiti in other days is being defeated by education in schools like the one shown above.

How the Marines Cleaned Up

An Article by

FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 13 minutes 20 seconds.)

MORE than a hundred years ago Jean Jacques Dessalines, son of a slave, led the uprising of the sons of slaves who had been brought from Africa to serve French planters in Haiti. These planters had grown fabulously rich out of sugar and coffee plantations.

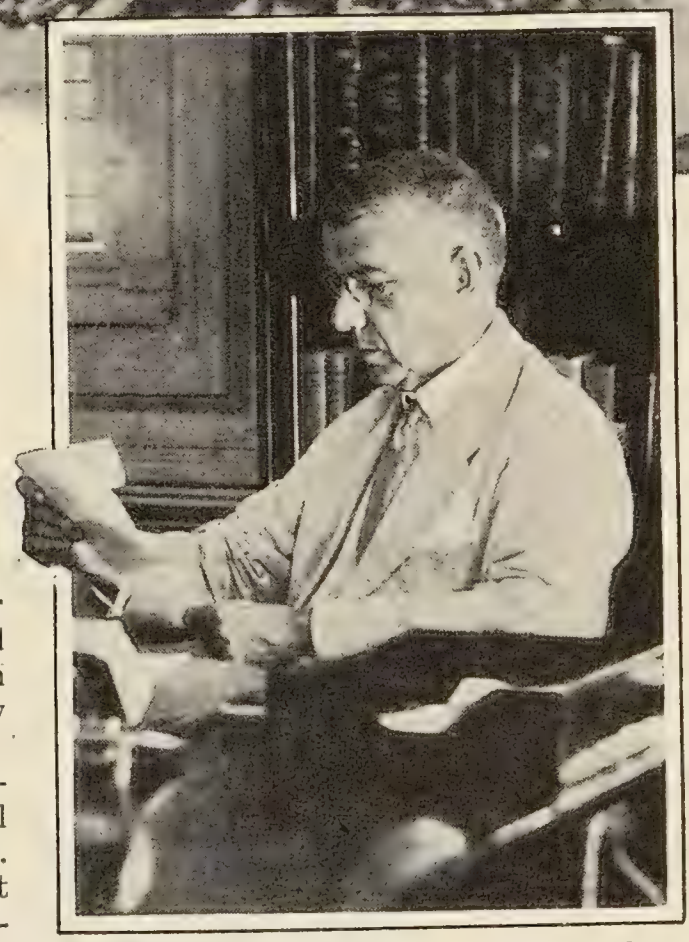
From the docility of cruel bondage the blacks sprang back to wanton savagery. What their masters had sowed was reaped in inconceivable horrors. Dessalines gave the young white women over to lust, and then drove Frenchmen, women, and children into the sea. He ordered that all others found alive should be killed.

Emulating Napoleon, who had come to the top in the French Revolution, he named himself Emperor. When his leaders wanted to be princes and dukes, he said that he was the only noble in the land, and off with the head of any one who disputed him.

This became the rule of Haitian politics from decade to decade, as one dictator after another came to power by brigandage and assassination.

In time the Spanish-American War freed Cuba. Roosevelt was assailed as a bully when he insisted upon a zone under our control in the pestilential Isthmus to build the Panama Canal, and gave the Panamans more money than they had ever seen before, wrapped up in a parcel with rescue from yellow fever and malaria.

Black Haiti continued to fester. Still it was grin and gag. Still we would not right the public nuisance, and we said "Hands off!" to others.



Brigadier-General John H. Russell, whose "imperialism" is helping to make the new Haiti, in his office at Port-au-Prince. President Harding appointed him High Commissioner to the island in 1922.

In 1915 the Haitian army had 306 generals and fifty colonels, or an average of about one general to every ten privates in actual service. There were few colonels, because revolutionary warriors preferred to be generals. Each leader who had had a corporal's part in a mob rush on the White House demanded a general's commission. Otherwise he would at once begin whetting his knife for the new President.

Then he took care to receive in person any pay forthcoming for his soldiers and to pocket it. This led to rapid demobilization of all the victorious forces except the generals. When the generals were called on by the President to muster their forces against the next revolution, they ranged the trails, roping peasants together as recruits.

Naturally the recruits did not show much spirit in fighting. They were quite willing the "outs" should have it over the "ins." In twelve years there were eight new presidents. So there was lots of political action in Haiti.

"Pluck the chicken, but see that it does not cry!" was the motto. Each new President looked around to see what plucking there was, while the fowls were getting so skinny they were hardly worth killing. Was there any form of revenue on which he might raise a loan at extortionate interest? The national currency was a joke. Every office was for sale; every official's hand was out for bribes and every official was practising extortion.

Revolution was a profession which bright youth adopted as it would the law or medicine elsewhere. There were roughneck jungle-revolutionists and crafty politician-revolutionists who belonged to the educated classes in town, with white blood in their veins, and who looked down on the black peasantry.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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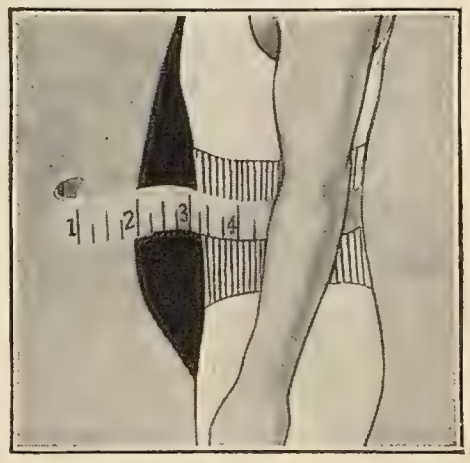

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[WHITE MAGIC IN BLACK HAITI]
Continued from Page Eighty-nine

About 3 per cent of the people could read and write. The few schools there were taught nothing that would enable the pupils to earn an honest living.

Out in the jungle the *Papalois* and *Mamalois* had charge of religious and educational instruction. They were the self-appointed voodoo priests and priestesses of witchcraft and serpent-worship.

Before crowds of mesmerized eyes staring in the night, they held their ghastly ceremonies and pronounced their incantations. Down the tortuous jungle trails came grisly reports of the climax of these ceremonies: sacrificing children and eating them to appease the serpent; orgies of free love in communities where the marriage rite had become a lewd gamble in paternity.

Darkest Africa was no longer in Africa, where teachers and missionaries and European expansion had carried the light, but in Haiti, where the priests had once established Christianity and to which missionaries now never came.

Murder was too common a practise to be considered unfashionable, let alone a crime. Papalois and Mamalois told how it could be done secretly, by poison. Murder was the privilege of those who had guns or lived by their wits: the bandit's threat to get money; the punishment the bandit meted out when money was not forthcoming, or to keep the victim silent; the way of disposing of a personal and political rival.

Lots of action in Haiti, but no savings-bank accounts. Between the evil spells of the Papalois and Mamalois, and the brigands and cutthroat revolutionists, the peasants, who did what work was done—and were the prey of all the other classes—knew that if they accumulated a few dollars, it was to invite robbery and perhaps murder.

Fear, just black fear, all the way from the hut to the presidential palace. There was no refuge in the jungle for a President when his hour had struck. There was jungle hate for the very name of President, which stood as the head of all the horrors of Haitian misrule.

He was what the brutal plantation overseer had been to the slaves whom Dessalines led. He was the chief of all the bandits laying an evil spell on the land.

Not only at home, but particularly when he was a guest at the house of a friend, each dish, before he ate, was tasted for poison. Death in his soup; death from a stab in the back. His successor, he knew, would be "elected" in the same way that he had "elected" himself.

Travel in the interior was on donkey-back or on foot. Snakes crawled where French planters had erected their proud mansions; roads the French had built had become rough trails between jungle walls; irrigation works and bridges were vine-covered ruins; land that had once produced rich crops was overgrown with forest and underbrush.

MEDICAL care and child welfare were unknown. Infant mortality cut into the birth-rate and kept the population from increasing.

Syphilis was as universal as hookworm and all manner of foul tropical diseases. Our philanthropic foundations passed by Haiti—two days away from our shores in the age of progress—and sent their largess for health service as far as India and Borneo, where British rule guaranteed stability.

Black Haiti was Black Haiti. Though the richest of islands in soil, it was hopeless. Hold your fingers to your nose as you pass the pest-house. Grin at this travesty of a nation, gag at its depravity, and let it stew—walled in by the Monroe Doctrine, with Little-Americans doing sentry-go on the parapet.

The American Negro, who had come up from slavery and joined in the march of progress, when he saw Haiti, exclaimed: "These people need some one to give them a start up the ladder." There was worse slavery in Haiti than under Mohammedan chieftains in Africa.

But it was imperialism for us to deliver the Haitians from slavery. When the United States, with all its power by land and sea, stood guard against any interference, the Haitian dictator of the moment could laugh at foreign nations that protested against abuses.

President Louis Borno of Haiti. (Top) Where the marines cleaned up—the island republic that is finding American methods profitable.

Then, in 1915, with another revolution under way and Election Day near, President Sam executed 150 political prisoners in one killing.

As the incoming office-seekers stormed the palace, which they burned, he fled for his life to the French Legation. His pursuers, in savage fury, invaded the legation, dragged him out, and tore him to pieces.

We could not deny France the right to land sailors to guard her minister. Force had broken the sanctity of a legation. It was the supreme offense against civilized relations among nations.

And what was the foster-father of the gamin going to do about it, Paris asked Washington?

The Little-American view was: "The poor child just lost its temper. This is only self-expression working out its destiny."

Woodrow Wilson was President. That champion of the self-determination of peoples came to a decision to end the abomination after forty years' delay. This policy was followed by Harding and Coolidge, then, encouraged by the Little-Americans, who seized upon it as proof that the poor wronged patriots were fighting for their country.

On the approach of the marines, the peasants scuttled to the jungle. But the strangers, all of one piece, smiled at them and did not rob them. Instead of plucking the

Brown Brothers photo

A marine examining weapons taken from Haitian bandits and guerrilla soldiers. Ancient, worm-eaten guns of this type played a part in the "election" and eviction of eight presidents in twelve years.

who also are now registered as bullying imperialists. So it is not a Republican or a Democratic policy. It has become an American policy.

In the streets of the Haitian capital appeared a strange kind of men, their uniforms all alike instead of individual in choosing; marching as if they were of one piece and their backbones ramrods. It was said that they were the American kind of soldiers—not ragged and slouching, or falling out of line to take something they wanted from a shop.

Their officers seemed to know just where they were going, and every man to do just what he was told. It was a strange business to Haiti.

Strange and very terrible to the Little-Americans. They relished the prospect of enjoying a long period of outraged emotions.

WORD of the strangers' coming, creeping into the jungle, was accompanied by the strangers' assertion that they stood for a new kind of magic. This could not be true. No armed force could have so incredible an object.

The native exponents of black magic said the American magic was only tricky talk to lull the people before one big massacring drive. Confirmation of this view came from the professional revolutionists in town, who said that they had it from the Americans—the Little-Americans, of course—that this was the plan.

The professional revolutionists, the Papalois and Mamalois, and the bandits saw that they might be deprived of their livelihood. They were fighting for their jobs. Bandit guerrilla warfare came chicken, they sent the bandit pluckers off to jail, which they insisted must be a clean jail.

And they paid for anything they wanted out of their own pay. Soldiers that were paid regularly! That was certainly new magic for Haiti. They played with the children and gave them candy and chewing-gum — these ruthless, cruel hirelings of imperialism, who could shoot so straight and yet be so kind.

The peasants began to like the white magic, but did not dare to say so, lest the Mamalois and Papalois and the bandits get them when the strangers weren't looking.

The marines had been on guard when a new President was elected. It was the first peaceful election in Haiti. Maybe we did pick as the winning candidate the most honest and intelligent man then available. Any European country, under similar circumstances, would not have bothered to show the Haitians how, but would have sent out a military governor.

Washington made a treaty with the new government which gave us direction for ten years. Little-Americans signed petitions and busybody societies hastened to Washington. There must be an investigation by Congress of all this brutal business.

When members of Congress visited Haiti and saw the kind of gentry in the jails, they understood that they had not been arrested for pleasure.

Little-Americans who saw Haiti, and about-faced in their views, were repudiated by the brotherhood at home.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WATCH THE *YOUNGER CROWD* PICK THE WINNERS!

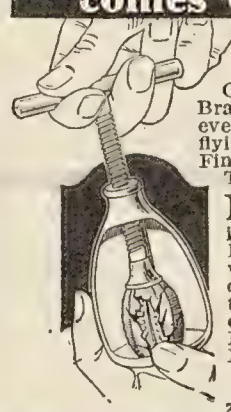
LOOK around you at the big game —and see the Fatima packages pop out! No gathering of the younger set, large or small, fails to extend this extraordinary record. Unquestionably, Fatima has pleased more smokers for more years than any other cigarette.

FATIMA

The most skillful blend in cigarette history

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

An easy twist—kernel comes out whole!

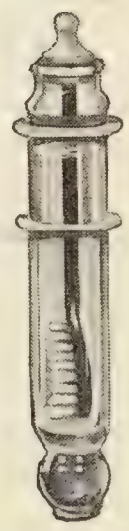


For Thanksgiving and Christmas—
Cracks pecans, walnuts, filberts, Brazil nuts—luscious *whole* meats every time. No crushed kernels, flying shells, or pinched fingers. Fine for candy, cakes, or salting. This Ideal

NUT CRACKER

is a useful Christmas gift. Lasts indefinitely.—At hardware, grocery and fruit stores; or mail stamps or money order to us. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
No. 2 Plain Nickel, ea., 75c
No. 4 Highly Polished, ea., $1.
Postpaid in U. S.
Cook Electric Company
2710 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Get this Steral Toothbrush and Container



You wouldn't hang your knife and fork upon the bath room wall and expect to use them to eat with the next morning. Keep your tooth brush clean and free from germs. This steral container kills germs.

Send this ad and $1.00 for Complete Outfit to introduce the Steral

If you will send this ad and $1.00 we will send you a complete outfit including brush, steral container which keeps the brush free from dirt and germs and a wall bracket for holding the steral outfit. Two brushes $2.00, etc.

SOLD IN units of one, two, and four. Order one for each member of the family. If you believe in sanitary drinking cups and individual towels you will want the Steral Toothbrush.

IMPERIAL SPECIALTY CO.
71 Seminary St. Norwalk, O.
Agents Wanted for Open Territory

ASTHMA CAUSE DISCOVERED

Free Booklet Mailed on Request

Write for important booklet on Doctor Fugate's discovery of the basic cause of asthma and hay fever. No cost. No obligation. Simply address Dept. 1257, Fugate Co., 126 S. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger knocks dandruff and scalp eczema by killing the follicle germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Use Whyte-Fox for Skin eruptions. Barbers or druggists.
LUCKY TIGER

Guaranteed to Pop

Specially Processed—Sealed In Tin

Send 15c and your grocer's name for full size tin, postpaid.

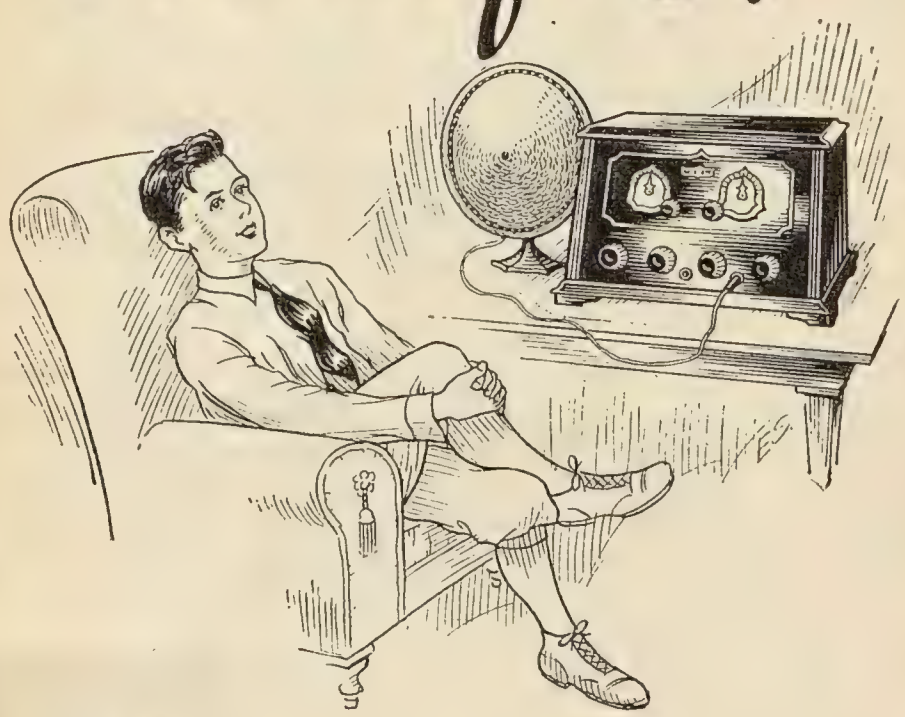
No other pop corn is so tender and crisp when popped as JOLLY TIME. No hulls or hard centers. Hermetically sealed in tin to retain its superb quality. Absolutely clean. Healthful for young and old.

American Pop Corn Co.
Sioux City, Iowa
"World's Largest Exclusive Pop Corn Dealers"

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

boys!

..listen to *your own* radio on long winter evenings.. Get one *free!*



HERE's the greatest opportunity you ever had to get a fine radio set—absolutely free! Long winter evenings are coming when a dandy radio outfit will bring loads of pleasure to you, your friends, and family. Just think! You can have your choice of many crackerjack radio sets—without a penny of cost to you! Thousands of boys have tuned in on this great opportunity and are getting all their radio equipment and many other prizes every live fellow wants—free!

Spending Money Too

In addition, they are earning spending money each week. We'll show you how. It's just a little easy work—in your spare time—right in your own neighborhood. Send the coupon today for full details. Don't wait!

Mail this coupon today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division,*
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[WHITE MAGIC IN BLACK HAITI]
Continued from Page Ninety-one

But Congress stood by to extend the treaty for ten years.

So notice was served that the white magic was to have a fair chance. We were to be in Haiti long enough to perform our mission. After order was established came a new surprise.

Another officer was given command of the marines in 1922—Brigadier-General John H. Russell, U. S. N. C.—who knew his Haiti well. He appeared now in a linen suit (no longer in marine uniform) as High Commissioner—a high-sounding name which pleased the Haitians—and with the rank of ambassador. But his job was really that of school-teacher on the new American frontier.

Under his plan, the peasant was seen as the worker and the maker of Haiti. Patriotic members of the small educated class were to be trained as leaders. Here was the ladder, and Russell set the Haitians to climbing.

So rapid was their ascent that there is no other contrast in the wide world like that of the Haiti of today's white magic and of the black magic of twelve years ago.

WE have only a skeleton brigade of marines—some 900 in all—in Haiti. They are doing peaceable garrison duty as if they were at a marine base at home. The native force they have trained in their likeness is keeping order.

In place of the unpaid, slouching, ragged, dirty, looting soldiers of old, is the new Haitian gendarmerie, under marine officers, well drilled, well clothed, and living in new, clean, sanitary barracks. Recruits compete for places in this well paid force, which has a savings fund like that of the soldiers of the United States and gives a grammar-school education free.

If a gendarme slips back to old standards, he is haled before a court, American fashion, and out he goes. As much of a dishonor, that, as it is honor to be a gendarme. No opening left for him in banditry or revolution.

And the total of gendarmes keeping order—with travel safe everywhere—is only 2,500, or about the same number in ratio to population as our own regular army.

The way opened for progress, Russell, with fighting prestige established, can devote himself to the linen-suit job which was the object of our intervention. Working the white magic with him are others in linen suits—American doctors; nurses; experts in finance, agriculture, industry, sanitation, and stock-breeding—more white magic which makes the money that pays the soldiers regularly.

Those wicked financial experts have made a solvent Haiti. She is paying her debts. Haitian bonds rise. The new currency is as sound as gold.

If this makes the Little-American weep over the wrongs we are inflicting on Haiti, let him spare some tears for a more horrible exhibit. Dessalines' statue now stands in a square that is tidy and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

No more DULL HAIR
–for popularity's sake!

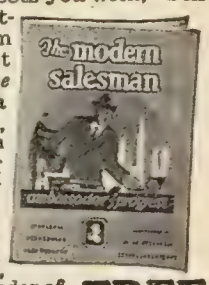
Why mar your charm with this neglect, when it's so simple to keep hair lustrous; radiant?

IT'S easy now to say, "Good-bye, dull hair." Golden Glint will banish dullness in *one* shampooing! Like a touch of rouge on the cheek those lovely golden lights will be revealed; a gleam to catch the light on a smooth sleek surface; a ripple of gold on a marcelled sea to entrance the admiring eye! ,, Golden Glint is just the finest of shampoos, *plus* a magic lustre; the faintest suggestion of those lovely golden lights that mark the well-kept youthful coiffure. Millions use it regularly. Beauty specialists will tell you of its benefits to hair and scalp. 25c a package, at drug or toilet goods counters or, if not obtainable, write us direct. Money back if not delighted. ,,, J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. J, 634 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO
Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

Salesmen— increase your sales!

Be more than an "order-taker"—become a more expert *salesman!* Learn how to obtain a favorable hearing with the man who greets you with, "I'm not interested." Learn how better to analyze him, classify him—how to anticipate and meet his every objection—*how to close the order more easily.* There's a science to selling! Master it, and you can quickly distinguish yourself as a topnotcher. Thousands, including many experienced salesmen, have increased their volume more than 100 per cent thru LaSalle home-study training in Modern Salesmanship. Low cost; easy terms. Our free book, "The Modern Salesman, Ambassador of Progress," tells how. Send for it today.



FREE

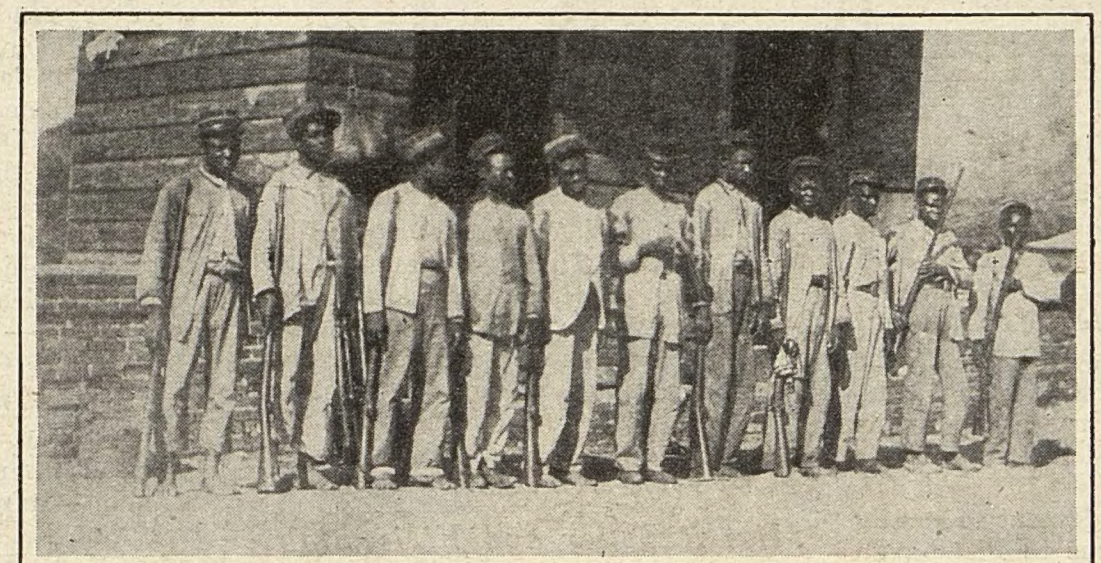
LaSalle Extension University, Dept 1131 S Chicago

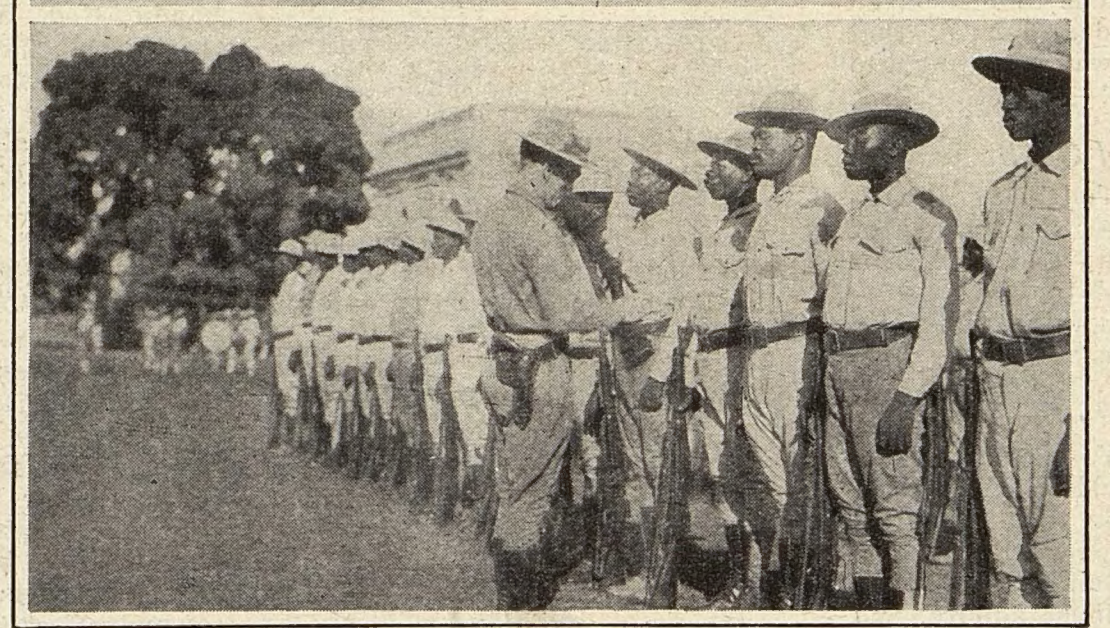
[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-TWO]

laid out as a park. There are new public buildings.

The present President, Louis Borno, an educated man, understanding our aims, sits at his desk in the new palace, in no fear of a mob bursting his door in old-time election frenzy. As freely as President Coolidge or King George, he travels over his land.

He may be still a little worried lest his soup be poisoned, but he knows that he will not be mobbed by bandits. Where formerly men-of-war avoided calls ashore, he, as head of the new Haiti, has reviewed the United States fleet, receiving the same honors as the President of France or Germany.





What the American occupation has done for the Haitian army: Today's well-trained gendarmerie undergoing inspection by a marine officer. (Top) A small detachment of regulars in the days when there was a general for every ten soldiers.

THE Little-Americans, if they still have tears to spare, may spatter them on the "technique" map of Haiti, as it is called. That shows the location of hospitals, farm schools, agricultural schools, experiment stations, and medical clinics. They are scattered over the land, and are connected by excellent roads.

Witch-doctors saw deadly new rivals in black nurses, trained by American Red Cross nurses. Papalois and Mamalois warned the people against the clinics. But a few venturesome ones, who were in pain or suffering chronic ailments, dared the experiment.

Examples of the wonders of modern medicine and surgery soon brought swarms for relief. There are a hundred such clinics now. With disease so universal, it was a rich field for doctors.

Veterinary clinics are overcoming cattle-fever and hog-cholera. Blooded stock is being brought in to improve the native strain; machines installed to clean the coffee crop of dust; and growers taught how to grade it, thus increasing the market price.

Haiti now exports as much coffee as in the French slave days. In a one-crop country it is found that sisal hemp will thrive on land that has been waste. New plantations for tobacco are being laid out. Small manufactures are starting. Capital is encouraged to invest in new enterprises.

Natives are becoming capitalists. The Rockefeller Foundation has found that there is a field nearer home than British India or Borneo. Russell has the ball rolling.

Haitian figures of increase leave the boosters of our home towns mere pikers; for the Haitians started at zero. Figures before the occupation being guesswork, comparisons must be with the year before Russell established order in 1922 and put on the linen suit.

Customs, telephone, and telegraph receipts are three times what they were in 1921. Where, before we came, the customs receipts of each port were the perquisite of the local governor until he was forced out of office, they are now collected by the central government under the direction of those tyrannical linen-suit men who are training the Haitians in the ways of honest accountancy.

There are thirteen lighthouses on the coast where there were three. Harbors have been improved to welcome the increasing numbers of ships carrying the increasing trade. The national debt is being paid off relatively faster than our own.

PASSENGER buses are becoming popular. It is a merry-go-round sport for the natives to ride on them over the thousand miles of new road, American standard. There are a hundred times as many automobiles as in 1921.

New houses are rising along the new roads and new huts in the jungle. The peasant comes to market, smiling in the knowledge that the money for which he sells his product is his and of steady value. He wants to earn more money. It buys the things he wants, and his wants increase.

This is how the American magic makes more trade, as the people learn from the experts of the stations how better to till their land and care for their live stock. The good traits of the black man are having their human chance against the old evil inheritance.

And it is he who is paying for the progress. Out of the profits of the white magic come profits to make more white magic. And we share in the profits, material as well as ethical. Eighty per cent of the goods that Haiti buys abroad comes from the United States.

John Russell—High Commissioner, administrator, diplomatist, marine, American—sticks, through tropical heats and rains, to the job wished on him. Another problem waits when one is solved. He counsels with the Haitians; he urges them to do it for themselves.

A SOFT answer turns away wrath; but they know there is steel behind the velvet. The light of reason, rather than the bayonet, is conquering old superstitions.

Out in the jungle the Papalois and Mamalois blame on him everything, from bad weather to the injustices of the native courts. The revolutionist plotters in town, who will not go to work, say that the Borno government is an economic tyranny which stifles Haitian spirit.

The stake they play for increases as they think of what a grand time they would have if they could share the new prosperity as leaders in a return to the old system of murder and extortion.

And they keep up relations with our home Papalois and Mamalois, whose sympathetic ears they fill with lamentations over the loss of Haitian freedom. But the Little-Americans have not been so interested in Haiti since they had the opportunity for a grand howl over Nicaragua—where another Russell is needed.

One day Haiti, which made the occasional traveler who stepped ashore grin and gag and run, may become a winter resort. Tourist ships will stop there on their way to the Canal.

The Little-Americans on board, who will be enjoying and sharing the progress that all the pioneers have won, will still be looking in greedy anticipation for some fresh outrage on which to expand in wordy indignation. It is their way. But we march on.

THE END

The Mysterious Masked Singer

Who Was He?

Surely that glorious, golden voice must mean long years of training under some foreign master. And who would have *dreamed* that The Man Behind The Mask was one of their own crowd and who six months before could scarcely sing a note! How did he do it? How could he possibly, in so short a time, have developed this magnificent voice now that thrilled and amazed his friends?

I Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

There is only one answer—Physical Voice Culture! Your vocal chords are the same in construction as those of Caruso, Garden or Martinelli. But YOURS are under-developed. Your Hyo-Glossus throat muscle has probably never been used. No amount of scale singing will ever develop this muscle. But scientific muscular exercise *will*.

Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M.

Prof. Feuchtinger accomplishes his surprising results by silent, muscular exercises that quickly bring strength and control of certain vital vocal organs, heretofore almost unknown to voice culture. No tiresome scale-singing! Practice these marvelous silent exercises in privacy. Soon you find your voice becoming stronger, richer, with ever increasing range. Thousands have done it. You can, too.

Mail Coupon for "Physical Voice Culture" Free

Your voice has marvelous possibilities that you may not even suspect. "Physical Voice Culture" will reveal them to you. Send at once for this valuable, beautifully illustrated book. Read the astounding *true stories* of what others have done. Send Today! The Book is FREE!

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 17-68 Chicago

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 17-68
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me, FREE, and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new Book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

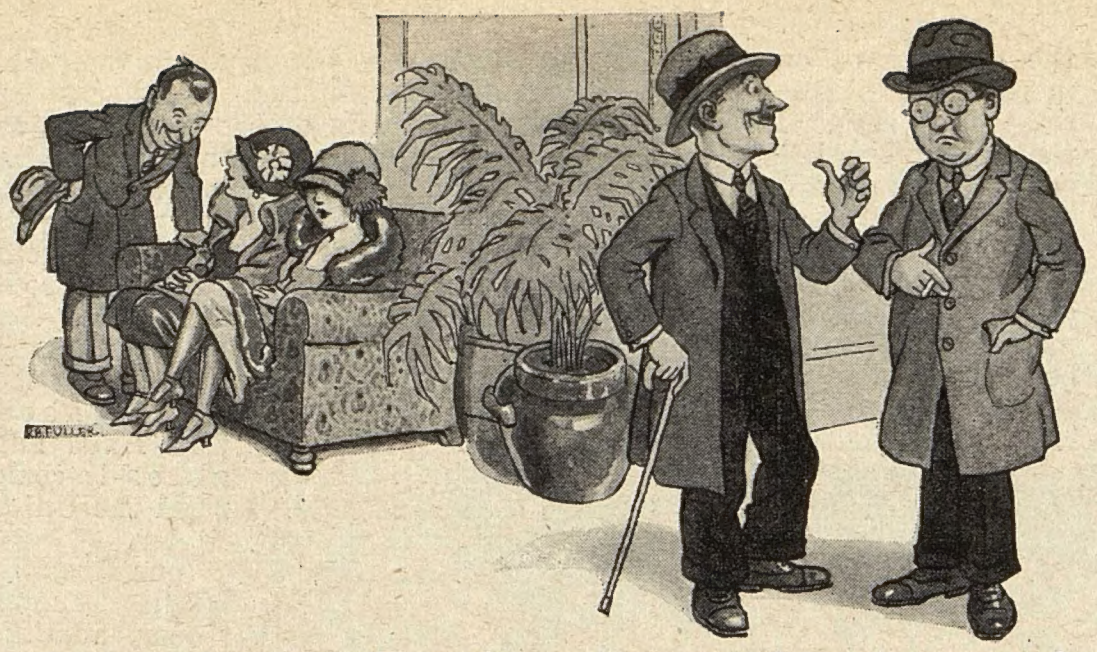
☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Vox Pop



A Husband Puts on Steam

STURGIS, MICH. — Marjorie Oelrichs' article, What's the Matter with American Men? made me boil!!

I am a young married man, a pharmacist, giving up the easy, irresponsible life of a job in a drug store to travel for a drug house where I can make money to "get some place," while my wife is the best "co-operator" there ever was.

When I read such trashy ideas of love as Marjorie expounds, I couldn't help but answer her through Vox Pop.—*The Traveler.*

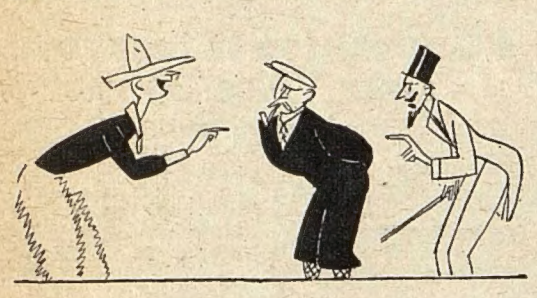
Poetry versus Gold

MIAMI, FLA.—Say, Mr. Vox Pop, don't let Marjorie Oelrichs kid you about American men.

A $5,000 bracelet will knock more American girls cuckoo than a bunch of violets in the hand of every dago or wop in Europe.—*William Jones.*

Go West, Young Woman!

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—About this woman who is giving all the free information about American men. I wouldn't bet



fifteen cents in Mexican money she ever saw a real, honest-to-goodness American man. I'm just a country cowboy and don't amount to much, because I'm a country boy and never been anywhere, but I claim to be an American and not a lollypop like she insinuates.

Don't class Eastern night-club parasites with red-blooded (not blue blood) Western range men.—*Just a Cow Hand from Arizona.*

He Admits It

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Miss Oelrichs is right. First let me say I am a native-born American male: Revolutionary stock; four years at Harvard; visited Europe before war; volunteered; served in France.

Latin-race noblemen put it all over our corresponding Americans when it comes to personality, versatility, and the arts of love and life. The popular American college or society man can seldom converse, and is about as graceful, mentally and otherwise, as a Yellowstone bear.—*Vincent Wye Knott.*

Distance Lends Enchantment

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I wonder why Miss Oelrichs didn't bring back a Turk or Spaniard for her soul-mate—but, after all, I'll wager my neck that the keen-cut American man looks the best to her!—*L. F. Arnold.*

Discrimination

AUGUSTA, GA.—Miss Oelrichs did not include Algerians or Chinamen in her list of foreign men whom she preferred to Americans, but if race loyalty does not mean anything, why discriminate?—*Jas. Greene.*

Pittsburgh Challenges Europe

PITTSBURGH, PA. — What's the Matter with American Men? by Marjorie Oelrichs, was interesting. The question in my mind is: What's the matter with her?

Before passing judgment so hastily she should have come to Pittsburgh and met red-blooded he-men, that could love her the way she wanted to be loved—and how!—*M. J. G.*

Nuts and Garlic

CHICAGO, ILL.—Tell Marjorie Oelrichs to go and get herself one of them garlic hounds and stay over on the other side of the pond.

To me she is nothing but plain nuts.—*R. S. Behrle.*

An American to the Rescue

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Certainly LIBERTY is making strides. First these excellent articles on that wonderful German ace, Manfred von Richthofen, whom any one with an ounce of sporting blood in him must admire, and now this article by Miss Oelrichs.

She has hit the nail on the head, and unwittingly, perhaps, has shown up the 100-per-cent American business man in all his mental cheapness. It is true that the centuries behind the civilized European have taught him the folly of haste and overambition. He is wise and just a little tired—and wondering "what it's all about."—*Percy Hickson.*

P. S. Yes, I'm an American. New England since 1649.

Trying to Start Something

TONASKET, WASH.—Don't worry about Miss Oelrichs' "preference" for European men. She'd be *darn glad* to get Lindbergh if she had a chance!—*C. O. T. S.*

Noble Sentiments

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm a Frenchman, a nobleman, of whom Mlle. Oelrichs speaks so highly. I have been in America most of the time since the war. I fought nearly all the war, was mixed with the American men, and there found I liked them much. My family never suffered as many did, and though we still have the money for me to lead the life of ease she pictures, I much prefer America.

She will say I'm the exception. She is right. But then, all she says is not right. When she says that French noblemen do not marry the American women for their money, she is wrong. Many of my friends—boys with whom I went to school—fought with—have married American women for their money. The Frenchman is of the fiery, passionate blood which American women as a rule lack. He much prefers his own native women. However, many prefer the leisure she speaks of so frequently.

To this letter I can sign no name.—*Bon Jour, Mon Ami.*

Miss Repplier and Vivisection

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In LIBERTY for October 1 appeared an article, Vivisection on Trial, by E. E. Free. In it, Miss Agnes Repplier, the author, was listed as an antivivisectionist. The following letter makes her attitude clear.]

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — I resigned from the Anti-Vivisection Society a number of years ago, and have never since stood for its work, or upheld its methods. You are at liberty to publish this letter.—*Agnes Repplier.*

Monstrous!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I suggest that you suggest that it has been sug gested by the readers of your department that the editor of your paper suggest to Ralph Barton that he

draw a composite picture of all these red-blooded Americans that are always popping off in your section of the paper.—*G. R. Thompson.*

Why He Reads It?

CICERO, IND.—I've been reading LIBERTY ever since it first started, but I don't think that I've ever received a copy yet that was worth even a nickel.

I'm going to school in Indianapolis now, and I have heartily recommended LIBERTY as the official magazine of the Campus Smut Club. I can't think of any single source wherein so much rotten sexy stuff could be found.—*(Rev.) Mark Ashley, Pastor Cicero Christian Church, Cicero, Ind.*

Gott Strafe LIBERTY!

STRATFORD, CONN.—D— your Hun soul to the fires of h— for printing the photograph of the Kaiser and the Richthofen yarns. I ask this prayer in the name of my buddies who lie in the sacred soil of France.—*Dr. Wm. G. Williams.*

Peeved!

LYMAN, S. C.—Having just finished reading Mr. Viereck's interview with the ex-Kaiser entitled What Life Means to the Kaiser, I would like to ask if LIBERTY has really become an institutional organ of *Me und Gott.*

The Red Knight of Germany seemingly has a leaning in that direction, but after reading the above-mentioned interview there is no longer any room for doubt.

And then smearing a full-page likeness of the Disciple of *Gott* just where it hits the reader squarely in the eye!

The idea of a monomaniac of his caliber claiming to have any acquaintance with God is pure hypocrisy, and a d— lie.—*J. O. Muldrow.*

Amused!

CHICAGO, ILL.—It amused me greatly to read where that old reprobate "Wilhelm—Imperator Rex" still believes that he has been led by the hand of God. Why do you print such trash about such a hypocrite?

The place for him is down with His Satanic Majesty, where he will be welcomed along with all the rest of his kind. If "Bill" ever gets by St. Peter—me for the hot place!—*W. W. Harris.*

Philosophic!

NYACK, N. Y.—There may be those who think that your article on the Kaiser, by Viereck, and its accompanying photo, will do harm, but I, for one, do not.

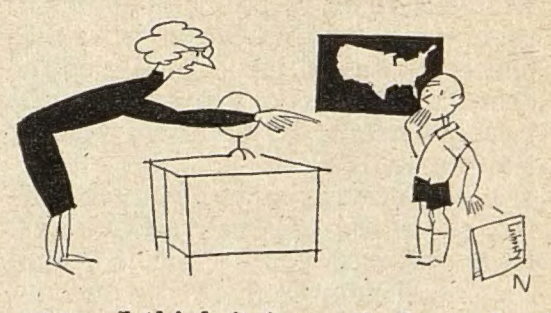
The former War Lord's rantings have great interest and a historic value—for he belongs merely to history now. His preposterous views can not affect the course of current events. The Germans will take them no more seriously than Americans.

When he said it might please God to call him back to his throne, it was like listening to the rattle of a half-dead old rattler whose venom has been drawn. To vary the simile, looking at his photo was like looking at a tarantula in a bottle of alcohol.

I was entertained to see him puff himself out and trick himself up like a Christmas tree in the photo, and claim such a blasphemously close partnership with God in the article.—*J. S. McN——.*

Crime Is Contagious!

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I am a kid of thirteen, but I am interested in LIB-



ERTY. I think it is swell. I was kept after school one night because I was caught reading it, and then I was sent home and I came back for my sweater and the teacher was reading it, so it must be good.—*Just a Kid.*

We Keep Him Caged

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Don't lose this "bird," Bert Green. His stuff is great.—*G. M. Seewald.*

For Your Thanksgiving Gift

The Perfection of all Box Chocolates

TO the hostess who feasts you on Thanksgiving, present the gift box of perfection.

Each exquisite tidbit is a dainty surprise. An assortment of centers and coatings never equaled. Creamy, true fruit fillings—crispy nuts and a dozen other delights. And over all superb chocolate coatings possible only by the exclusive fourteen day Bunte process of preparation.

Whether it is mother, wife or sweetheart, confirm her impression of your faultless taste by giving Mi Choice—the perfection of all box chocolates.

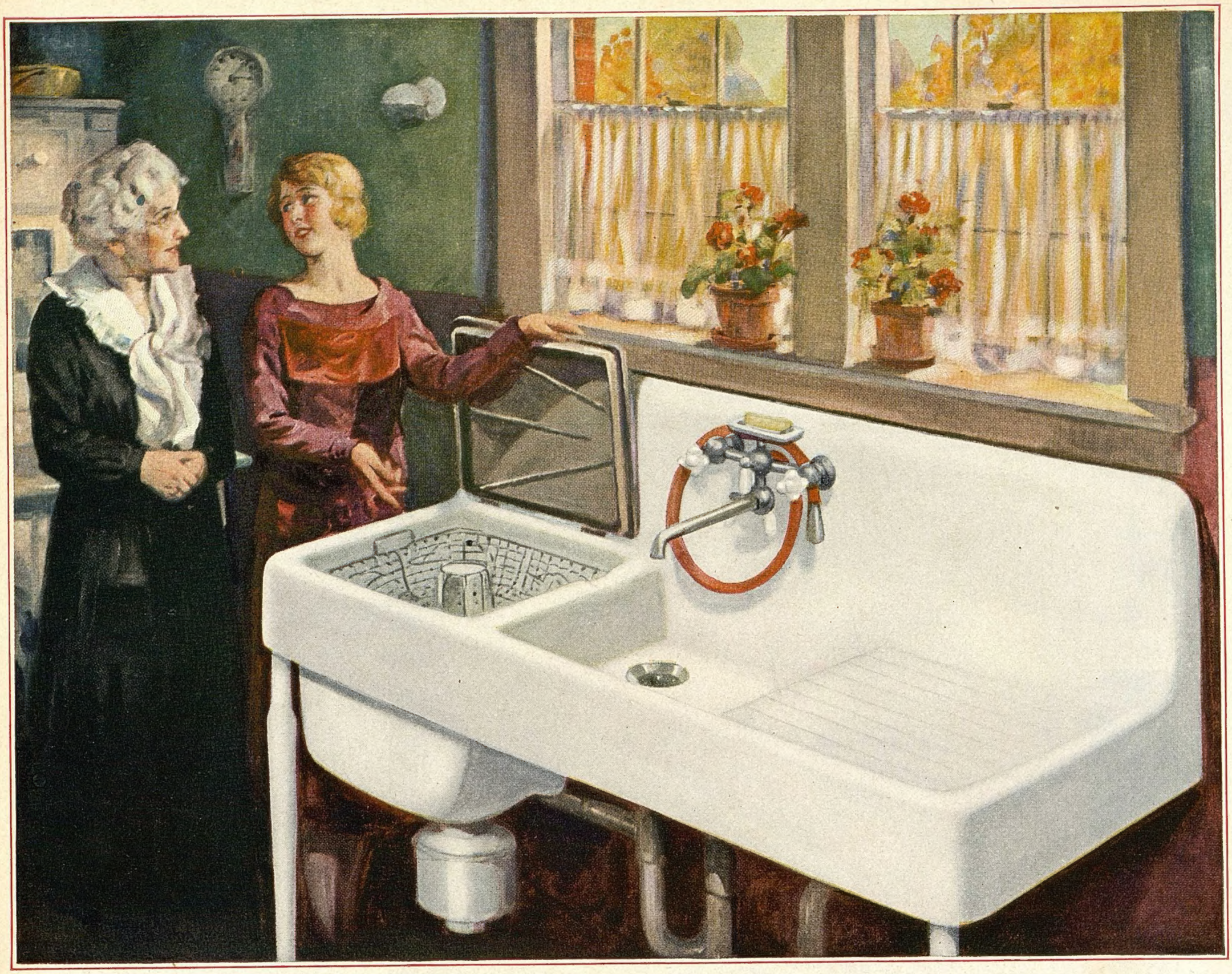
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 and we will mail the one pound Mi Choice Package, postage prepaid. Also in two, three and five pound packages.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Established 1876 · CHICAGO
Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections

Candy—The Universal Gift—appropriate and appreciated always. Vary your gift of candy with these three packages of distinction—"Home Made Sweets" "Tri Assortment" and Bunte Milk Chocolates. Bunte quality in both candy and package.

1200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS
CANDIES



YES, TIMES HAVE CHANGED

If you could only talk with the thousands of women who already have the Kohler Electric Sink! Just *read* what some of these women say—in brief extracts from typical letters in our files.*

"*I am enthusiastic about my new Kohler Electric Sink. It washes the dishes perfectly, drying them with a gloss that is especially pleasing. It seems to make no difference how greasy they are.*"—*Mrs. M. M. B., Plymouth, Mass.*

You see, the Kohler Electric Sink insures not only perfect washing, but also perfect rinsing with hot water, so the dishes *dry themselves*—the hygienic way which guards against disease germs commonly carried by dish cloths and dish towels.

"*The Kohler Electric Sink is far more sanitary in washing my dishes than any other way I know.*" —*Mrs. B. V., Grand Rapids, Mich.*

*Names and addresses gladly furnished on request.

How about the pots and pans?

"*I wash in it everything I use in the preparation or serving of our meals, including pots and pans, which are cleansed perfectly.*"—*Mrs. P. C. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.*

But the Kohler Electric Sink does even more.

"*I am most pleased with the appearance of my hands. They have lost that redness and roughness that they always had when I used the old-fashioned dish pan. Now I have only to press a button.*" —*Mrs. E. R., Lexington, Mass.*

Perhaps the servant problem rises now and then to vex you.

"*I am positive that my new maid decided to work for me because the dishes could be done so easily.*" —*Mrs. A. M., Wilmette, Ill.*

Suppose you could hire a servant who would accept wages for the first few months only, agreeing to work for you *free* forever after. Isn't that what happens when you buy a Kohler Electric Sink *on convenient time payments?* The following statement—from a man, this time—sums up the economic question.

"*It is undoubtedly one of the best of the modern labor-saving devices, and, unlike many of them, is used daily, a number of times, so that the initial cost is really a secondary consideration.*"—*Mr. A. E. G., Seattle, Wash.*

Now ask your plumber about the Kohler Electric Sink. See a demonstration. And mail us the coupon below.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send descriptive literature as checked. ☐ Kohler Electric Sink ☐ Other Kohler Plumbing Fixtures

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